




The
HOLY LAND

LYDIA D. ALDER

Josephine Finlayson

Dec. 1912.

Josephine Trilayson



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Lydia D. Alder.

THE HOLY LAND

BY

LYDIA DUNFORD ALDER

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Carve a niche for thyself, my birdling,
In the world of letters, thy place.
Be confident, go at my bidding,
With love-light aglow on thy face;
For Love gave the world The Christ story
The gift of all gifts to our race.

EDITED BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON

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TO MY CHILDREN,
INTELLIGENCES FROM GOD,
MY CROWN OF MOTHERHOOD,
BESTOWED BY INFINITE LOVE.

INTRODUCTION.

MY DREAM OF DREAMS.

Dreams of the Holy Land, tenderly associated with what has taken place there ; dreams of the land of Jehovah, One God, His blessings on those who serve Him, and His condemnation on the land of many gods,—had long lingered in my mind.

The world's great tragedy was enacted there, followed by Christ's world-wide, glorious victory. Hell opened the gates of perdition, and heaven, her portals to the life everlasting.

Shadowy dreams they were, with no thought that they would ever be realized ; but I desired that I might walk where He walked ; gaze on the scenes He had looked upon ; pray on the Mount of Olives ; weep in Gethsemane ; stand in awe on Mount Calvary, and see the place where the Lord lay ; follow the way of the resurrected Saints into the Holy City, and on Olives, nigh unto Bethany, look up into heaven where He, the clouds hanging low, ascended unto the Father.

These were life-long dreams ; but my life's greatest surprise was when, during my second visit to Europe, I found that they were to become a reality.

HOW IT WAS FULFILED

Foggy old London in March, the blazing lights on the streets and in the shop windows, were scarcely discernible, while the damp cold penetrated the very marrow of my bones. In Victoria Station at 10 o'clock, as it was getting lighter, our party met for the first time. The red tags on our belongings designated "The Palestine Party." As we took our seats in the fast train that was to bear us to New Haven—all the ladies shivering in one carriage—one of them said, "We will be in Palestine in time for the

flowers." Looking out on the dreary landscape, I was not quite certain that flowers would ever bloom again; but the words were inspiring and brought a happy thrill of anticipation.

We cross the English Channel by day light; then, in luxurious French carriages, speed away to Paris; dinner at 8, then on, and on into the night. Breakfast at Lyons, and the first glimpse of dainty spring foliage. More and more, the sun pours its warmth on the earth, and the vine-clad hills of Southern France appear.

The heat is almost intolerable at Marseilles, and we welcome the blue Mediterranean. Here it seems that one could dream on forever! Over the vessel's deck, canvas shields us from the sun; moon and stars make the night glorious. Naples with her minstrels; the music of mandolin and guitar floating gaily over the bay; the Lipari Islands by night; Stromboli, belching forth the fiery lava streaming down her sides; the sea, a vast stretch of blue in the moonlight, and the "Glory Song" wafted by wanton breezes far and wide:

"O that will be glory for me, glory for me, glory for me.
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory for me."

Then, storied Athens from Piræus, a visit to the tombs of her glory; Ephesus, a swamp, where once stood the Temple of the goddess Diana; and Smyrna, the only living city of the seven mentioned in the Book of Revelation; Constantinople, with all its immensity; the sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; wondrous St. Sophia, and all the rest; Patmos, the sacred Isle; and at length I reach the Holy Land, and the flowers, about two weeks from London and the fogs.

These pages present in part, things seen and learned on the journey herein described. The author gratefully acknowledges the invaluable aid and encouragement of friends in the preparation of this work. If there be imperfections, they are of the head. My heart has sung praises to the Infinite all the day long.

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JERUSALEM.

TOWER OF DAVID.

THE HOLY LAND.

PART FIRST

CHAPTER I.

SYRIA.

THE night, brilliant with stars, is calm and peaceful; the Mediterranean is placid and of deepest blue, save in the foamy track that the *Orenoque* leaves behind, as she swiftly speeds along. The members of our company, bound for Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt, are conversing on the steamer's deck, of our landing at Beirut on the morrow; and some of them decide they will see the sun rise over the storied mountains of Lebanon.

Before 5 a. m., on the following morning, we met as agreed to catch the first glimpse of the land we were approaching. Heavy clouds were hanging over the mountains; as they gradually lifted, we saw the houses of Beirut, like trees, extending in rows, to the very edge of the water.

But soon the clouds were tinged with rays of light; the stately Lebanons took on some shades of color; then the glory burst through a dark, drooping cloud just before us, the lower part of which formed a huge pulpit with heavy fringe, on whose top the brilliance rested, as upon God's Word that might be lying open there. Now, like a golden phosphorescence, the glory spread down-

ward and outward, forming a semi-circle in the water, in front of the pulpit. (Does this phosphorescence represent the people, the hearers of the word?) Then the sun, freed from the clinging arm of night, appeared in splendor; water and sky were ablaze with dazzling gold; and, in awe, we watched the sun rise on the Holy Land.

Was this glorious welcome prophetic? Yea! it must have been, for during all our sojourn in Palestine and Egypt, traveling over eight thousand miles, we had no storm; only a few drops of rainfall. We neither missed a connection nor lost a boat or train; had no serious sickness, met no delays nor troublesome accident. On leaving Palestine some weeks later, at the setting of the sun, our lingering gaze falling on the hazy twilight, we unconsciously sighed, as we watched the darkening distance widen between us and the land so fraught with history and sacred memories. Entering port in a blaze of glory, our entire journey had been a march of triumph, over which night now tenderly drew her curtain, shutting it from our view, perhaps forever.

Syria, a shorter term for Assyria, was by the Greeks applied to the whole of the Assyrian Empire, from the Caucasus to the Levant, between which and the Arabian desert it stretches along the eastern coast of the Levant, for nearly four hundred miles. This fertile tract of land varies from seventy to one hundred miles in width. The name is of Greek origin, like Palestine, which is really Philistia. The Arabs call it the "Left," as it is the north-western end of the great Arabian peninsula, the southern sides of which they call "El Yemen," or "The Right."

In speaking of Philistia, Josephus calls it Palestine. The Greeks used this name to distinguish all southern Syria, including Judea, from Phœnicia and Cœle-Syria. Syria lies between two continents, Asia and Africa; be-

tween the valley of the Euphrates and the Nile; between Western Asia and Egypt; between all these, constituting the Eastern and ancient world, and the Mediterranean, the gateway to the Western and modern world. Syria might be likened to a bridge between Asia and Africa, the desert on one side, the sea on the other. Syria is not only a bridge, but is a catchall for the drifting population of Arabia.

The predominating people of Syria have always been Semitic, though many divers races have come to it for a refuge—in ancient times, the Philistines and Hittites; later, large numbers of Greeks. The Crusades brought hundreds of thousands of Franks. The stock today is Semitic, though composed of Franks, Greeks, Turks and Kurds, besides some colonies of Caucasians. Hellenism flourished in Syria, during the first six centuries, more than in Hellas itself. Christianity was established by the force of Western arms, as we are informed by Greek and Assyrian historians, and in writings of the Fathers. Christian remains have been discovered east of Jordan, bearing inscriptions in Greek and Aramæic, which date a year or two after the Moslem invasion.

The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem existed only ninety years, from 1099 to 1187. After the Crusaders came the Venetians and Genoese, who continued for a century or two their factories on the coast, by which their products of the far East were conveyed to Europe. We have a very full account in Napoleon's *Memoirs*, dictated by himself. He gives his reasons for his campaigns; also his sieges, losses and swift retreat from plague, which enable us to understand the movements of the ancient invaders of the land. Napoleon's *Memoirs* are corroborated by officers who were in the Turkish army. The European invasion of our day is fast making its im-

pression on the land. The flat roofs, so useful to the Orientals, and well-beloved, are being displaced by the sloping ones. Colonies have been established and two railroads built, one from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the other from Beirut, via Damascus and Galilee, to Haifa, with others still building. The road from Damascus to Haifa opens up the most fertile portions of the land, and will bring back European civilization, on the east of Jordan. What a change this road, over the Plains of Esdrælon, the scene of the battles of Palestine, will make in the land! This will be the storehouse of the country, for agriculture will flourish in these wide, fertile plains. Think of the solitude of ages being awakened by the screech of the engine! Mount Carmel, the Holy Mount, does not seem to object, but, arrayed in flowers and verdure, smilingly opens her grand bosom to welcome the innovation. These forces will facilitate the redemption of the land, and the restoration of its former splendor.

Syria has five rivers: the Orentes, flowing south, creates Antioch; the Abana flows east, creating Damascus. The bed of the Litany is so deep and narrow that it renders it practically useless, only as a boundary; but, the Orentes reaches the Dead Sea, while the desert absorbs the Abana.

Syria has two seasons, a rainy season and a dry. In October, rain begins to fall for a day, or several days, at a time; in the Bible this is called the former rain. Plowing is now started and continues until the end of November. Through December, January and February, the rain-fall increases. In March it abates, and almost ceases in April. This season of rain insures the thorough soaking of the land. Every gorge and low river bed, and nearly all the wadies, which are dry in summer, and which look like the channels of a great flood to the

traveler, have all been the means of conducting roaring torrents to the lower land. In summer this causes springs to burst out in the mountains: some at the foot of Hermon, others form the Jordan, and still others are found among the hills of Galilee and Samaria.

Palestine lies between the sea and the desert, and we have:

1. The Maritime Plain. 2. The low hills or Shephelah. 3. The central range cut in two by, 4. Esdrælon, and running out into 5. The Negeb. 6. Jordan Valley. 7. The eastern range, Lebanon and Carmel.

To the traveler in Palestine, today, the difference in races is very apparent. The Christian people, partly Greek and partly Frank, were driven at various times into the Labanons; but they still preserve their sanctuary, and racial distinctions. The Druses of Carmel are much taller and whiter than the Fellahin of the plain. The Greeks of Beirut are vastly superior to the Arabs of Damascus; while the Bedouin of the desert practically remains unchanged.

Palestine, formed and surrounded as it is, is a land of tribes, having never belonged to any one nation alone. The climate changes from tropical, 1,300 feet below sea level, to cool, 9,000 feet above it. The winds play an important part in the life of Syria. The Scriptures say, "He maketh his ministers of winds." The forenoon wind from the sea is very refreshing; against this wind, the peasants do their winnowing. The north wind of October brings a dry cold. The Sirocco—the east wind—blows in the East, South and even West. With it comes a mist of fine sand, which veils the sun and scorches vegetation, bringing languor and fever to men. It blows in the spring, chiefly for a day at a time, and is painful to bear. The sun casts shadows; the atmosphere is thick;

the wind rises, blows a gale; the air is filled with sand; the horizon reduced to a mile. All this may be followed by a slight shower of rain. Night follows; stormy-looking clouds gather from all quarters. The reflection of the moon is weird against the clouds banked together in the western sky. All this gives a faint idea of an eastern Sirocco. In Palestine, this wind brings great discomfort, possibly fever; but in the desert, the Sirocco frequently overcomes whole caravans between Egypt and Palestine. If successful in reaching the fertile hills, there is no danger from the sand clouds; sometimes the east wind is violent and destructive, even on the coast. Jeremiah likens the scattering of Israel to an east wind; and by an east wind, Ezekiel saw the ships of Tyre broken; and David the ships of Tarshish.

The Field of the Old Testament enters into the Old Testament landscape, but how much of it was forest is not known. Today there are tracts of moorland, hillside, jungle and bare rock. Even down to the time of the Crusaders, large forests are described, like that of southern Sharon, but they have disappeared, like the palm groves from the Jordan Valley. Still here and there are enormous roots; presumably the Turk did away with the trees. Copse and wood can be seen on Mount Carmel, but the requisite conditions for the growth of large forests, as in Europe and America, are not present in Palestine. The absence of the olive and vine, the chief fruit trees of Palestine, is more marked than that of the forests. There is a sense of space and distance on the heights of Palestine, which arises from its high position between the great desert and the sea. There are prospects unlike those of any other country; for no other has a valley like the Ghor, or a descent like that between Judea and the Dead Sea.

That view from the Mount of Olives, down twenty

miles of desert hilltops, to the deep blue waters of the sea; on the other side, the hills of Moab, whose glow stains the sea red with its light, is unsurpassed. In the hazy afternoon scene, there is the Dead Sea, down, down, a dazzling, changing blue, like a great eye, surrounded with gleaming, white hills, the mountains of Moab forming an edge of gold.

From his high station Joel looked eastward, over the tops of the mountains that sink to the Dead Sea, and spoke of morn above the mountains. From this high station, we view the scenes of both war and peace; the wonderful visions of coast and sea; in fire and smoke, see the trails of armies across its plains. While here, overlooking this wonderful scene, we realize that in the Old Testament it was described by Highlanders, who for the most part looked down upon the prospects, and painted their scenes from above. The usual word for valley is depth; God's judgments were the depths of terror and destruction. Originally these common names meant abyss. Eastward their life fell to an invisible depth; while to them salvation and freedom appeared as a wide plain. Their stage of life sloped away, while the scenes upon it are described as coming up from an abyss.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF BEIRUT.

THE ancient dominions of the Canaanitish "Giblites," or dwellers in mountains, were in the midst of the Phœnician states. In the Phœnician period, the town seems to have been unimportant; although it is mentioned as a harbor before the time of Alexander, it is not named in the history of his campaigns.

In the second century B. C. Beirut (Berytus) is said to have been entirely destroyed in the course of the struggle for the crown between Tryphon and Antiochus VII. Afterwards it was rebuilt by the Romans who planted a colony here, and named it Julia Augusta Felix Berytus, after the daughter of the Emperor Augustus. By Herod the Great, Herod Agrippa I, and Herod Agrippa II, it was embellished with baths and theatres. Herod Agrippa adorned it with splendid colonnades and an amphitheater for gladiatorial combat, in which Titus, after the fall of Jerusalem, celebrated the birthday of his father, Vespasian, by throwing thousands of the captive Jews to the wild beasts.

Among her ancient remains is the Roman acqueduct that supplied the city with water over the river Beirut. The earthquake that destroyed the city in 551 A. D., July 9, is described as fearful. Enormous chasms were opened in the earth; huge mansions were thrown into the air; the sea was greatly disturbed; and the very mountains were torn from their foundations, and cast into the sea, forming the present harbor of Butrone. Dig down anywhere, within the walls of ancient Berytus, and you will come upon the remains of grand palaces,

porticos, theatres and other edifices. Recently a bronze statue, representing the Goddess Astarte, was found, crowned with a crescent. One hand rests upon an oar with an inscription, "To the Sidonians," in Phœnician characters. Portions of the city were submerged; and many ruins may be seen through the clear waters, lying at the bottom of the harbor. In 1840, to protect the harbor, the Governor of Beirut built a breakwater entirely of large granite columns, that were taken from the sea in front of the city.

In the third century, a Roman school of laws flourished here, which later became very celebrated. At that time, the Roman Empire was supplied with silk fabrics from Berytus and Tyre. From these towns, famous for silk, the industry was carried to Greece, and from thence to Sicily. It is not known in what age the silk culture was introduced into Syria, but it is certain that it was long before the Middle ages. In the re-building of Beirut, its ancient magnificence was not restored, nor its school of laws re-established. In 600 A. D., it was still in ruins; and in 635 A. D., it fell into the hands of the Moslems. In 1135 it was captured by the Crusaders under Baldwin. With but little intermission it remained in their possession, down until July, 1187.

In modern Beirut many Christians have settled, especially since the Christian massacre of 1860. The town is beautifully situated on the slopes facing the sea. The plain is covered with luxuriant gardens. The rosy tint of the mountains, contrasting with the deep blue of the sea, in the evening light is most picturesque. The scenery resembles that of Italy, but the climate of Beirut is genial, and seldom excessively hot. The crocus, the cyclamen, and other flowers, thrive in the winter, and palms may be frequently seen. Of its population of

about 40,000, 35,000 are orthodox Greeks; the remainder is divided among the Jews, Catholics, etc.

On landing we were met by the carriages which were to convey us to Dog River; a ride fraught with the deepest interest. At a small town we stopped and entered the church built to honor St. George who killed the Dragon. This town is in a line with Beirut river and St. George's Bay. It is said this beautiful bay, now so placid, is subject to severe storms. After crossing a large bridge, we arrive in the Mount Lebanon district and government. Fourteen thousand Christians were massacred here by the Turks, in 1860. The powers intervening, Lebanon was separated from Turkey.

This village, by St. George's bay, was built in memory of the Prophet Elijah; a picture of him hangs over the altar of the Catholic Church which we visited. On the wall is a painting of Elijah, showing him driving out the Prophets of Baal. We passed some camels, ships of the desert, each with a huge block of building rock fastened on either side. Building material is thus conveyed to its destination.

Up in the mountains, we stop at a Turkish Khan, and wander among the pine trees, grand as of old. Opposite the Khan is a tablet cut in the mountain, bearing the following inscription,

1860-1861

Emperor Napoleon III

Des Francaise

Armee Francaise

General De Beaufort Hartpoul

Commander en chef

Colonel Osmond

Chef de etat Major General

General De Crol Commandant.

A rock frame surrounds this tablet and it seems to have been cut over an ancient tablet. This army enabled the Christians to throw off the Turkish yoke, thus gaining the freedom of Lebanon.

At the khan Christian Turks were eating their special Easter food. It is the famous Kibby, which is made of meat, grain, spices and onions. It is pounded for hours in a mortar, and baked with oil in a flat, tin dish. They take their unleavened cakes, which are the size of a very large pancake—baked very thin, then tear off a good-sized piece, which they form into a cone, placing the prepared pulp within it, all the while using the knife. They eat rapidly and with great relish. These people are very polite to strangers. We ate some of this food which they offered graciously to us, and returned the compliment with “backseesh.”

This khan is built in the prevailing style of the country. It is made of stone with no front outside doors or windows. It is entered by a covered archway into which, on either side, the doors open. The stairway is at the back of the house on the outside; in the archway, it is pleasant and cool, and here the people lounge during the heat of the day. The doors of the house, heavy and thick, are closed during the day time to keep out the heat and flies, (it is quite dark within) thus retaining the unsanitary odors; the windows have heavy shutters, but no glass.

Six miles south of Beirut, is Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, a wide, romantic stream, which empties into the sea; it gushes out of mysterious caverns under the snowy peaks of Lebanon. The chasm through which this river flows, affords the easiest passage of the mountains, which for many centuries was the great highway for commerce and travel. We ascend by this old Roman road, and

stand on one of the three bridges which span the stream, while one of the party photographs us. The scene is gloriously picturesque; mountains are towering on either side; below us the Dog River is thundering along on its way to the sea; the scent of spring is in the air; the bracing breezes are wafted from snow-capped Hermon, which is in close proximity to us. Only think! all the Roman Emperors from Marcus Aurelius, have passed over this road to Egypt and Syria. Above this point the Dog River divides, one part going over the Lebanon district for irrigation; the other to the sea.

There is a tradition concerning the Dog River, which explains its name. The Nahr-el-Kelb (Dog River) rises on the Sammin and was known to the Greeks as the Lykos (Wolf's river). It is said that on a cliff in the sea (still pointed out), stood a gigantic stone dog which always barked on the appearance of an enemy. Near the bridge on the river is a fine Latin inscription telling that the mountain pass was hewn out in the rock by order of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Antonius, 161-180 A. D. A hundred paces above the new bridge stands an ancient stone bridge. Probably a bridge was here from the earliest times. An Arabic inscription states that a bridge was built here by Sultan Selim I, who died in 1520. The old Roman road was cut through the solid rock and paved with huge stone boulders wherever necessary, making it the great highway, which remains to this day. Long before the advent of Christ, the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans marched their countless hosts through this pass; and left enduring records of their power, in monumental tablets cut in stone, recording their achievements. About a dozen of those tablets carved on the face of the rock may still be seen above the old road, near the mouth of Dog River. Some are much

defaced, while others are in good preservation. They look as if set in a frame, the rock being scraped away, leaving a cornice above, with moulding running down the sides. They are of different shapes, some square at the top, others round. The panes are sunken and are of different sizes; but all large enough for the full length figure of a person; three of these tablets are Egyptian, bearing the effigy of Rameses II. They refer to different campaigns of that monarch and are dedicated to the three principal deities of the old Egyptians, Ra, Ammon and Ptah; and date back to the invasion of Asia by Rameses the Great, B. C. 1351.

Herodotus tells us that Sesostris in his expedition to Asia did leave behind him, stele and figures, as monuments of his exploits, that he, himself, had seen some of them in Syria. Six of these sculptures are Assyrian, the figures on them being well preserved, representing the king standing, right hand up-lifted, and the left folded across his breast grasping a snake. The back-ground and dress are covered with cuniform inscriptions, some dim with age. Some of these tablets refer to the invasion of Sennacherib whose army was smitten by the angel of the Lord on the plains of Philistia; others relate to the conquest of Sargon, and other Assyrian kings whose conquests extended to the great sea. Two of the inscriptions are Greek, very ancient, and almost unintelligible.

"The epoch of Sesostris," an historian says, "was three centuries earlier than the accession of King David to the throne of Israel." Sennacherib is supposed to have ascended the throne of Assyria 703 B. C. Between the period of these two conquerors, there was a time of not less than six centuries. These Assyrian tablets, back from our day, have continued to commemorate the attacks of the Assyrian hosts, for more than twenty-five centuries;

while those of Egypt have celebrated the prowess of Sesostris, for more than thirty-one centuries. They reach back to even the earliest days of the judges of Israel.

Other sculptures have been found, high up among the mountains; and but recently two were discovered in a narrow valley near Hurmul, eighteen feet long by eight feet high. They face each other, on opposite sides of a rocky gorge, with the figure of Nebuchadnezzar, giving his name and title in full. It was near Hurmul, at Ribla, that Pharaoh Necco encamped on his expedition against the Assyrians when he slew Josiah, the last good king of Judah at Megiddo. Here also Nebuchadnezzar encamped, while his army captured Jerusalem; and it was here that the cruel king of Babylon put out the eyes of King Zedekiah, then bound him with fetters of brass, and carried him to Babylon. And here, after the lapse of all these centuries, is it not strange we could find written on the enduring rocks, a corroboration of all these events?

The climate of Lebanon surpasses that of Palestine, on account of the brisk, mountain air, some four hundred feet above the highest points of the Galilean mountains; while abundant water is supplied by the mountain snows. From the dawn of history, there have been more enterprise and energy in Syria than in Palestine. Art and trade flourished in Phœnicia, and among the Hittites; while in the south, a nomadic population continued. Mention is made of Syria, in the time of Thothmes III, about 1600 B. C. after the great battle of Megiddo, when he conquered Palestine. The Nubians advanced northward, beyond Aleppo, and across the Euphrates. At Karnack are recorded the names of two hundred eighteen towns in Syria, which he claims to have conquered. But earlier than this time, Hittites dwelt in northern Syria, which is also called, "The land of the Hittites," in the book of

Joshua. Thothmes I. is believed to have reigned 1700 B. C., and in his day attacked the Hittites. On the death of Thothmes III, they recovered their independence, and became a formidable power. The early conquest of Phœnicia by the Babylonians, is shown in the tablets recently discovered. The kings of Egypt and Mesopotamia, were then in alliance, and governors who used the cuniform script appear to have been posted at Tyre and Sidon; but the Semitic invaders were jealous of the Hittites' power, and Tunep (now Tenib) appears then, as later, a Hittite city.

Two centuries later Rameses II found the Hittite power as formidable as ever. In their advance, the Egyptians followed the coast line route, of Beirut, where the bas-reliefs have been found in the cliffs by the Dog River; and the army must have reached a town near the Sabbatic river. Speaking of Lebanon, an Egyptian traveler says, "The sky is darkened by the cypresses, the oaks and the cedars, which grow to heaven." They also found there, lions, wolves and hyenas. Two centuries passed by, and with the decreasing power of Egypt, the prosperity of the independent kingdom of Israel, and of the Hittites, increased. Yet, while Samuel was still a child we find Tiglath-Pileser hunting in the Lebanon. The rocks of Syria give evidence of much history, which before could not be substantiated. A star was believed to fall annually into the lake of the temple in Cyprus and Babylon, where the sacred river, which falls in cascades in a deep and wooded gorge, and flows into the sea at Byblos, had its spring. The river itself was said to flow with the blood of Adonis, in springtime. But it is the rich red soil from Lebanon, which gives it this appearance.

The cedars of Lebanon were used by all the monarchs of Babylon and Assyria to adorn their temples and pal-

aces. The supply of this wood was taxed by Justinian to roof the church of the Virgin, which he built at Jerusalem; in later times even the private houses of Sidon were ceiled with cedar, which accounts, perhaps, for their almost total disappearance. Lebanon today, is the one bright spot in the Turkish Empire; the first and best governed, of the Sultan's provinces. It is under the guardianship of the European states; has a Christian governor; a constitution; a taxation amounting to only a shilling a head; has a smart, mounted police, and a coach road over the mountains. The Lebanon province is prosperous; its people cheerful and happy; it is covered with vineyards and gardens; a most remarkable contrast, to the ill-ruled province of Tripoli, on the north, and the ruined regions of Palestine, on the south. The fountains of Abunabout were built over a hundred years ago, by the government of Jaffa.

The afternoon drive that we took around the cliffs, on the other side of Beirut, was delightful. From a cultivated hill, where shrubs and trees abound, and where the covered reservoirs of the water-works are situated, may be seen a number of houses. The view here of the bay and town of Beirut, is beautiful, the mountains of Lebanon, arising as a green back-ground. The brink of the cliffs descends abruptly to the sea. The small rocky island opposite here has several beautiful caves, known as the "Pigeon's Grottos." The first one is the largest, being one hundred thirty feet long; the second is double; and the third is a very narrow cleft in a projecting cliff, opposite to which is an arch of rock. When the sun stands behind this arch, the play of colors in the water beneath is magnificent. As far down the coast as we can see from here are Tyre and Sidon; and it is with many and varied thoughts we gaze upon the scene where Christ came to

rest, in the bracing sea breeze, from the oppressive, enervating climate of Galilee.

The grounds of the American College on this high plateau are beautifully laid out, wide and inviting; while the great buildings (our fine institutions) are a credit to our land. To gaze upon the scene, and drive through the grounds, bring many warm heart-throbs.

We are proud of America and her many grand enterprises. The percentage of the people here who can neither read nor write is very low. The important work of educating the girls is now well in hand, and Christian influence is extending. The Americans and Jesuits have the best printing houses in Beirut. This city is the center of the Oriental book trade in Syria, and a number of newspapers are printed here. Since 1888, a French company has supplied the town with gas. The orphans' homes belong to both Germany and France. Here orphan girls are educated free of charge. This is worthy of imitation, for they are accomplishing a wonderful work; and their influence for good is far extending.

From Beirut a railroad leads to Damascus, about a seven hours' ride through the mountains. The line crosses two ranges of mountains rising on the Lebanon, four thousand feet above the sea, passing some very beautiful scenery, in vineyards interspersed with groves of mulberry and pine. Villages nestle on the slopes, and the cool breeze from the snows on the higher peaks is deliciously refreshing.

CHAPTER III.

DAMASCUS.

By the Arabs from the earliest times, Damascus has been considered an earthly paradise. According to the description of paradise given in the Koran, the Arabs believe that paradise is an orchard, through which flow many pearly streams of water; and the most delicious fruits are ready to drop into the mouth. This picture to the natives of the desert, accustomed to burning sands, and the scorching breath of the Sirocco, seems paradise. A recent traveler there says, "Damascus is ideal." The city and its surrounding gardens are lavishly extolled by Arabian poets. But to those from lands of verdure, America, England, France, and the dwellers by the Rhine, this overwhelming impression does not prevail, until about May. Then the walnut tree is in full leaf, and the vine in exuberance climbs from tree to tree. Still a little later, the apricot trees, borne down with their countless golden fruit, are clearly defined in the midst of green herbage; and the pomegranates are in full bloom; then these gardens appear indeed a veritable paradise.

It must have been at this season of the year, that Mohammed gazed upon the magnificence of the Damascus of his time. Standing on that lofty, holy hill, he saw the vast plain like a blue sea, and the Abana, like a ribbon of gold, winding through the green fields, heightening the effect of fruit and verdure, and kissing into life the voluptuous flowers. It is said that after gazing long upon the scene, he turned away, and said with a sigh, "I dare not go in. Man can enter heaven once; and if I go into Damascus, this paradise on earth, I shall not be able to

enter the paradise of the hereafter, in heaven." The hill where Mohammed stood is considered one of the most holy places of the world, and is religiously visited by all faithful Mohammedans.

On three sides of Damascus rise the mountains of Lebanon; on the other side lies the margin of the great Syrian desert. This gives it the aspect of a wondrously luxuriant oasis, over which, a little distance away, towers Mount Hermon, wearing its snowy cap nearly all the year. According to Josephus, the founder of the town was Uz, the great great grandson of Noah; and its conquest by King David is a matter of history. There is no doubt that this is the oldest city of the world, antedating the days of Rameses, and the rise of Alexandria. It is now one of the great thriving Mohammedan centers.

The good, hard road that was built a few years ago, in order that Kaiser Wilhelm might ride in comfort, has, with the new railroad, added prestige and travel to Damascus, as to other cities to which roads have been extended. That good road is appreciated by all who travel over it; and its praises are loudly spoken, because of the comfort it bestows on this journey, heretofore so full of annoyance and discomfort. Damascus is situated about one hundred fifty miles northeast of Jerusalem, on the eastern side of the Lebanon mountains.

The Abana and Pharpar of the Bible, flowing out of great springs in the mountains, give life to this great, sandy plain; while a little farther on they are lost in what is known as the Meadow Lakes, about eighteen miles east of Damascus. The country around is extremely fertile, and highly cultivated by peasantry resident here from very early times.

The story of Naaman is remembered in connection with these rivers of Damascus. When he appeared to

Elisha to cure his leprosy, Elisha told him to go and wash in Jordan seven times, and he would be clean. But Naaman exclaimed, "Are not Abana, and Pharfar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" then turned away in anger. One of his servants persuaded him that it was a little thing that Elisha asked of him, and he then went down and bathed in Jordan, and "His flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child."

As we overlook Damascus from the hill, we do not wonder that Naaman thought the rivers of Damascus better than Jordan, the plunger, with only scanty vegetation on long distances of its banks, flowing through the valley of death, to its grave in the Dead Sea; while the rivers of Damascus are pure mountain streams, and the Abana is one of the beautiful rivers of the world. The White City of Damascus, with orchards and gardens, surrounded by deserts set off by the grandeur of the mountains, silver poplars within and without, relieved by the Abana, which stream divides the city—the green shining over the houses—by the Arabs is likened unto a camel, its hundreds of mosques giving the effect of the hump on the camel's back. "See!" said Karan, the guide we took at Beirut. "Is it not like a camel?" By travelers Damascus is likened unto a spoon, with a large oval bowl, the slender handle being the long street, "Straight," mentioned in Acts 9:11, when a voice directed Saul to enter the city, and in the street "Straight" a certain man, Ananias, awaited him.

The wondrous surroundings of Damascus, and the love of it, inspired our loquacious guide, who is accustomed to lavish exclamations of surprise, and the adulation of tourists, to point out in warmest praise, all its beauty. In reality it is a white city, with pink roofs,

where, rising heavenward, are the minarets of two hundred mosques. Standing out above them all, is the central Great Mosque. Then come the bazaars, famed for ages, and the red-tiled barracks, where about twelve thousand troops are kept to quell uprisings and prevent massacres. Of these, Christians have a deadly fear—for the world never knows of all the horrors perpetrated under their fancied protection. The story of the recent uprising has not yet been told. Neither have the full details of the uprising of 1860, when Ahmed Pasha is branded as having given the signal for the massacre from the Turkish barracks; and when the soldiers, allied with the Druses, and the populace of Damascus, devastated the Christian quarter, soon reducing it to a heap of ruins. Six thousand Christians are said to have been put to death in Damascus alone; and the number who perished during that reign of terror, is estimated at fourteen thousand. But these atrocities aroused the indignation of all Europe. A number of the ring-leaders were beheaded in Damascus, including Ahmed Pasha himself. A corps of one thousand men were sent by France, who dispersed the Druses, thus crushing the Turkish power.

The recent insurrection ended in the overthrow of the rule of Abdul Hamid, and the establishment of the reign of the present Sultan. That it lives at all, Turkey owes to the fact that securities and bonds received great consideration, as well as that by it some nations retain a balance of power.

The Great Mosque of Damascus is located in the center of the city, and covers about seven acres. Its great court is paved with marble, and its fountain is said to mark the half-way station from Constantinople to Mecca. Here, as at Constantinople, the worshipers partly bathe before going to prayers. Entering the building,

we find, as at St. Sophia's, most of the men (and they number nearly two thousand, with a few veiled women—whom no one observes)—kneeling or sitting on the floor; in front of them are their shoes, which must be removed before entering. At times we see them, hands out-stretched to Mecca, palms forward, engaged in prayer, and as there, the floor is covered with costly, oriental rugs, any one of which we would prize as a treasure. During the first centuries of the Christian Era, probably a heathen temple stood on the site of the present mosque. After the restoration of the building, 395-408 A. D., it was converted into a Christian church, in which it is said a casket was placed, that contained the head of John the Baptist. Then it was called the Church of St. John.

The present magnificent mosque was erected on the site of the church; not all of the original walls were torn down. This building is extravagantly praised by Arab authors; Genii are said to have aided in its construction, and one thousand two hundred artists, summoned from Constantinople, assisted. The architects were Greeks. It is enriched with marble pavements and mosaics; the prayer niches are inlaid with precious stones; and over them, golden vines were entwined. Long ago it was partially burned down, and it was not then restored to its former magnificence. But since a later fire, it has been rebuilt in its former style. It was said that the bills of the many artificers in its construction, formed the loads of eighteen mules, but that Wilid, who had charge, ordered the documents to be burned. Under the marble chapel, it is claimed the ashes of the head of John the Baptist, forerunner of the Christ, (and by the Moslems, of the Prophet Mohammed, too) still repose.

It is incumbent upon every Moslem, at least once in his life, to visit Mecca. These pilgrimages usually start

at Damascus where, in the great mosque, is preserved the holy tent of the pilgrim caravan. Followers of the prophet from every country gather here to march or ride to their holy city. The railroad from Damascus to Mecca will assuredly change some of the strange, wild proceedings of this pilgrimage to Mecca; and the great caravan will become a thing of the past.

The tomb of Saladin, who won a lasting Moslem fame, is in the cemetery at Damascus. Saladin was a great soldier, successful against the Crusaders; and finally, by the overthrow of the Franks at the fearful battle at Hattin, 1187, established the Moslem power over the Holy Land, which remains to this day. In an alcove running from the Mosque, built specially for it, is a crown of gold, given by the emperor of Germany, on the occasion of his visit there, which the Moslem religion would not allow to be placed on Saladin's tomb; they have no pictures or emblems, hence the alcove, where it is kept under glass doors. Fatima, Mohammed's favorite daughter's tomb is here, also the tombs of two of his wives. Green cloth floating from poles, seems strange to us, as also does the absence of a cross, or other emblem of Christianity. I shall never forget the feelings I had, when visiting the cemetery at Symrna; the first I had seen without a cross. The story of the dying Redeemer, nailed to the cross, read here, seemed as if it had never been, and sounded most pathetic. Damascus has a population of about three hundred thousand, mostly Moslems, with a small minority of Christians. Most of the Jews of Damascus are descended from those who settled here in ancient times, thus being unlike the immigrants of Palestine.

On the street Straight, the house of Ananias is pointed out, the Ananias of Saul's story. It has been converted into a small church with a dark crypt, and belongs

to the Latins. It is situated in the Christian quarter, known by its present ruinous condition, the result of the terrible days of massacre, in 1860. A building pointed out today, on the same street Straight, is claimed to be the house of Naaman, the leper. It is occupied by lepers, whose pitiable condition appeals to us, and calls forth our sympathy.

The street Straight leads from the chief gate on the south to the bazaars, and seems to be the only straight street in the city. It is the center of traffic; wide enough for two or three vehicles to pass; and caravans of camels, donkeys, and horses, bring in and take out all manner of merchandise. In the market in the Fall, delicious water-melons abound. Here the wonderful Jaffa oranges are on sale, with fruits and vegetables of every kind.

It was here Paul was baptized and received his sight. Here he preached in the synagogue, confounding the Jews, many of whom feared him, knowing of his persecuting them in Jerusalem. But the Lord's voice had said, "He is a chosen vessel unto me," and the same voice informed Paul that he "should testify of me, to nations afar off." But the Jews conspired against him, and sought to kill him. It was then his friends let him down in a basket over the wall. Paul himself says that the governor of the city sent soldiers to arrest him, but having been let down in a basket, he escaped. This wall is a great stone structure, having a small wall on its top. The house pointed out there is said to be the self-same house, from which Paul escaped. It is situated above the Turkish wall, and has windows with great bars across them. One can imagine Paul being let down here, and gaining his liberty. St. George is said to have assisted in this break for freedom, and his tomb is much revered by Christians who frequently visit the spot.

CHAPTER IV.

BAZAARS OF DAMASCUS.

Great hubbub is always to be heard in the bazaars. To this constant din is added the unmusical voices of singing beggars, and the rapidly repeated cries of the muez-zins, which resound from one minaret to another, through the whole city. A recent writer says, "Let us stand and listen for a moment! Here are the public writers, surrounded by the curious as well as customers. Among them are peasants and Bedouins. Many of the streets have high-arched roofs, with here and there an opening through which the straggling light falls in such a way upon the goods displayed that their beauty is enhanced. While this is profitable to the seller, the buyer is much deceived. These arched roofs are often very high, that over the street Straight being about one hundred feet in height."

The shops have the appearance of cave-openings, are very low and small so that the customers necessarily must stand on the street outside, or sit on the floor with feet outside. A great amount of haggling is indulged in, as at Constantinople and Jerusalem; and as in those cities, the shops are classified according to kind, congregating together sometimes for long distances. But public venders are everywhere crying out their goods. See this huge fellow with a basket on his shoulders? The basket is filled with fresh fish which he importunes all to buy. A great inducement is given by the cress-seller, to those who purchase this delicacy. Besides praising the cresses, he tells at what spring they are gathered, then adds, "If an old woman eats them, she will be young again next morning."

The lemonade man has a big glass jar slung over his back, and through that funnel-shaped neck, he fills his customer's cup. While striking two brass cups together, he calls out, "It is cooled by snows from Lebanon." "Allay the heat." "Drink and refresh the heat." "Take care of your teeth," cries the ice-cream man, meaning the cream is very cold.

As we push our way among the mobs of people, Karan calls out constantly, "Take care of your pocket-books." Once I turned quickly; a loathsome, pock-marked face was peering down at me; then I noticed that many of the people were frightfully pock-marked, and I determined to leave the bazaar—we were near the Bedouin quarter looking at post-cards—but I left the bazaar immediately, asking Karan to bring me a dozen cards, while I waited outside. The odor of the leather bazaars is not offensive. The jewelry quarter would have been better had not the little, muddy stream been flowing down the street.

A noticeable feature of all business here is that there appears to be no jealousy between the rival vendors of similar wares. "Allah has sent a good customer to my neighbor," they say resignedly, then add, "and will in due time send one to me also." In some places gilded letters above the place of business read, "Oh thou who givest sustenance." As Orientals generally sleep in their clothes, they wear them out very quickly. When the great festival of Beiram arrives, they generally indulge in a sort of house-cleaning in respect to their clothes.

Orientals prefer to eat their bread warm. The thin, flat bread, is baked by being pasted against the stove. These cakes are sold by weight. The boy who carries them about cries, "Oh, giver of sustenance, Oh, Allah, send customers. God is the nourisher, buy my bread." Benev-

olent Moslems sometimes buy the bread and feed it to the dogs. A thin, wheaten, finer bread, is slightly covered with butter and grape syrup, sprinkled with sesame. An interesting custom is this: when anyone is desirous of doing a good deed, he pays for the contents of the water skin, leaving it with the dispenser to give to all comers. For this purpose those of good voices are selected, and they loudly invite everyone to come, saying, "Oh, thirsty one, the distribution." Many kinds of vegetables are carried through the streets for sale in wooden tubs. Beets, turnips and cucumbers, form the principal food of the lower classes, during several months of the year. One kind is eaten raw, the other, cooked with meat. A number of restaurants are among the bazaars. Here beans, and many other dishes, are cooked in the kitchens, and openly sold in the streets. Fresh mutton, streaked with fat of the tail, is seen slowly roasting on large spits.

This is the Greek Bazaar, come look at these Damascus blades! In speaking of steel, we have heard it said, "Fine as a Damascus sword," or "Tempered like a Damascus sword." All manner of antiquities are sold here! weapons, shawls, carpets and clothing. Strangers are importuned to buy "Damascus blades," daggers, armor, etc.; but only about one-fourth asked for an article should be paid. Mother of Pearl, and other ornaments, decorate the handles of these Damascus weapons. The steel is mostly brought from abroad, and is inferior, and many curios made in Manchester, England, are sold here as native products. In the silk Bazaar, we find more native products than in any other. The silk shawls for the head are attractive to the peasants and Bedouins. They prefer those with gaudy yellow, and red stripes; but the white ones, with colored edges, are much prettier. Besides the bewildering array of silk goods, there are fine things in

wood, turbans, women's veils, and handkerchiefs streaked with yellow or white silk thread.

A good deal of brass-ware is taken home by Americans, and some purchase a celebrated Damascus sword. One should be careful of base imitations, for Austria, England and Germany, furnish many of the curios sold as products of Damascus. The tourist comes to see, to buy, and is supplied with what he wants; but is it genuine? Damascus is noted for its sweetmeats which are shipped all over the world. There are large shops in the bazaars devoted to their sale. The sugar almonds and Turkish Delight, with which they regaled us—a soft, sweet, though transparent paste, with small nuts scattered through it—are both a surprise and a delight. The Delight is put up so that it can be carried along in substantial cane packages after the manner of figs. On the sea we found it indeed a delight.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

"Be careful and look not too closely at the women," we were cautioned, as we reached Smyrna, where we had our first glimpse of the veiled women. As you may surmise, this made us more observant of them than ever. All outside openings to their homes are closely latticed over with cane, or a fine wood. Preparing this substance is a special industry. Through these openings, one cannot see within, though people within can readily see everything occurring on the outside. In riding through the streets of Smyrna, we were sometimes so close to the houses that the women had to stop while we passed. Being thus above them, we had a good look at them; but their features were completely hidden by their thick, black veils.

Their full, loose costumes, some purple and a few white, but usually black, completely hid their forms. Their finger nails, stained pink with henna, attracted us; they look so curious. Most of the veils worn are plain black, but some have a pink rose, or a reptile, painted on them, large enough to cover the entire face.

In Smyrna we had a Mohammedan guide named George, who dressed in European clothing. He was agreeable, and patiently answered our many questions. While visiting the Tomb of Polycarp, a Mohammedan woman was hanging clothes on a line stretched in the little cemetery. We heard a smothered scream, and saw the woman running into an adjacent house. George said she was without her veil. Afterwards she followed with the rest, demanding "backseesh." With our different guides we discussed the status of Oriental women, their

customs, marriage and divorce. In most instances marriages are contracted by the parents, great pains being given to the selection of a wife for their sons. The parents also make all the marriage settlements. Sometimes the groom does not see the face of the bride until the morning after the wedding, after which no man must look upon her face again. "But suppose the husband is not pleased with her," I asked, "what then?" "If she is pretty, it is usually all right," was the answer. "But sometimes he drives her out, and she returns to her parents; but if she be proud, she will not return, then her's is a dreadful fate." And, looking at those passing, silent, veiled figures, engaged in household purchases, speaking only to the shop-men, usually alone, a sense of their lonely position forces itself upon us. "Sing us a Mohammedan song," we asked of George, but he said, "If I did, I would be punished after you are gone," so we desisted.

In visiting the Greek Cathedral we were impressed with the fine, hand-carved wood-work of its interior decorations. Only a few seats are on the lower floor, and they are for the priests. The top gallery at the farther end is for the women. Through the fine, white-painted lattice-work, they witness the ceremonies without being seen. The court-yard is covered with white stone slabs, bearing inscriptions; underneath lie the dead of the Greek priesthood. The Greek priests are required to marry, but if the wife dies, they cannot marry again, so lose their office. George said, "The wives of these priests are the best taken care of, and happiest women of all these nations." We rode through the different parts of the city and visited the bazaars; viewed Smyrna from the citadel, where a number of cannon are kept in readiness in case of riot, fire, or other trouble in the city.

Smyrna is a prosperous city. It has a fine water

front, and much shipping. It is the only live city today of the seven mentioned in Revelations. All the others are in ruins. At the quay, two vessels were leaving for a celebration to be held on one of the islands; and many Mohammedan women were in the throng, who were seeing their friends off. Some of these women were not so heavily veiled, so that we could discern their features; and we decided it certainly was not to hide their beauty that they wore veils, for they were extremely plain, and even looked haggard. We thought their lot could not be envied by any person in the world.

Our guide in Constantinople, named Hassen, was a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in full Turkish costume. He told us he had been educated in England. His English was perfect. He rode in our carriage as we drove about the city. "Are all girls educated here," we asked.

"No," he said, "they go to school until they are about ten years of age. We do not consider much education good for girls, but," he continued, "Mohammedan women are well treated, and do not need your sympathy, as you would suppose. They do no heavy work; the men carry all the loads; and drunkenness is almost unknown. If a man becomes drunk he is put into prison; if he is an officer, he is discharged."

"How many wives has the Sultan," we inquired.

"About three hundred actual wives," he said, "but this number is augmented occasionally by someone making him a present of a very beautiful girl, or by the purchase of one."

"Then women are still bought and sold in Turkey? and how about the prices?"

"Well, for one who is very beautiful in face and form, who has blue eyes and light hair, can play, sing, and dance, twenty thousand dollars in your money," he

said to the American, "is paid. Others besides the Sultan pay this price; there are many wealthy men here who have paid this sum for such a girl; and when they want some especial favor from the Sultan, they present such a one to him. If you know such a girl in your country, you could get that sum for her here. Then they range from that amount, all down the scale according to their beauty and accomplishments."

To my comments of surprise, he said, "Our religion teaches cleanliness and abstinence from vice; so our women are not in need of your pity." His manner and speech were quite emphatic, not to be gainsaid; and he was extremely polite.

Riding in the park, we noticed that the women's veils are much thinner than those of the lowly class; and that the women are even somewhat coquettish with them, raising them slightly, that one may get a tantalizing glimpse of the face. The wealthy and educated class are well dressed, and, knowing they are pretty, are quite reckless in their vanity.

"Does this not indicate that the veil will sometime soon be discarded?"

"It may so appear to you," he said, "but I think the established custom will always prevail."

This, however, did not change my firm conviction, that the veil will go, even as the Chinese' cue, except, perhaps, among the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Some of the women's veils are of a white, gauzy fabric which enhances, rather than conceals, their beauty. It is said that the Sultan's wives, as well as those of the rich men of Constantinople, wear such veils. At eleven or twelve years of age, girls begin to wear veils, and always wear them after marriage. In the bazaars we saw them wearing those thick-flowered veils.

In all these countries, the husband has the most rights. The women must be content and circumspect in their conduct. A man can divorce his wife, or wives, whenever he pleases, by simply saying, three times, "I divorce you," and the woman must leave and cannot return to the first husband even if desired, until after her marriage to some other man. Thus, should a husband repent his rash act, some expedient must be resorted to, before he can regain her. Cases have been known where an angry husband, having divorced his wife, and desiring her return, has prevailed on some friend to marry her, then divorce her, so that he, her former husband, might win her back. Now, should this friend love her himself, he can keep her, despite the compact with his friend.

It is not so easy, however, for a woman to get a divorce. She has to prove that the man has failed in his duty to her, or in providing for her. According to Mohammed, a man may have four wives; but the Koran stipulates that he must divide his time with them equally; and in some instances must provide a separate establishment for each.

The Jews may divorce easily, and marry again. The orthodox Greeks may only marry three times; and some Christians allow no divorce without just cause. In the case of Jewish weddings, the contract is always signed in the presence of the Rabbi; the ceremony is performed in a tent in the court of the synagogue. Before marriage, the bride is completely shaved, and her head ever afterward is kept covered. During, and after the ceremony they have music, with harps, drums and cymbals. The customs of Bible times are largely retained. The Jews marry young, and a girl is counted an old maid at twenty.

Among the Mohammedan peasants, marriage occurs very young, generally about the time they enter their

teens; and sometimes as early as the age of twelve. Men of years often marry young girls, and in such cases, the groom pays money to the father of the bride. The price is governed by the groom's financial ability.

Jewish marriages are the reverse of this. With them the money goes to the groom. In their contracts, the father may decide. If he be dead, then the brothers or the mother. There are sometimes run-away marriages among the Jews, and in case of violence or murder, the offender is released with a light sentence; as the avenger is within the rights granted him, in the Koran and the Talmud.

Among the more wealthy of the cities, the bridegroom sometimes makes a present to the bride of all her trousseau, amounting to several hundred dollars. The whole dowry is not always paid at once, but remains as a surety of good treatment on the part of the husband. The Mohammedan wife has the entire right to and control of her own property; and on provocation she does not hesitate to call attention to this fact, particularly if she brought money into the family. She has power under the courts, even as our women have. She can make a will, and leave her property as she pleases, and can force her husband to pay the dowry agreed upon. She can sue and be sued, even suing her husband for an accounting of her property. She must buy her own wedding gown, but if the man divorces her, she is given back her trousseau.

The Mohammedan wedding in Palestine usually takes place at the Mosque. The bridegroom meets his bride on her way there, but she is so heavily veiled that he cannot see her face. She is dressed in white, and rides under a canopy, upon the shoulders of four men. After the wedding, she goes to her husband's house. As she steps over the threshold, she bends down and passes un-

der two crossed swords, held by his friends, which signifies that if she is not true, he may kill her.

Another custom is that the bride sometimes is taken to the groom's house in a great procession; and there the two eat candy, exchanging bites, which indicates that thereafter, nothing but sweetness is to pass the lips of one to the other. Up to this time the bridegroom has not seen the face of the bride. Now, in her presence, he says a prayer, kneeling on her bridal veil as he does so. As we have seen, women are still bought and sold in Turkish possessions.

Before the English took control in Egypt a regular traffic was conducted in black girls, who were brought from Central Africa and shipped through Tripoli into Syria and other parts of Turkey. On the four corners of the bridge over the Nile are four huge British lions representing the British power in Egypt.

In Morocco it is claimed this custom is still in vogue, slaves being brought in from parts of the Caucasus to Constantinople. According to the Koran, marriages with slaves are legal; many of the Sultan's wives are of this class of Circassians. It is said that these girls are glad to be sold into slavery. A plump, bright-eyed girl, with red hair and white skin, is worth as much as half a dozen white horses. They are bought young, and trained to become wives.

The veiled women of Cairo present an entirely different appearance to those of Turkey, Syria, or Palestine. Their veils are black, but much narrower, and fall to the knees. A spangled band of red or blue velvet reaches down to the eye-brows. To this the veil is attached, in a way that leaves a slit for the eyes; between them is a gold spool, with a couple of hoops, which rests on the nose.

Thus the features are hidden, though sometimes roguish eyes are directed to the beholder.

Three guides were appointed for our party, in Cairo, making one guide to seven or eight of us, to conduct us through the bazaars. Our guide, named Haman, was educated and agreeable.

"Why do the women wear this kind of a veil?" I asked, feeling a little alarmed, when suddenly a pair of black eyes, one on either side of that spool, were flashed into mine.

"These are true Mohammedans," he said, "the real followers of Allah."

Their marriage customs are quite elaborate. We passed by a side street, where flags of different kinds and color, attached to a rope, were strung on either side of the street, from a house some distance down the street. "What are those flags for?" we asked.

"That is a wedding," our guide said, and on our return we beheld the grand pageant returning from the mosque. The bridal pair and attendants were riding on gaily decorated camels; on other camels were people playing on queer musical instruments. It was an imposing, but odd sight.

We were ferried across the Nile to the island of Rhoda; two Mohammedan guides belonging to the island escorted us. They were greasy looking fellows, and attired in flaming colors. The flower garden on the island is beautiful, with fragrant and delicate roses. Because of my admiration of them one of the guides stepped over the fence and plucked a large bouquet which he divided among the ladies of our company, each one of whom smilingly thanked him, as he distributed the flowers. Perhaps this caused one of the gentlemen to ask him, "How many wives have you?"

"I have three," he said, "and as they get old, I change them for young ones."

Others of the party asked him, "Do you send your wives away without providing for them?"

"Usually," he answered, nonchalantly.

Was this custom in vogue, long ago, when Pharaoh's daughter espied the Jew baby in the bulrushes, near where we were then standing?

The girls I saw weaving the beautiful rugs of the Orient, in a room of one of the bazaars, were of a better class. They had long, beautiful hair—one a head of wonderful red. They sat on little stools, the rugs in frames before them. They had no visible pattern, but are required to have the pattern in their minds. We watched them weave, noting their skill and dexterity.

CHAPTER VI.

BAALBEK OF TODAY.

The old carriage road, the only means of travel in these lands before the railroad was built from Damascus, passes through many quaint and partially ruined towns in the Lebanon district. Some of these are situated in the midst of beautiful vegetation, possess immense industries, and always please the traveler's eye. In Kerak Nuh, the tomb of the Prophet Noah is shown, one hundred two feet in length; and a few miles distant are entrances in the Phœnician style, to two hundred tomb-chambers. Our pleasant road led past ruined temples, across a bridge, over the Litani, through villages, and over a plain bare of trees, used as a pasturage for cattle, by ruins of smaller temples, to Baalbek, the grandest ruin in the world.

In 1175 A. D. this district of Baalbek was conquered by Saladin; a year later the Crusaders defeated the Saracens, securing much treasure. Baalbek is the Heliopolis of Greco-Roman authors; but no written records of the place date back of the third or fourth century. Coins of Heliopolis, as early as the first century, show that the town was a Roman colony. The Greek name suggests that the place was connected with the worship of the sun; and Baal is supposed to be the sun God. A statement was current in the seventh century that Antonio Pias, erected at Heliopolis, in Phœnicia, a large temple to Jupiter, which was considered a marvel of the age. It is said that Constantine the Great destroyed a large temple at Heliopolis, converted it into a Christian church, and that he built a basilica there. By the Arabs Baalbek is referred to as a fortress; and at an early time a citadel stood on the Acropolis.

In 1260, Baalbek was destroyed by Hulagu, and later conquered by Timur. In the middle of the sixteenth century, these ruins were re-discovered by Europeans. They had previously and have subsequently been visited by several destructive earthquakes. The Acropolis of Baalbek, surrounded by gardens, rises to the west of the little town. The town of Baalbek lies on the east side of the valley Litany, which here is quite fertile; and near here is the water shed between the Litany and the Orontes. The town has a small garrison.

Glowing accounts of the Temples of Baalbek, from time to time, have been given by travelers in that land; but the half has never been told, and in the last few years conditions have changed to make them grander than ever. The word Lebanon means "white," so that the Lebanon mountains of Syria really means the White mountains. The range extends north and south parallel with the Mediterranean. The mountains rise a little below the border of Asia Minor, and disappear in the Holy Land. "One may think of them as mountains," says a recent traveler there, "yet not realize their great height." The summits of Mount Hermon rise over nine thousand feet, and the peaks of Jebel Makmel, about ten thousand two hundred feet. The elevated valley of the Lebanon slopes northward to Aleppo, and southward to Dan, where rises the Jordan.

This little valley, where the ruins of Baalbek are situated, is not more than one hundred miles long, nor wider than eight miles. It is walled in, as it were, by this bulwark of mountains, and contains the ruins of the most wonderful temples known in history. Their immensity and grandeur grow upon the traveler as he wanders among them. They fill the beholder with an indescribable awe; words fail to portray their beauty and symmetry;

and thought loses itself in their contemplation. Many and wonderful ruins there are in the world, yet those of Baalbek excel them all. They have never been as wonderful as now, hence descriptions given of them, by writers of the past, scarcely fit them today. Since Kaiser Wilhelm's visit, wonderful changes have been wrought. The Kaiser, thinking of German greatness first, last, and all the time, left "Germany" stamped all along his route through Palestine, Turkey and Syria. He is quick to see and seize an advantage to further German interests, and this, in some way or other, is proclaimed in every place he visited. The Sultan who gave him *carte blanche* in Turkey, gave him land near the Antonia Gate, in Jerusalem, where now, in a church of their own, the Germans may worship.

Schools and hospitals, even a sanitarium, he started in the land of the Cross. The Sultan exacted no conditions from him. When he stood by the tomb of Saladin, in Damascus, the emperor placed upon it a golden crown, and a bouquet of artificial flowers. This action, not being in accordance with Mohammedan ethics, a place must needs be provided for them some distance away. Saladin was a great soldier—it matters not that he slew the cause of Christianity in its own home; marched in triumph over the Holy Sepulchre, and waved the crescent over the Cross! He was a great soldier, and the Kaiser recognized that fact! Hence the Sultan gave him a royal liberty here at Baalbek; and the tablet bearing an inscription in German and Turkish, erected in the Temple of the Sun, attests the Emperor's regard for the Sultan, as well as his pleasure in visiting these wonderful ruins.

Not long after Wilhelm's departure, German scientists came, who organized an army of natives and superintended their work, in excavating this temple. Over a railroad track which they built, cars are run, which clear

away mountains of earth and loose stones. Modern machinery has lifted these tremendous fallen stones into place, so that now these wonderful ruins stand grandly revealed.

The Arabs claim that, since Adam lived here, this is the oldest city of the world, and that here all the early scenes described in the Bible were enacted. We were shown, for example, where Noah was buried, and where Ham lived. They believe that Nimrod resided in this valley, that somewhere here the Tower of Babel was built, and that Abraham, who dwelt in Damascus, often visited here. A legend relates that to please his Pagan wives, Solomon built a temple and a castle here, which he gave to Balkis, the queen of Sheba. In the days of Christ, this was well known among the Phœnicians. The finest of the temples, whose ruins still exist, was built, at a time when Roman civilization flourished in Africa, Asia Minor, and their other possessions abroad. Although at this time they had gods without number, the people mostly worshiped Baal, the god of the sun; and the larger temples were built for that worship.

Baal is the title of numerous gods; but it was the Greeks who designated him as being the God of the Sun. The scriptures refer to him. That painted, wicked woman, Jezebel, had four hundred priests of Baal, whom Elijah slew, after the test he put them to, that it might be determined whether their god, Baal, or Jehovah was the true God. In the days of Samuel he rebuked the people for their worship of Baal. With what strange thoughts one contemplates the spot where those four hundred priests of Baal were slain! There, near the summit of Carmel, the place is still pointed out. The Greeks have built their church here, and it is the only place where the Mediterranean can be seen from the other side of the mountains.

The scripture referring to this incident, read on this spot, sounds weird, but vivid. We seemed to hold our breaths, awaiting the servant's return, to tell Elijah of a cloud rising over the Mediterranean.

The statue of Baal, at Baalbek, was made of gold, and represented him as a beardless youth, standing between two bulls. In his right hand he held a whip; in his left, some ears of corn and a thunderbolt. This glorious statue, with those of Mercury and Venus, which were exquisitely delicate in workmanship, and the Hall of Bacchus, were overthrown in part and destroyed by the early Christians. The beautiful carvings met the same fate.

No man possesses a picture of these temples, in the days of their glory. Their ruins cover more than ten acres. The dimensions of the Great Temple were about three hundred feet in length, by one hundred sixty feet in width. The six Corinthian columns remaining, show how the roof was supported; they are eighty feet high, and twenty-two feet in circumference. The work of this temple is a far greater engineering feat than was that of the pyramids; its foundation stones must be the largest that man has ever quarried. Some of those recently uncovered by the Germans measure sixty-four feet in length. Can you realize that?

Standing before the pyramids, in Egypt, I asked this question, "What engineering skill was brought to bear to raise these huge stones one on the other?" Yet the work needed to engineer and erect the temple of Baalbek must have far exceeded that of the pyramids. These columns, weighing hundreds of tons, had to be conveyed up the steeps of Lebanon; mountains like the Rockies of America. These marbles came from Greece; this granite from the Nile; and the quarries near by furnished blocks weighing hundreds of tons. The Temple walls are sixty feet

high, and the columns seven feet in diameter; and put up as they are, on massive bases they attain this wondrous height. Yet they are massive beyond the degree that estimates how this could be accomplished without the aid of machinery.

The ruins are now guarded by Turkish soldiers, and henceforth will not be defaced. One dollar each is demanded of visitors. A great wonder it is, that these marbles did not find their way into the museums of the world, as did those of Ephesus and Athens. Yet the destruction here amazes one. Is it not strange that nations coming after, take delight in tearing down the works of those preceding them; works that they themselves could never execute? As we gaze upon them, the thought "that God so allows," is the only explanation. Nations reach a certain height which is their limit in the arts and sciences, then the toppling over comes, and they and their works pass away.

For a carriage ride we had chosen the Lebanon district, being desirous to see the cedars of Lebanon of which we had read and heard so much. We anticipated the pleasure of riding among them for hours. But the cedars of Lebanon are of the past; they have no place in the present. Only a few remain, and they are at no great distance from Baalbek; the largest one is not more than fifteen feet in diameter. The supply seemed inexhaustible, yet it has vanished, and the few trees left, like one whose time is forgotten but still lives on, will soon reach the end of their glory. The cypress and pine survive, the cedar wood which could be polished so that its beauty bewildered the beholder, has gone; gone with the glory of the temple at Jerusalem, whose golden dome could be seen thirty miles away.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT AMERICAN EDUCATION IS DOING IN SYRIA.

“What the United States Presbyterian missionaries and their educational institutions have done for Egypt and the Nile valley,” a recent traveler there says, “American education is doing in revolutionizing the Orient.” It is one of the great forces that has caused the revolution in Persia, and the changes that have recently been wrought in Turkey. The Presbyterians now have schools in the Sudan, also a large American College at Assiout, several hundred miles above Cairo. The beginnings of this college, about forty years ago, were of the simplest kind. It now has one thousand students, and large numbers have been graduated from there. These students are quartered in several large two-story buildings, and three halls have been completed, the finest to be found in the East. They are situated north of Cairo, and about three hundred women attend this college. And a new academy for girls is associated with it, which was dedicated at Cairo during President Roosevelt’s visit there.

This college at Assiout is over-filled now ; more buildings are needed, and more money. With these requirements, its efficiency could be doubled. It is said a better education is given here than in the government institutions, and at a much lower cost. Nominally, one dollar a session, or ten dollars a year, is being charged. The students are of all classes, from the poor Fellahin, to the pasha or rich merchant. As elsewhere, the cost of accommodation varies according to the service, ranging from thirty-five dollars a year, upwards. Students can be furnished with board, or a boy can work his way through col-

lege, and bring at least a part of his food with him from home. Their bread is baked harder than hard-tack, in cakes about one inch thick, and will keep as required. Buckets of water are placed where the boys can throw in their bread; when softened, they carry it with them to the table. Graduates from the Assiout college, are found in all the government departments of Egypt, and among the leading merchants of the country. Of the fifteen thousand boys being educated in these Presbyterian mission schools and colleges, some are Copts and some Mohammedans.

It will be remembered that it was the young Turks who rose against the "Sick man of the East," overcame him, and carried him to prison where he now remains. Do you know that he blames Robert college for his downfall, and the unsettling of his empire? A recent writer has declared that he said, "that institution—Robert College—has cost me Bulgaria, and is likely to lose me my throne." Robert college, named for its founder, had its beginning in 1863. He was a New Yorker who gave a large sum of money, as well as his name, to this college, although he was perhaps not its actual organizer. Many graduates have left this institution, and are doubtless a part of the leaven that has brought about the New Turkey. Some of its graduates have established the schools and colleges of Bulgaria.

The teaching of Robert college is non-sectarian; its five or six hundred students are Jews, Mohammedans, Armenians, Russians, and others. It requires that all students must attend daily prayers, and religious services on Sunday. Of course the young Turks highly praise this college. Its graduates, beside being good teachers, make the best government officers. The Turks would like to control this college, but it is organized under the laws of New York. In view of the fact that revolutions will tread fast on the

heels of each other, until the Turkish government is established on a firm basis, it is certain that the college will stand on its rights.

While in Beirut we drove up to the American college, situated so beautifully on the plateau overlooking the harbor and the Mediterranean, with the snowy mountains of Lebanon for its background. We caught a glimpse of ancient Tyre and Sidon, down the coast. The campus of about fifty acres, much of it cultivated, presents its beauty to advantage. The claim of the college is that it makes better, and more broad-minded, those pupils who learn in its halls, be they Moslem or Christian; that it interferes with no one's religion. But as students must attend religious services, the school naturally tends to the spread of Christianity. Mohammedan students study the Bible as they would any other book, and look upon it as such—that is, it is not sacred to them.

It seems strange that the deadly tuberculosis has such a strong hold among people whose lives are passed in the open, as are the lives of these peoples in Syria. It is said the disease was brought from America by native visitors. Although unknown twenty-five years ago, it is said about half the cattle are afflicted with it now; and as the people live principally on a milk diet, this, at least, is a part of the cause of its rapid spread. The sanitary conditions of the Orient are well adapted to its increase, perhaps the cause, as the bacteria multiplies so rapidly as to cause it to flourish and devastate. American skill and means are being used in checking it, and a great work is being done; but more money is needed and help required. The fields of the East call for more laborers!

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

DIVISIONS OF THE LAND.

The Holy Land is divided naturally, by its physical features, into four sections, generally extending north and south.

The first section includes the coast of Tyre and Sidon, a ribbon of lowland, lying along the shore of the Mediterranean, and widening to the southward; but at three points the mountains jut out into the sea thus breaking the strip into four divisions. At the north, by Tyre, the ribbon is so narrow as not to appear at all. About fifteen miles to the south of Tyre, a bold spur of land projects into the sea, called the Ladder of Tyre, thus completely cutting it off; also the second division of the plain, extending from the Ladder of Tyre to Mount Carmel, opens in places to a width of three or four miles. A third division, nowhere exceeding more than seven or eight miles in width, extends to the foot of Carmel, to a range of hills a little south of Jaffa and is called the Plain of Sharon. This last division, extending thirty-two miles southward, and varying in width from nine to sixteen miles, is also called the Plain of Philistia, or the Land of the Philistines. To the south, and beyond it, lies the wilderness of Shur.

The second section of the Holy Land is the mountainous section, lying between the Maritime Plain and the Jordan. The mountains therein are a branch of the Lebanon range, varying from two to three hundred feet in

height. By the Plain of Esdrælon the range is broken from the base of Mount Carmel, to within a mile or two of the Jordan, with the hills of Nazareth and Mount Tabor to the north, and Mount Gilboa to the south. At the northern end of Esdrælon, and as it were in a basin, lies Nazareth. This branch of hills is the water shed of this mountainous region; westward, the streams flow into the Mediterranean; eastward, into the Jordan. The Plain of Philistia is undulating, and rises from fifty to one hundred feet above sea level. The back bone of the country reaches an elevation from two thousand four hundred to three thousand feet. Through these mountain gorges, during the rainy season, seething torrents rush to the sea, finding their way mostly under ground. The water which reaches the plain, forms the swamps and marshes; these sink gradually away, while the river, as a small stream, not more than six feet wide and four deep, gains the sea. The great bulk of the water, reaching the sea underground, explains the reasons for water being found in the Plains of Sharon and Philistia, only a few feet below the surface.

The third section of the Holy Land, is the Jordan Valley, which begins at the sources of the Jordan, near Banias, the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi. The source of the Jordan is not a spring, but the water gushes from under a heap of stones, near the mouth of a cave, and is at once a good-sized stream. Between Banias and Lake Huleh, or the Waters of Merom, the Jordan descends nearly one thousand one hundred feet towards sea level; Banias being one thousand eighty feet above, while Lake Huleh, is only seven feet above the sea. At Lake Huleh the valley is four miles wide, and the lake is about that long. The surrounding marshes are covered with a more extensive growth of papyrus than is known to exist anywhere else. For nine miles of its course, between Lake Huleh and the

Sea of Galilee, the Jordan plunges like a torrent to the southern lake. Between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, the Ghor, or sunken valley of the Jordan, lies on both sides of the river. The Plain of the Jordan is about fourteen miles wide. The Dead Sea is called in the scriptures the Salt Sea, the Sea of Arabah, the Sea of the Plain. (Deut. 3:17.) By the Arabs it is called Bahr Lut, or Lot's Sea. As its surface is one thousand three hundred feet below the Mediterranean, and as in some places, it is one thousand three hundred feet deep, its bottom is just about as much below sea level as Jerusalem is above it. On both sides the sea is surrounded by steep mountains. It has no outlet to the ocean. If any communication did exist with the ocean, the water would flow into the Dead Sea, and the valley of the Jordan be flooded. Lying so low, and surrounded as it is, evaporation is rapid, and the heat is tropical. The water of the sea is intensely salt, three pounds of it yielding one pound of solid salt.

Located three hundred feet above the south end of the Dead Sea, are great hills of rock salt, called Jebel-Usdum, or the mountain of Sodom, which cover an area of seven miles, by three. Bitumen is still found on the shores of the Dead Sea, and occasionally floating on its surface. From this fact, it was sometimes called Lake Asphaltites. At the head of the Jordan there exists a large mine of bitumen. There was a prehistoric time, it is said, when the Dead Sea was fourteen hundred feet higher than it is now. A great fresh-water lake, it is thought, then covered the whole of the Jordan valley, which probably was connected with a chain of lakes in eastern Africa. Geologic marks are left which are said to be easily understood by the geologist, showing the process by which the sea's level has been changed. On the Mountains various levels show where the former water-level existed.

The mountains and plateau beyond Jordan, spread-

ing out to the eastward, constitute the fourth and last section of the Holy Land. It is a continuation of the Anti-Lebanon range. Bashan lies from Hermon to the river Jabbok, and includes the Hadran, afterwards called Auranitis, beyond which lies Bozra, or Bostra. Gilead joins Bashan, and extends twenty-five miles southward to Heshbon; still further south and beyond Heshbon, lies the land of Moab. When the land was divided among the tribes, broadly speaking, Bashan was given to Manasseh; Gilead, from the southern line of the Sea of Galilee to the northern line of the Dead Sea, was apportioned to Gad; to Reuben, Moab, to the river Arum; while the remainder of Moab was retained by the original inhabitants.

The fertility of the eastern part of the Holy Land is a striking contrast to the desolate, sandy, hill country, on the western side of Jordan. There can be no doubt that at one time the whole land was fertile. The ravages of war, and the ruthless destruction of trees, would bring about the conditions now so deplored in the hill country west of the Jordan. A writer on this subject believes that the present fruitful state of Gilead is what western Palestine was in the days of Abraham; but today, in western Palestine nakedness reigns, while in eastern, luxuriant vegetation exists. Before the conquest olive groves were terraced on the hilly slopes—while probably the rainfall was not diminished. But the terraces have crumbled away; the groves are destroyed; and great is the contrast between the east and west sides of Jordan. Nettles and cactus, stubble and grease-wood abound, bearing much resemblance to the conditions found in American deserts.

On either side of Jordan, the area of drainage is about the same. On the one side, forests attract the rainfall, while their absence, on the other side, conduce to ster-

ility. The valleys on either side are also about the same; but those on the west have but few perennial springs; while all are so on the east. "Every stream draining from Moab and Gilead is full of fish and fresh-water shells; while on the west side," a writer tells us, "he only found fresh water shells in two streams." These are the physical conditions of the Holy Land.

Before Jaffa and Jerusalem were connected by rail, two daily omnibuses traveled over what was called the modern road; though the ancient road and this one are only about six miles apart. In the Plain of Sharon, the Tower of Ramleh is the most prominent object; it is said to be erected over the tomb of forty martyrs. In scripture the name of Ramleh is not mentioned, though there is a tradition that it is the ancient Ramathaim, or Arimathea, the home of Joseph the Cyrenne, who would take no part in the murder of Jesus, and whose new tomb, near the walls of Jerusalem, was used as the sepulchre of the Lord.

Ramleh seems to be of Arabic origin, as the Arabic word ramleh, signifies sand, and Ramleh is built on a sandy plain. It seems certain that before the time of the Crusades, Ramleh was a great city. It has a system of subterranean reservoirs and water works. Like Jaffa, Ramleh is surrounded by extensive orchards, and the olive, the fig, the carob and sycamore, abound. Palm trees materially enhance the beauty of the landscape. The land is fertile, and hedges of cactus surround the great fields in which multitudes of birds make their nests. The approach to Ramleh is lovely, but the streets are merely lanes, and it has the usual filth of the Eastern city.

On a clear day the height of Neby Samwill, so named in honor of Samuel the prophet, and which overlooks Jerusalem, can here be seen. In Ramleh the women are more

closely veiled than usual; and it is said by one who lived in their homes for a month, that he never caught a glimpse of their features. There are no fountains in Ramleh, but some of the inhabitants have private cisterns which are kept clean, while many use the water of a filthy, open cistern in which boys can be seen swimming.

The village Akir is no doubt all that is left of the royal city of the Philistines, ancient Ekron; yet all around it are abundant and fruitful wheat fields. Over these plains the ark was borne by the kine, to Beth-Shemish. Even now, the people are rude and irreverent. Perhaps for a similar reason the inhabitants of old were smitten with a judgment. According to Josephus the number smitten was seventy which seems more probable than fifty thousand. The plains are green and refreshing to the eye, except after a Sirocco. Then all is drear; the poor cattle even crawl into caves under a projection of rock, anywhere away from its deadly visit; no laborers are seen in the fields; the doors and windows of the houses are closed fast against it, for the fine dust which it blows is terrible on human eyes; and many who are blind, or who have affected vision, can trace the direct cause to this dust which is made up of the refuse of ages. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the houses are uncomfortable and unhealthy, without light or ventilation, with no privacy of any kind possible, and no relief from incessant noise of man or beast. But to all this the natives seem insensible and, knowing nothing else, are measurably happy. In some cities a public well is kept in motion day and night, by means of mules which draw up the water by a simple process, keeping it pure, cool, and sweet.

CHAPTER II.

JAFFA.

Most visitors to the Holy Land have entered by way of Jaffa, but now, 1911, they will, for the most part, land at Beirut, there take train for Damascus, then on to the Sea of Galilee and Tiberias, thence to Nazareth and Haifa; then to Jaffa by water, and Jerusalem by rail, as before. I rejoice that I had the first glimpse of Palestine at Jaffa. Very early in the morning, we had sought to penetrate the mists hanging over this Mecca of our dreams. As they gradually lifted, we could see, below the distant hills, a bold rock rising as if it were a fortress. With what pleasure we beheld the mountains of Judea clearly defined, and Joppa, of the Bible, bathed in the splendor of the rising sun! We beheld the darkened crowns of pine trees; then the thick groves of orange trees. On nearer approach we discerned the flags of the Consulates waving a welcome from their staffs, and the yellow beach stretching out before us.

Our attention is engrossed by the scenes of activity on the shore, the numberless boats that are putting off to meet us, and the boatmen's loud cries. The sight of an incoming vessel awakens the wildest demonstration and is the occasion for a bedlam of noises. Not only is this the case here, but it is true of every oriental port. The shouting and din is distracting, as the hordes come bounding over the ship's rails, to land passengers, calling their different hotels, or boats. The harbor of Joppa is a small basin formed by natural rocks which are partly visible and partly under water. There are three places where an entrance for small vessels may be effected. The one on the north is broad but dangerous, on account of sand banks.

The entrance to the south is called the Moon Pool, and is probably that through which the rafts of Hiram, King of Tyre, were towed into the inner basin. But this, for a long time, has been practically closed by sand and silt. The northwest passage, which is the only available one, is not more than one hundred feet in width. Here row-boats and small craft enter.

The coast of Joppa has been treacherous even from ancient times, and we read of frequent wrecks there. We rejoice that it is a fine day, otherwise the steamer would not stop, but continue on to her next port, at Haifa, near Mount Carmel. Not many years ago, the remains of an ancient galley were dug up on a sandy shore while some excavations near here were being made; and, from the Phœnician days, even to the time of the Crusades and down to more modern times, many have been engulfed by the angry waves of this port. Though the breeze is light and the water smooth, we lose no time in getting ashore, for this fair scene may be changed in an incredibly short space of time. Even now we see the spray dashing perhaps one hundred feet high, over the rocks of the narrow entrance. Hence, we shall not loiter, or we may be caught in one of those fierce storms that infest this strange harbor.

We descend the ladder at the ship's side, and take seats in a fine, strong boat. The skilled boatmen are proud of their calling—a business which descends from father to son. Reaching the narrow inlet of the basin, they await the swell of an in-rolling wave, all the while singing in Arabic, "pull men, pull!" then, "altogether," as with one tremendous pull they land us in smooth water, in triumph. But we have yet to reach the shore. Here, in the shallow water, a bare-legged, repulsive-looking native, standing in a boat at the steps of the landing, embraces you, gives you a good hoist, then you are safely

landed. Usually the passenger has something to say about an embrace, but, though he has carried one safely over, it is very unwelcome. Now you are in the midst of the din of coarse, screaming voices, and in the babel of an unknown language, but, accustomed to the people of the Orient, you are not mistaken in the cry of "Backseesh." Usually one follows his baggage into the ill-looking custom house—as travelers are advised to look well to its safety—where, after a lot of seemingly unnecessary wrangling, yourself and baggage are permitted to pass through; and you stand in Joppa, or Jaffa, as we will hereafter call it.

The thoroughfare, leading from the station, brings you to the bazaar, if you walk or have hired a donkey, but if you go with us, we will drive to the hotel Jerusalem, —quite pretentious for the place. As elsewhere in the Orient, the houses, or at least their first stories, have no windows towards the street, but they face into a court. The lattice over the windows and the doors towards the streets, you have been accustomed to; through them the women can look down, and see all that passes below without themselves being seen. There are no pavements or sidewalks; the lanes that answer for them are thronged with natives, camels, and donkeys.

In the bazaar of Jaffa many kinds of stalls are to be seen. The traffic goes on as in other oriental bazaars, much time being consumed in haggling about the prices to be paid. Numerous birds are for sale; a cobbler is mending some sad-looking shoes; a blacksmith is busy with his hammer; and various kinds of pottery are for sale. Here are milk stalls, and sausage shops, with a fine exhibition of fruit and vegetables.

The people of various nations and a variety of dress, we are now becoming accustomed to. Even the veiled women, moving almost stealthily along, seem part and

parcel of the country, therefore are no longer strange, as at first they appeared to us. A woman without a veil, we know, is a Christian; but the rings on her arms and fingers are unbecoming, and her tattooed face is unattractive. The Armenian convent here was made famous by an expression of Napoleon who, in 1799, before evacuating the city, suggested to his surgeon that he give all the plague-stricken French soldiers, who were quartered in their cells, poison, that they might not fall into the hands of the Turks. But Desgenettes replied, "Sir, it is my business to cure men, not to kill them!" How long it seems since Napoleon and the French soldiers were here, and how the map of the world has changed since then!

Jaffa is a veritable garden. Vegetables and seeds need only to be planted, to return a bounteous crop. Nearly all fruits grow here in abundance. Watermelons grow to a wonderful size, and are so plentiful that they are sold for a mere nothing. Rich returns are sure to follow the irrigation of this fertile, sandy soil; and it is thought the whole plain of Sharon, which is composed of similar soil, if irrigated and cultivated, would become a bower like unto Jaffa. After the rains subside, a luxuriant vegetation overspreads the plain, remaining until all the moisture is evaporated. There are prophecies which tell how the land "yet will rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Under Turkish rule the country can not prosper; but, other forces are at work, and slowly but surely progress is being made in the Holy Land; its restoration—the dream of the Jews—will be fulfilled. Ages elapsed during which the only mode of travel here was the camel and donkey, yet the steam engine has for many years sounded over the plain of Sharon.

The German-American colony, established here

in 1866, did not prosper. Of the original forty families, scarcely a remnant can be found, but the colony which arrived two years later now numbers over three hundred souls. Their village, named Sorena, is only about ten miles from Jaffa. The settlement of the Universal Israelitish Alliance owns about eight hundred acres of land which they have converted into fruitful fields and gardens, much of which was formerly un-reclaimed desert land. Along the shore of Jaffa, Ibrahim Pasha formed a compulsory settlement of Egyptian peasants, or Fellahin. Then they were abandoned and many of them are still living there in wretchedness. Not far from their village, a spot is indicated where nearly three thousand Turkish soldiers were slaughtered by order of Napoleon. According to existing traditions of antiquity, we are told by Pliny, Jaffa is more ancient than the flood.

The Bible story of Jonah is connected with Jaffa; (also the myth of Andromeda, which is as follows: Once there was a king of Ethiopians, named Cephus, whose wife was named Joppa. They had a daughter of extraordinary beauty, of whom the proud mother boasted, saying that Andromeda was more beautiful than the Nerides themselves. This incensed the nymphs of the sea, who, for revenge, requested Poseidon, god of the sea, to send a flood upon the land and a monstrous beast. This done, the beast destroyed the people; whereupon the oracle of Ammon, declared that deliverance from the flood and monster could only be granted on condition that Andromeda should be chained to a rock beside the shore, and there be left a prey to the beast. This the people compelled Cephus to do; deliver his child to her sad fate; and Pliny says that the marks of the

chain were shown in his time. But the monster was slain by Perseus before he reached his prey. Thereupon, Andromeda became the wife of her deliverer; and, being the founder of Joppa she named it in honor of her mother. A place among the stars was assigned her when she died; and there, among the shining hosts of heaven, she may still be seen.

In the time of Pompey, the skeleton of a huge monster was discovered near Jaffa, and was removed to Rome by Marcus Scarus, that measured forty feet in length, and whose back bone measured eighteen inches in diameter. The Romans supposed this to be the monster of the Andromeda myth; Christians thought it to be the whale of the book of Jonah.

There is no authentic account of the founding of Joppa. At the time of the conquest by the Israelites, it was in existence, and Joshua gave it to the tribe of Dan. The inhabitants of Joppa worshiped the Goddess Kitto, or Derketo, who was half woman, half fish.

Joppa was the port of Jerusalem in the time of David, and Hiram, King of Tyre, sent here his floats of timber for the building of the temple. Five hundred years later Zerubbabel, brought the cedars of Lebanon the same way, to build the second temple, which was to be glorified by the presence of Christ (Ezra 3:7). At what time Jonah set out from Joppa, on his way to Nineveh, is not known; neither is the kind of fish, or monster, that swallowed him; but our Savior, referring to this incident, said, that the only sign which should be given to the people of that time should be that of the Prophet Jonah, "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so

shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth" (Matt. 12:40).

We went direct to the hotel Jerusalem for a second breakfast. In the dining room, occupying a space on a side wall, is a large oil painting, "Jerusalem by moonlight from the Mount of Olives." Its value is said to be \$1,000. Beneath the painting is inscribed: "Our feet shall stand within the walls of Jerusalem." Even then it seemed not a reality, that we were so near the Holy City, and that soon our feet should stand within its walls. Fascinated, we gaze on the picture, impressing the enchanting scene upon our memory.

Our first drive in Jaffa was to the house of Simon the Tanner, down by the sea. On the way there, we walked by the walls (crumbling in places) of the Philistines, nine hundred years old. The land of the Philistines, at its greatest width, is only five miles inland from the sea, and five hundred miles in length. While the people have disappeared, they have given their name permanently to the land, for, far and wide, it is known as Palestine.

Everything in Simon's house corresponds with the scripture story which was read. There is the spring, and it is near the sea; and here has been a tannery, but to reach it we had to enter through a Mohammedan Mosque that has been built there, where the sign of Mecca seemed so much out of place. On the flat house-top, we were photographed. This was the house-top where Peter slept, when, in vision, he saw the sheet let down from above. We read this story here, and were reminded on the spot how Peter was shown that the Gospel was for all nations. At the Dorcas tomb, the scripture was read of how the

good Dorcas died; and how they sent for Peter who was tarrying at Lydda, to come to them; how they, weeping, had showed him the garments she had made for the poor, as they mourned for her. Then, by the power that Peter held, how she was raised from the dead. This tomb, it is said, is her final resting place. A richly adorned, white altar is raised above her grave. We descended among the heavy timbers to her tomb. Nothing is to be seen there, but on the altar above, some beautiful orange blossoms had been placed as a remembrance of her. The tomb is situated in most beautiful grounds, wide in extent, with lawns, trees, walks, and flowers, all within a most beautiful orange grove.

From the tower of the great church near here, we surveyed Jaffa and the plains of Sharon and Judea. Natives thronged around our hotel (a fine one, by the way) with many wares to sell, and baskets running over with golden oranges, for which, when we first arrived, they asked two francs. Before we left they besought us to buy them for one franc. These baskets, holding two dozen oranges, not broad but deep, are made of cane. We prize them highly now, and think of the oranges of Jaffa, for we feel that never had we tasted real oranges before we ate them at Jaffa.

Orange groves abound all about the city; the air is so laden with the odor of orange blossoms that it seems almost oppressive. The fig and the vine flourish here. The hotel grounds are a bower of beauty, and here in abundance are orange blossoms, fair and sweet; not like those made by hands, which adorn the brides over the sea. Each visitor at the hotel was presented with a bouquet of orange blossoms as a souvenir; and some of us wished we could have our wed-

ding all over again, in order that we might wear the real blossoms grown in Bible lands, and carry them as we did those in the Long Ago. Their perfume, even now, comes with the memories of Jaffa.

As you proceed up from the coast, over the Philistine Plain, there is a sloping moorland, which breaks into ridges of rock. The chalky, limestone hills are bare and featureless, save for an occasional bastion. This is the so-called Shephelah, famous in the history of Palestine; debated ground between Israel and the Philistines; between the Maccabees and the Syrians; between Saladin and the Crusaders. The name Shephelah, means low, or lowland, and in recent works, it has been applied to the Plain of Philistia; but the Talmud especially distinguished the Shephelah from the Plain.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

That magnificent plain towards the south, seemingly boundless, is the largest west of the Jordan; and includes the entire country of the Philistines. It forms an eligible site for villages. It is broken by long swells, sandy ridges, and rocky hills, and is dotted with numerous villages. These are more thickly populated than others in this region. Many of them are surrounded by olive and fruit orchards, which gives the country an air of growth and prosperity which many parts of Palestine so utterly lacks. South-east a beautiful optical illusion may frequently be seen. So perfect is the mirage that at times the most experienced travelers are deceived, as they seem to be approaching a wide lake of transparent water. The Arabic name for mirage, *serab*, means the tantalizing phantom of a lake.

The peasants of this part of Sharon are strikingly different from those in the north. Philistine blood in their veins may account for the cast of their features being different from others. Their peculiarities of character and difference of color may be explained, if the Philistines originally came from Africa or Lower Egypt. Josephus intimates that Caphtor, higher up the valley of the Nile, was their ancient home. They possessed the manners and much of the civilization of Egypt. After their expulsion from that land, they conquered the coast of Palestine; built their cities, carried on agriculture and commerce and,

through a powerful confederacy, became able to protect themselves from any and all encroaching neighbors.

In the division of Palestine among the children of Isarel the border against Jaffa was assigned to Dan; north of it, to Ephraim; but until the time of David, the Jews do not seem to have had possession of this part of their apportionment.

On the road from Jaffa to Ludd is the house of Dagon which, on account of being named for their famous God, probably was held by the Philistines. Ludd or Lydda, is historically noted as being the village where Peter was sojourning when he was summoned to Jaffa, on account of the death of Dorcas. It belonged to the tribe of Benjamin. It was here the church of St. George was situated. Lydda has never quite disappeared from history, though at times it has been the scene of great devastation and bloodshed. With other parts of the nation it suffered many calamities, before the Jews were taken captive to Babylon. According to Ezra and Nehemiah, it was re-occupied by the Benjaminites, after the return from captivity; and, during the invasion of the Macedonians of Antioch, under the Roman misrule, their sufferings and oppression were greater than ever. Cassius ravaged the country and sold as slaves the people of Lydda and surrounding towns. After the destruction of Jerusalem and the general dispersion of the Jews, many made their homes in this region. Ludd and Jamnia are especially mentioned as centers of learning. Peter introduced Christianity here. Ludd is mentioned in the history of the Crusaders, also in connection with the church of St. George, which the Saracens destroyed on the approach of the

Crusaders. After it was rebuilt by them, it became a Cathedral of a Latin Bishopric. It was destroyed by Saladin, that it might not be made a fortress by Richard of England. Once more it was rebuilt, and was again and again demolished, and restored many times. But for three centuries it has been a ruin. In its western end long ago the Moslems built a mosque, the eastern part of which has been of late years converted into a Greek church. Even to this day its grandeur, and long, eventful history, deeply impresses the beholder.

Ludd, today, is a flourishing village of upwards of two thousand inhabitants, located in a very fertile region of olive, palm, fig, and pomegranate trees. On every hand are evidences of industry and thrift. It presents a lively appearance at harvest time when one thousand reapers and gleaners may be seen—men, women, and children, reaping, gleaning, and playing. But Ludd and Ramleh have lost prestige, because the commerce, which was once overland, is now conducted on the sea. Khans have gone to ruin; highways are deserted; but what the inland cities have lost, the coast cities have gained, only in greater proportion. Great interest centers around beautiful Lydda, the place where Peter was engaged in missionary work when he was recalled to Jaffa by those who mourned because of the death of Dorcas, whose life was devoted to ministering to the poor and distressed.

The tower of Ramleh, with its one hundred twenty-six winding steps, is about one hundred feet in height, and twenty-five feet square at the base. It has stood uninjured through a hundred earthquakes which have cracked nearly all the houses of Ramleh.

Some of its added balconies, and round tower, have been damaged, but on the body of the tower earthquakes have had no effect. From the top of this tower the whole grand plain of Sharon, from the mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the deserts of Philistia, lies spread out like a panorama. This must have been a paradise when Solomon lived in Jerusalem and sang of the roses of Sharon. Ramleh is larger than Lydda, having a few more hundreds of inhabitants.

One feels intensely that he is in the land of the Bible while here, where so many historical scenes have been enacted. Among the huts of Ramleh, the ruins of large, well-constructed buildings can be seen. And there are remains of what some believe to be ancient soap factories, deserted now and falling into decay. All was prosperity in this region, when trade was carried on overland; for it passed down to Antipatris and Lydda, thence to Ramleh, Gaza, and into Egypt. Most European governments have consuls at Ramleh. From the tower of Ramleh, the sight of a village called Tunneh can be plainly seen. This marks the site of Timnath-Serah, where Joshua ended his days.

In Joshua, 19th chapter, we read, "When they had made an end of dividing the land for inheritance by their coasts, the children of Israel gave an inheritance unto Joshua, the son of Nun. According to the word of the Lord, they gave him the city which he asked, even Timnath-Serah, in Mount Ephraim; and he built the city and dwelt therein." In chapter 30th, it is recorded that he died there, being an hundred and ten years old, and they buried him in the

border of his inheritance in Timnath-Serah, which is in Mount Ephraim, on the north side of the hill Gaash."

In the time of Jerome, many were surprised that Joshua, who gave the whole nation their inheritance, should have chosen this wild, rocky, and barren portion for himself.

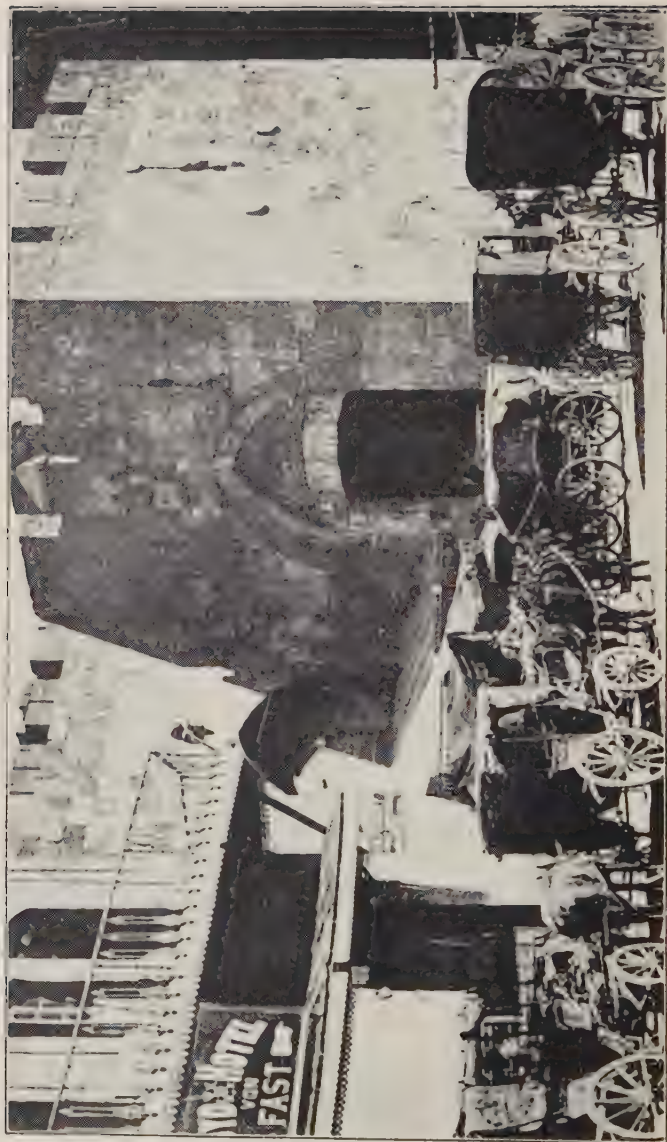
In Timnath are numerous rock-cut tombs, the one on the north side of the hill Gaash doubtless being the sepulchre of the great Israelitish leader, Joshua. Of it Lieutenant Condor says, "This is certainly the most striking monument in the country, and strongly recommends itself to the mind, as an authentic site. That it is the sepulchre of a man of distinction, is manifest from the great number of lamp niches, which cover the walls of the porch; there are over two hundred, arranged in vertical rows, and all are smoke-bleached. Entering the low door, we find the interior chamber to be a square with five loculi, not very perfectly cut, on the sides. The whole is quite unornamented, except by four very rough brackets supporting the flat roof. On becoming accustomed to the darkness, one perceives that the central loculus, at the back, forms a little passage about seven feet long, two feet six inches high, and three feet four inches broad, through which one creeps into a second but smaller chamber, nine feet three inches, by eight feet one inch, and five feet, five inches high. In this chamber, opposite the entrance, a single loculus runs at right angles to the wall; and a single niche is cut on the left for a lamp. Here, then, if we accept the site, is the resting place of the fierce invader, who brought Israel to the promised land." There is no more interesting sepulchre than Joshua's, in Palestine.



LANDING PLACE. JAFFA.



JAFFA, FROM THE GARDENS.



JERUSALEM.

JAFFA GATE.

CHAPTER IV.

JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

By rail, the modern mode of travel, it is only about thirty-four miles between the two places. The road is owned by a French company, and, as there is no competition, the service is of such a character that it might well be improved. It is uphill the whole distance to Jerusalem; the road is dusty, and the afternoon sultry;—time to travel, over three hours. The road lies between mountain gorges. A beautiful red wild-flower, resembling our poppy, abounds; perhaps it is the rose of Sharon, as it grows in profusion over the plain of that name.

Each of the nine stations where we stop has an interesting Bible history. In viewing each place, and in speaking of its story, the time passes pleasantly away. (1) Yaz-ur Beit Dajah—house of Dagon; (2) Saffiyeh; (3) Lydda; (4) Ramleh, where Joseph of Arimathea was born; (5) Ekron Sejed; (6) Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, containing also the tomb of Samson; (7) Geiraban; (8) Zorah (Zoar); and, (9) Bitter, where the Jewish farm colony is located, and the cave where Samson hid himself. What wonderful and historic events have transpired in the country over which we are now traveling!

As we ascend, the air becomes cooler and the breeze is more refreshing. The rough gullies between the mountains, serve as waterways in winter, and as roads in summer; and since there are many rocks and boulders in their beds, it makes very rough traveling through them, either on foot or by donkey.

What wonderful feats have been performed here! How intently we gaze upon the scene and how deeply interested we are, as the train winds around and around in its ascent. Thought is busy with the stories of the past, and the scenes of the present. The fine villages we see are inhabited by Jews who have returned from their wanderings to re-people the land of their inheritance, in anticipation of its redemption and promised glory. They are the nucleus, around whom will gather the long dispersed of Judah. As we reach the hill top, the engine screeches loudly and we hear the cry, "Jerusalem," from the foremost coach. Every one hurries to the front platform of the car, to catch the first glimpse of this wonderful, this historic, city. There it is, still above, and before us. The houses look strangely peculiar to us, as do the time-grimed walls and battlements. Our wildest dream is fulfilled, and our sight of Jerusalem, to which the eye of faith has so long been turned, is at last a reality.

It pleased me that the screeching engine did not enter the sacred city, nor penetrate its frowning walls. Had it done so, the feelings of sanctity would have been wounded, with which all regard the place, owing to its being associated with the earthly life of the Messiah, and the enactment of the world's greatest tragedy. The station is outside the Jaffa gate, where all is bustle and confusion. Many carriages and vehicles of various kinds are found, as at stations in other parts of the world. The Jaffa gate, small and low, was enlarged on one side for the entrance of Kaiser Wilhelm. It had a night gate so small that it was called the "eye of the needle;" so difficult it was for a camel to go through, that the animal had to get on its knees, and pull itself through. Hence Jesus

said it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

As our carriages, which we had engaged beforehand were not there, we stood viewing the strange scene at this primitive and unpretentious station. Raising our eyes, they rest upon the name "Jerusalem," on the gray stone wall. My heart thrills as I gaze! Imposing stations and grand, we have seen in all parts of the world; but "Jerusalem" has in it a wonderful, a potent charm. We are at last about to enter the city of David! Passing through the gate, we narrowly miss colliding with other rapid drivers. How peculiar and strange are the houses, the people, and their customs! At the Grand New Hotel, opposite David's tower, on Mount Zion, we alight. It is said that the baths of old Jerusalem were situated where this hotel is now located, and that it was possible for David to behold from his tower the beautiful Bathsheba enjoying her bath.

The hotel is fine and commodious, much better than we expected, from reports we had heard. It has wide halls, and nicely appointed dining rooms and parlors. At 7 p. m. dinner was served, (our first meal in Jerusalem) in a private dining room, ours during our stay. The menu was beyond our most sanguine expectations. We were told that the excellent baker is a German, as are also some of the cooks. The bedrooms, each containing two beds with white mosquito bars over them, are large and airy. We found no necessity for them, so pinned them back out of the way. At this hotel we met the United States ambassador, Mr. Selah Merrill, and he greeted me with great warmth, as the only American of the party.

The dinner was a triumph of cookery; the beds a delight. Retiring early, the drowsy god of slumber soon wrapped us in his embrace, soothing our fatigue with dreams elysian, in rosy anticipation of our visit on the morrow in Jerusalem the olden. We slept soundly and well. While yet it was dark, the day not fully dawned, we were awakened in a fright by a great noise in the street, back of the hotel; loud talking and quarreling, among very angry people. We were informed that these are the market people, who transact their business in the very early hours, and are not seen later in the heat of the day. We did not see them, but we certainly did hear them!

The first time Jerusalem is mentioned in the Scriptures, it is called Salem, whose king was Melchizedek, priest of the most high God, Gen. 14:18; Psalms 76:2. "In Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Zion." Josephus refers to it thus, "For under our forefather Abraham, it was called Salem or Solyma, but he who first built it was a potent man among the Canaanites, and is in our tongue called Melchizedek, the righteous king; for such he really was; on which account he was the first priest of God, and first built a Temple, and called the city Jerusalem, which was formerly called Salem."

The name Jerusalem occurs in Joshua 10:1. In the subsequent capture of the city by Judah (Judges 1:18), Judah was unable to expel the Jebusites, who entrenched themselves probably on Mount Zion. When David was invited by the tribes to rule over them, he came up from Hebron, and carried it by storm," nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion, the same as the city of David (Sam. 5:7). After David subjugated Jerusalem, it became a political and

religious center of the Israelitish nation. He brought unto it the Ark of the Covenant. Under Solomon it reached the magnificence of an imperial city. In the days of Rehoboam, Solomon's son, the Ten Tribes, led by Jeroboam, son of Nebat, rebelled; in consequence a rival capital was set up at Samaria. But the splendor of the government in Jerusalem was not diminished thereby; neither was its influence lessened among the nations. If it declined by the misrule of one monarch, it was revived by the good works of another. Thus, for about four hundred years it stood, and was so formidable that it could only be subjected by famine.

Thus was it conquered by Nebuchadnezzar. After the captivity, it was rebuilt by Nehemiah. Under the Maccabees, it regained strength and splendor, scarcely excelled in the days of its glory under Solomon. Because of its beauty and grandeur, it was a universal wonder, and excited untold admiration. During the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 70, it was almost totally destroyed; its grandeur was laid waste; its foundations plowed up; where splendor had been, nothing but ruin now remained. The ancient city was desolate, and not one stone left upon another in its temple.

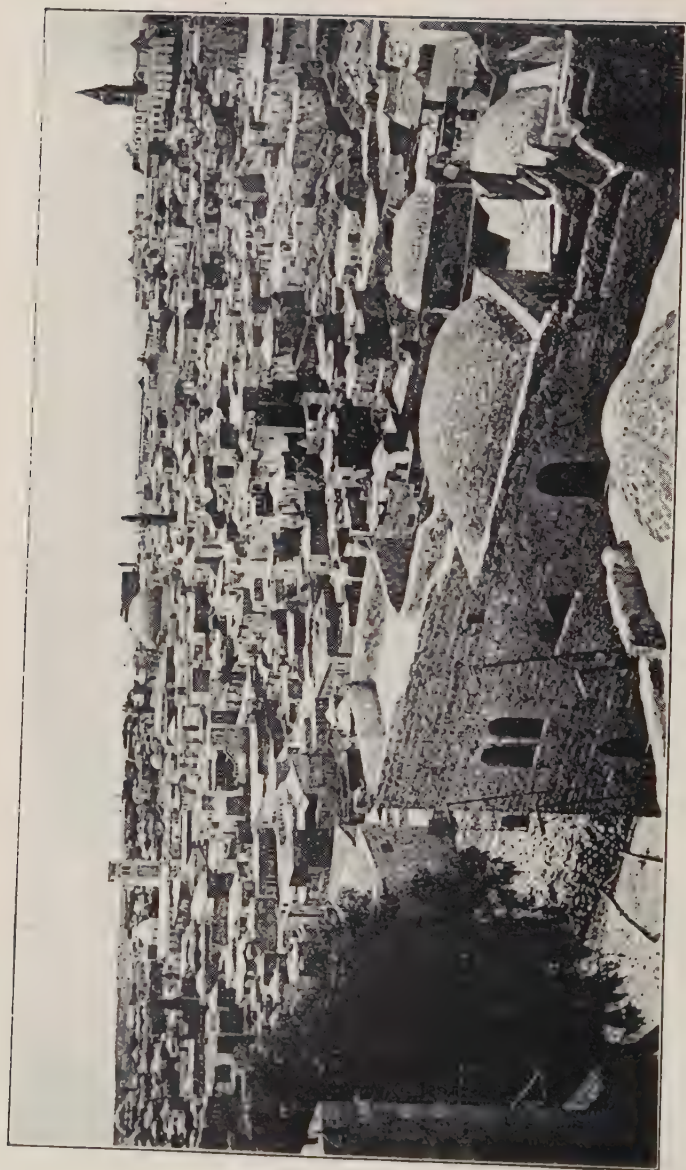
Modern Jerusalem was rebuilt under the emperors Hadrian and Antonius Pius. After the conversion of Constantine the Great, Jerusalem became an object of Christian zeal. It has been in the possession of the Greeks, Saracens, and the Crusaders. In 1517 it was captured by the Ottoman Turks, and is held by them to this day. The city has sustained twenty-seven invasions—its history has been so terrible that it has gained the title, "The city of blood."

Yet it is today a thriving, well-to-do town; a future influential city of the world. All the principal nations of Europe, in some capacity or other, are buying up land and establishing, either within or outside its walls, churches, schools and hospitals; engineers and archaeologists are but waiting the signal—the downfall of Turkish rule—to examine its every stone and excavate to the depths of its foundations.

Jerusalem is in latitude $31^{\circ} 46' 43''$ north, and longitude $35^{\circ} 13'$ east from Greenwich; and is 2,535 feet above the Mediterranean. The space within its walls is an irregular quadrilateral, containing four hills, Akra, Zion, Moriah and Bezetha. On the east, south and southeast, the valleys, Kedron and Hinnom, separate these hills from the surrounding lands; thus they appear as one distinct hill or slope of the great Central Palestine range. The hill Scopus is on the north, and northeast; the hill of Offense, on the southeast; and the hill of Evil Council, on the south. The walls, two and one-eighth miles in circuit, were built by Sultan Suleiman, 1542. There are seven gates: Jaffa Gate on the west; and Herod's Gate and Damascus Gate on the north; St. Stephens and Golden Gate on the East; and the Zion and Dung Gates on the south. Herod's Gate and the Golden Gate are now walled up. All the others are open from morning to night, except the Jaffa Gate, which, for the accommodation of travelers, is open day and night. Here, all day long, is motion and stir—a busy scene. There are peoples of all nations gathered together. Various costumes and habits distinguish those of every land. A heterogeneous gathering, as much so, as can be found in any city in the world.



STREET INSIDE THE JAFFA GATE.
JERUSALEM.



JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH.

CHAPTER V.

JERUSALEM.

On the first morning of our stay in Jerusalem, Judea, we visited the Tower of David, one of the oldest and best preserved monuments in the city. It is a massive watch-tower overlooking the city; a castle of refuge and defense. Here and there, in its high, strong walls are deep-barred apertures. It is still called the citadel, and is garrisoned by soldiers. Though built by Herod, it bears the name of the Sweet Singer of Israel. According to an old tradition, David's palace stood on this very spot. Musing, we look up to its high, gray battlements, while the scenes of long ago vividly rise to mind. Every evening, while the scene is flooded by the moon's full splendor, we dream of those actors of the past, whether in drama or tragedy, whose story, lingering here even to this day, seems part and parcel of its surroundings. Hebrew prophets and kings are in the grand procession, while the songs of David seem to float upon the air. Like a wail sounds the prophecy, "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will throw thee off forever."

That the tower was built by Herod is undisputed. At least forty feet of the present structure is of the original tower, though its upper part has been destroyed and rebuilt. When Christ walked upon Mount Zion, his eyes must have often rested upon it. It might be that he passed it on that last night when he went to keep the Passover with his disciples, in that house on Mount Zion not far away. The Paschal

moon was shining then as now; did he, on that night, gaze upon its lofty turrets for the last time?

The crucifixion outside the city walls, perhaps did not attract the sentry's attention, on that very next day; yet the darkening of the heavens, or the earthquake shock, when the veil of the Temple was rent in the midst, must have inspired him with a feeling of awe. Spared by Titus' commands, when Jerusalem was destroyed, there it stands frowning and silent unto this day, looming up almost alone amid the scenes of devastation.

How can any one feel that a visit to Jerusalem is without charm, or that the changed city is divested of its sacredness? While contemplating this visit, a friend said to me, "All you can see there is rocks and earth, which you can find anywhere." Not so! The locality, to me, is the theatre of the divine scenes. The events are sacred; here Jesus walked among men. As we pass over the paths once trodden by him, memories of the past crowd strangely upon the mind; they are living realities, not far-away dreams. Here is Bethany where the Lord raised Lazarus from the dead; the Golden Gate, where amid the shouts of Hosannah he entered Jerusalem in triumph; the Mount of Olives, where, weeping over the loved city, he said, "It is left unto you desolate." Such memories make it a living city, not a dead one. Her glory has faded away, but her charm is the more potent.

These were among our thoughts as we returned, day after day, from our excursions, in which we made a study of the city and its environs. Our hotel, the "New Grand," on Mount Zion, is almost opposite the tower of David, and from it, we can look down

into the Temple area on Mount Moriah, and survey, far and wide, the surrounding country. A hotel on Mount Zion did not enter into our thoughts, when Jerusalem was far away; but now we are here, it seems quite natural. In olden days this whole plateau was densely populated. In the days of Christ the city walls were a little more than four miles in extent; now, they are less than two and a half.

Jerusalem is a city of about one hundred thousand people, two-thirds of whom are Jews; it is set on an elevated plateau, half a mile above the level of the Mediterranean, and has an area of about one thousand acres. North and northwest of the old city, is the new residence part; it is a decided improvement on the old, being lighter and cleaner, with wider and better streets. The old part is hemmed in by its forbidding walls which are from thirty to fifty feet high. Its narrow, crooked streets—many of them arched over, with only here and there an opening where light and air may enter—are necessarily dark, and the habitations unwholesome.

But it is not Jerusalem, the Golden, that we behold today, but a city barren and rocky, the abode of a degraded people; a district of blight, struggling under the displeasure of the Almighty. Going out of the Jaffa Gate, we turn to the left, descend the slope and stand facing Mount Zion, whose high towers are directly before us. In the wide space below, we are told Moloch once held high carnival; that the Canaanites celebrated, by human sacrifice of their sons and daughters through fire.

The Israelites threw their offal over into the valley of Hinnom, where it was burned. Just above is the hill of Evil Council, where Judas bargained to be-

tray the Christ. Here the lepers—the most wretched of human kind—congregate. During our walk we came unexpectedly to a spring of clear water, gushing out of the rock of the Hill Ophel. This forms the Pool of Siloam, and was once within the city walls. St. Mary's Well is also supplied by this perpetual spring, which has an underground passage that one may enter at one end and come out at the other. This spring rising in the heart of old Jerusalem was of priceless value, since it was always a sure provision against water famine.

At the point where this Spring of Siloam issues from the rock, is a ravine which cuts through the rocky plateau, and divides the city in twain. This is the Tyropean valley which, farther up was spanned by a massive bridge whose huge bases are still there. Later excavations show that this bridge once completely spanned the ravine. Over this bridge King Solomon passed from his palace to the Temple. The lowest depression in the circuit of Jerusalem is where the valley Hinnom, and the Valley of Jehosaphat, or Valley of the Kedron, meet; it is six hundred seventy feet lower than the highest point on Mount Zion.

The quarries, under the city, are entered through a narrow doorway, on the outside of the wall, a little to the east of Damascus Gate. It is only a little over thirty years since these quarries were discovered. In them are found the evidences, in the long, deep galleries, where pillars still support the roof, that show where the stone has been removed. It is a soft, yellowish limestone which hardens and whitens when exposed to the air. Some think that Solomon used the stone in his Temple; others that Herod took stone from here to enlarge the second Temple. In places one has to go on hands and knees through the openings. Whoever worked the quarries possessed

skill and enterprise. Very rarely is an inscription found; and the quarries do not appear to have been often visited. An occasional chisel-cut, or draughtsman's mark, looks as distinct as if made only yesterday. There is deep silence here below the earth's surface. A rumbling noise broke in on our meditations, and brought uncanny feelings to the ladies of the party who ventured here one morning without escorts. The question arose, Who were the workmen? How long the ages since they quarried stone here?

Near the highest ground level of the north wall, filled in by masonry, is Herod's Gate. It is thought that in A. D. 45 Herod Agrippa enclosed this part of the wall, and that the spot where it stands may have been on a level with his wall. In the side of the hill, on the left, and nearly opposite Herod's Gate, is the Grotto of Jeremiah, and here the true Calvary is by some supposed to be. The street, called Jehosaphat, is directly west from St. Stephen's Gate. About one hundred yards to the right, northwest of the Gate, is the church of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary. From the earliest times, a Christian church has stood here. Recently it passed into the hands of the French, who have rebuilt it in a tasteful manner. Further along, a stone arch spans the street, called the arch of Ecce Homo, and here is the church of the Flagellation.

The Barracks occupy the site of the northwest angle of the Tower of Antonia; and Pilot's Judgment Hall, it is thought, was here. It is supposed that an open court covered the natural rock, which may still partially be seen, where Christ was scourged by the soldiers; that here, wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe, he was presented to the multitude, while Pilate, wishing to arouse their sympathy, exclaimed "Ecce Homo!" (Behold the man!) and the question was asked of Christ, "what is truth?" But the demand of the rabble was "Away with him, away with

him!" How rise the scenes of the past as we gaze on the site; how quickly this very tower of Antonia, the citadel of Pilate's Palace, and the Temple itself, fell in fire and blood under the army of Titus; how swiftly justice descended!

The feeling of sacred awe with which we first beheld the higher outline of the city was daily intensified; and many emotions thrilled our hearts as we visited one sacred place after another. We rejoiced that the shrieking engine had not penetrated the city's walls, but "Thos. Cook & Son," is over the office door; and the Singer Sewing Machine holds forth in Jerusalem, as in Smyrna, Constantinople and Beirut. The well remembered five gallon oil can, is among the sights of modern Jerusalem.* The top is cut off and a handle inserted through the center. From the hotel windows, we often see water being carried in them through the streets. We often pass them on our way. Here, as in all Oriental cities, the people retire early; and are up even while it is yet dark.

*MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF JERUSALEM.—The income of the municipality of Jerusalem for the Turkish fiscal year ended March 13, 1911, was \$49,280. This is not a large figure for a city of 80,000 or 90,000 inhabitants, and is accounted for by the fact that the government of the Province of Jerusalem concerns itself with the maintenance of the schools and the police force. All real estate, personal, and income taxes are paid to the provincial government.

The following are the principal sources of revenue of the municipality for the past fiscal year: Toll collected on the bridge over the Jordan river near Jericho, 220,000 piasters (\$9,680); petroleum storage tax, \$6,600; toll collected on the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa, \$6,050; cleaning and lighting streets, assessed according to quarter and number of people in house, \$6,160; tax on animals entering the city, \$3,080; slaughterhouse tax, \$2,200.

In regard to expenditure, the city's streets receive the largest appropriations. As nearly all buildings are of stone there is practically no need for a fire department. Among the expenditures are the following: Municipal hospital, \$7,436; garbage collection and street sprinkling, \$9,139; illuminations on state and religious holidays, \$660; charity, \$2,574; cannon salutes on official holidays, \$660.

CHAPTER VI.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Eight minutes' walk down Christian street through the Jewish quarter, where the market and vegetable shops are located, every few feet descending a number of stone steps, and we stand before the venerable pile known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Close to the entrance are the stands of the venders of fancy articles, charms, relics, pictures and beads,—much of the wares spread out on the pavement. The low, wide doors of the entrance open into a large, paved court. As we went through the Jewish quarter, although it was Sunday, business was being carried on as usual. When we reached the door of the Church, we found it closed, and a guard of Turkish soldiers standing without. As we approached, the guard asked, "Latin, or Greek?" In reply to the question, "What service is on now?" he replied, "Latin; next Greek." "That will do," we answered. Since each service lasts but an hour, we had not long to wait. Soon the soldiers flung open the doors, and the worshipers passed out.

The strange spectacle of soldiers in a church among worshipers, we had not seen before, and at times we shivered as we came in direct line with the bayonets. Immediately within the door is the Unction Stone, a mottled, marble slab, eight and one half feet long, and four feet wide. On this it is claimed that the body of Christ was laid and, according to Jewish custom, anointed for burial. Once the practice of pilgrims was to measure this stone, that they might make their winding sheets the same length.

At the Unction Stone my companion fell on her knees, and I was amazed to see her kiss it again and again, while placing upon it the mother-of-pearl necklaces which she bought the day before in Bethlehem. A native woman was also kneeling before the stone, untying a red bandana, containing relics and charms. These she laid out on the stone, turning them over and over, while she prayed audibly. She sells these charms to those of her neighbors who could not come up to the feast, to cure them of sickness.

Back of the Unction Stone is the enclosure from which the Holy Fire comes. It has two apertures; the Fire comes through one to the Greeks, through the other, to the Armenians. These apertures are large enough so that a good-sized child could pass through. We saw the Holy Fire come through them the day before Easter. Over the Unction Stone, Armenians, Latins, Greeks and Copts, are permitted to burn their lamps. Adjacent to it, are candelabra of huge dimensions. A few yards to the left, is a small, recently built, enclosure around a stone. Here it is claimed the women stood, and witnessed the anointment. The rotunda of the Sepulchre—the principal part of the building—contains, in its centre, the Sepulchre itself. The dome, which is open at the top, is sixty feet in diameter. For a long time the old dome threatened to collapse; but an arrangement was made between France, Russia and the Sultan, for its restoration. The present structure was completed in 1868. The dome is of iron, and is double. The ribs of the two domes are connected by six braces. The inner side of the lower dome is lined with lead; the exterior of the upper dome is covered with boards, then with felt, and lastly with lead. Above the opening is a gilded iron screen, covered with glass, and surmounted with a gilt cross. The upper third of the lining of the dome is decorated with gilt rays. Around

the dome is a gallery, commanding a view of the Sepulchre from above. Beneath the dome, in the center of the rotunda, is the Holy Sepulchre. In front of the east side of the Sepulchre, is a sort of ante chamber, with candelabra and two stone benches, where oriental Christians remove their shoes. Here we entered the vestibule called the Angel's Chapel, eleven feet long and ten feet wide. Its walls are very thick, lined with marble, within and without. In the center of the chapel, lies a stone set in marble, which is said to be that which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the Sepulchre, and on which he afterward sat. In this chapel are sixteen burning lamps; five belong to the Greeks, five to the Latins, five to the Armenians, and one to the Copts.

Again we descended and entered the chapel of the Sepulchre, which is six and one half feet long, and six feet wide, and very low. It will hold not more than three or four persons. At the entrance, we were each given a taper to light the darkness, and were obliged to bend very low to enter, or even to look in. I thought of Peter and John who ran to the Sepulchre and, bowing very low, looked in, and saw that the body of Christ was not there. From the ceiling, it has a chimney, are suspended forty-three precious lamps, four of which belong to the Copts. The others are divided among the other sects.

In the center of the north wall is a relief in white marble, representing the Savior rising from the tomb. On the loculus it is supposed that Christ was laid in death. As we emerged from the tomb the organ wailed a sorrowful prelude which mellowed and saddened our hearts. Here we now stand where Christians, for nearly sixteen hundred years, have thought that the blood of Christ fell on the skull of Father Adam, bringing him to life again. Overhead, floating from chapel to chapel, is the music's

wail, which awakens feelings in the heart that may have slept before, and inexpressible love for him who died that we might live. Around this wall are silver pictures of Christ, on the Sorrowful Way; the pillar where he was scourged; and the spot where we are now standing, is said to be the spot where Jesus arose from the dead.

The tomb of the Coptic, Joseph of Arimathea, is here, and the Church of Mary Magdalene, located where Mary saw Jesus walking in the garden, after his resurrection. In the prison of the Christ, tapers are always kept burning. The chapel of Adam, which belongs to the Greeks, is claimed as the true Calvary. It is under the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, where it is said the blood fell from Christ's wounds on the skull of Adam. Here also is shown the tomb of Melchizedek.

It seems passing strange that each particular sect should believe its own to be the true Calvary, when one would think they might know without question that there can be but one Calvary, one place where Jesus, the King of the Jews, was slain!

In the center of the south wall of the church there is another relief, representing the Savior awaking from the tomb. Exactly opposite the Sepulchre rises the large arch of the Emperor, under which is the chief entrance of the church. The church is about thirty-nine yards in length and of varying widths. It is lavishly embellished with gildings and paintings. The tradition is that this building was erected over the garden of Joseph of Arimathea who begged the body of Jesus to place it in his own new tomb. Between the entrance and the choir, is a kind of cup which contains a flat ball, covered with net work, which is said to occupy the center of the world, and the spot where Father Adam was buried. In support of this assertion, a skull is shown here.

In the rocky floor the cross was elevated, and the rent in this rock which resembles the Unction Stone, as highly polished though not so large,—was caused by the earthquake at the crucifixion of Christ. “Thrust your hands in and see,” we are told. Then we remembered that the veil of the temple was rent in the midst, by an earthquake, and that darkness covered the land for the space of three hours, but we are not told what other destruction was wrought by the Almighty at this time. Did the earth rock and tremble? Is this the spot where the great sacrifice was made? This rent stone has been surrounded since by a fence through which Pilgrims insert a stick, then kiss the stick where it touched the stone.

The chapel of Agony, commemorates the watch of Mary while Jesus was nailed to the cross. Another chapel tells of the conversion of the Roman soldier who speared the Lord’s side. It is said that a drop of Christ’s blood spurted into his blind eye and restored its sight, causing him to believe in Christianity. He afterwards met a martyr’s death, at the hands of the Jews. His tomb is here shown, also the spot where Mary stood during the earlier part of the crucifixion, and until Jesus, even in his dying agony, remembered her, and told John to take her to his own house. Doubtless this is the reason that John does not mention some of the incidents that occurred and which were witnessed by the others while he led Mary away from the harrowing scene.

Before and around the Unction Stone, all Pilgrims kneel, and amid their prayers kiss it again and again. On entering the edifice, we saw women and girls, dressed in white, carrying flowers and palms. Among the throngs in the church were dozens of Turkish soldiers, some with fixed bayonets, some with whips in hand,—all of which were ready for instant use, should occasion require. And

this was worship of him whose earthly advent was declared by heavenly angels whose music floated over the plains of Judea. Tradition says that Helena, Constantine's mother, dreamed that the three crosses were buried in a certain place in the Holy Land, and, with some of her friends, she set out for Jerusalem to find them. After digging among the debris, they found them hidden beneath this spot. Here St. Helena's basilica was built, and the place is called the true Calvary.

The Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, is reached by descending thirteen more steps; the last three cut in the natural rock. The chapel is really a cavern in a rock, and is quite dark. It is about twenty-four feet long, and as many wide; it is sixteen feet high. The floor is paved with stone, and on two sides are stone ledges. On the right is the chapel of the Greeks, and in a marble slab a cross is beautifully inserted. The Latins have an altar on the left, which was presented by Archduke, Ferdinand Maximilian, of Austria, in 1857. A statue in bronze of the empress Helena represents her holding the cross. The pedestal is of the color of the rock, and rests on a foundation of green serpentine. Down the stair-case of twenty-nine feet, we descended to a chapel sixty-five feet long by forty-two feet wide, sixteen feet below the level of the Sepulchre. This is the chapel of St. Helena, and here Constantine's basilica once stood. The chapel belongs to the Armenians. Medieval pilgrims are said to have found the cross in this spot. The altar in the north apse is dedicated to the repentant thief; and the one in the middle, to the Empress Helena. Down to the time of Chateaubriand, the old tradition was kept up, that the columns of this chapel shed tears. But some consider this as being part of the old city moat, which accounts for the moisture settling upon the pillars.

In this Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, the dreadful crucifixion scene, is re-enacted. Here it is that the life-sized wooden man is nailed to the cross; then while a sermon is being preached it is lifted up. When it is taken down, with great ostentation the silver nails are removed, and on a silver tray are exhibited to the spectators. Another sermon is preached, then the image is carried to the Unction Stone. Still another sermon is preached while it is being prepared for burial. The funeral procession proceeds to the Sepulchre, where still another sermon is preached, each sermon being spoken in a different language. A lady—not of our party—who had witnessed the ceremonies, is said to have become hysterical, and cried out, “Take me away. This scene is so wicked and awful, it seems that God must summarily punish them; that he must come out of his hiding place, and wreak vengeance on the perpetrators of this sacrilege!” But it goes on year after year, as if defying him who said, “Thou shalt make unto thyself no graven image, nor fall down and worship it.”

That the three crosses were found for Helena is not at all probable. Everything Jewish, without and within the city, was stamped under foot of the Roman invaders. But it is probable that to please the Empress Mother, there were those who found three crosses. Constantine erected a group of churches here, all of which were destroyed by the fire of 1010. But certain it is that for nearly sixteen centuries this spot has been believed to be the place of the crucifixion. The scenes witnessed here will never be forgotten, the blazing lamps, the soldiers, the pilgrims, the bayonets, and the chanting; the palms carried by both believers and unbelievers, and the act of some American ladies who rubbed their handkerchiefs upon the Unction Stone, then kissed them—all will linger in the memory for life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

From the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the road leads down the side of Mount Zion, into the Tyropœon Valley, then up the side of Mount Moriah to the Mosque of Omar. The Crescent and the Cross! Over the Mosque, the Crescent; over the Holy Sepulchre, the Cross. How they glisten in the morning sun! On the way we pass the church of St. Peter, where he was delivered from the dungeon.

In the Tyropœon Valley we walk at length! We behold strange sights in Jerusalem! The ascent up Moriah to the Temple Area, is gradual. We entered through the Cotter Gate, being under guard of Turkish soldiers all the way. Josephus designates Mount Moriah—the site of the ancient Temple—as the place where Abraham, coming up from the land of Canaan, offered Isaac as a sacrifice.

Strictly speaking, the Mosque of Omar, is not a Mosque at all. El Aksa, in the far corner, is the mosque, while Omar is a grand praying station. It stands in the center of a wide, open space, the only such space in Jerusalem. One sixth part of the area of the city lies within its walls. The Temple Area is one thousand six hundred and one feet long, by one thousand and forty-two wide; almost double its original dimensions; and probably the same size, as enlarged by Herod the Great, and as it was in Christ's day. The enclosed ground is raised to a general level, by vast sub-structions. On a platform, ten feet higher than this level, the Mosque is set. This platform

is paved with slabs of stone, on a fairly level surface, yet it has the appearance of an old-fashioned graveyard. The enclosure has but two buildings; El Aksa, against the southern wall, and the Mosque of Omar, in the center. Scattered about the space are a number of smaller structures, the largest of which is called the Dome of the Chain, a beautiful building without walls, merely a roof set on pillars. The floor is of inlaid marble, while the superstructure, within and without, is covered with Persian tiles. Its inner and outer arches are cut across by horizontal tie-beams, like those of El Aksa. There are a number of other praying places, called Milrabs, each turned towards Mecca.

The sun blazes down on the white stone pavement so that the heat and light almost blind us. One or two members of the party had light umbrellas, with green linings; these were indeed a welcome luxury. White scarfs, folded around the hats, just shading the eyes, and falling over the shoulders, are worn by all visitors to Palestine and Egypt, affording much relief from the heat. On the wide, white steps, leading to the Mosque, a man was waiting to take a photograph of us. The sun shone directly in our faces, so that it was almost impossible to keep the eyes open. When the photographer brought copies to the hotel, the most of our company looked blind. Some of the ladies looked like Mohammedan women. Those of us who appeared the best, however, bought a photo; but a number of us were quite content that the place should be photographed only in memory.

The Temple was connected with the palace of Solomon, and the palace and city of David, on Mount Zion, by a magnificent stone bridge over the Tyropœon Valley, three hundred and fifty feet long, fifty wide, and one hundred and ten feet high. The remains of this bridge

were discovered by Dr. Robinson; the arch is called by his name, and rises like a great wonder over the excavations. The slabs with which the Temple Area is paved, rest on native rock.

It is not long that visitors have had access to the Mosque of Omar, or since any Christian dared to enter its sacred precincts. It was closed to the world when Dean Stanley visited Jerusalem. Then no one was permitted to gaze into the Temple Area, except from the Mount of Olives or from some other high point. The Dean made a most perfect sketch of it from a distance. He speaks of the Mosque as "being a dome graceful as St. Peters, though not so large, rising on the highest ridge of a green slope, which descends from it, north, south and east, to the walls surrounding the whole enclosure; which is diversified by lesser domes and fountains, by cypress and olive trees and palms; the whole as quiet and secluded as the interior of some cathedral garden; enlivened only by the figures of veiled women, stealing like ghosts up and down the green slopes; or, by the turbaned heads bowed low in the various niches for prayer. This is the Mosque of Omar, the Haram-esh-Sherif, the noble sanctuary, the second most sacred spot in the Mohammedan world, Mecca being first, and Cardova the most beautiful mosque."

The Moslem worship is more impressive than the Jewish; and unmoved one can never hear the cry of the muezzin from the minaret, calling the faithful to prayer; nor without emotion see him thus engaged, bending low, with his face turned towards Mecca. We think of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and see the Moslem bowed in his specified space, hands out, palms forward toward Mecca, and remember the far-away look of the eyes which see not the stranger who looks down upon him. "Backseesh"

is the key which has opened the doors of the Mosque of Omar to the world.

In the great yellow slippers, tied on our feet at the Dome of the Chain, we slid over the doorway of the Mosque, where four very large looking Moslems, in their gorgeous robes, appeared to hesitate about our entrance. They protested that we could not until the "backseesh" was placed in their seemingly protesting palms. Then all their scruples—they held their hands backward for the money—vanished, and we followed Karan, our guide, into the building. In the center is the Dome of the Rock, which rises several feet above the marble floor; all around it is a gold-tipped, high iron fence, which protects this Holy Rock from the touch of profane hands. It is claimed that on this rock sacrifices were offered; that it stood before the Temple, so that the blood and water flowed down and were washed away into the Kedron. A Mohammedan tradition says that this rock rose in the air to follow Mohammed when he went to heaven, but that the angel Gabriel caught it. The finger prints there are said to be those of the angel, while the foot-prints are those of Mohammed.

The guide told us that this beautiful polished rock was suspended in the air; to prove this he rapped on it with his knuckles, the answer being a hollow, vibrating sound. But when we went into the cavern below, behold there it rests on all sides, on the ground, above a cavern chamber. It shows very plainly how the blood and water flowed down into the Kedron.

The sacred nails shown us—three and one-half, we were informed there had been fourteen—are closely guarded, as a Mohammedan tradition asserts that when they are all gone, the Mohammedan power in the Holy Land will be broken.

Soon after the conquest of the land, Calif Omar began the erection of this grand Mosque over the Dome of the Rock, and on the site of Jehovah's Temple. Now, as the sun glints through its fifty-six windows, the golden mosaics seem to brighten as with a divine fire, rendering the place most glorious. Encaustic tiling and colored marble encase it on the outside; within, it is golden Arabesque and Mosaic, rich and costly; while everywhere in the walls are inserted passages from the Koran. No inscriptions appear to David, Solomon, or Mohammed, but "Jesus the Son of Mary" is mentioned four times. Within these walls all is silent and death-like; it is in keeping with the history, for on this spot alone, for ages was the true God worshiped.

All about the inside of the Mosque, following the wall, is an elevated, circular step or shelf; on this all visitors stand to see the Rock. When we were all thus stationed, it was discovered that one of my slippers was loose, the ankle strap hanging down, which was a sacrilege. Immediately one of the Moslem Priests came over to re-strap it. I demurred, but it was of no avail; the slipper strap must be adjusted. The step is about three feet high, so that the ladies had to be assisted up and down.

The thought is ever present, that we now tread where the Temple once was. Here the psalms of David ascended to heaven; and here the law of Moses was read! How fitting the stillness, but how changed the rulers!

The faces of the men at the door of the Mosque are a study, as they eagerly clutch the "backseesh," and count it over. If these doors, so long closed, may be opened, and kept so by the cunning of the priests, what other doors can long be kept closed? May not this "backseesh"

be the wedge that will eventually cause the overthrow of the great Moslem power?

In the Cavern under the Rock, are numerous thick rugs. Services are perhaps held here, or it may be that the place is used as a sleeping apartment by the priests.

At the southern end of the Haram is the Mosque El Aksa, supposed to be the church of the Virgin, built by Justinian in the sixth century. It is a large and very fine edifice, and contains some beautiful mosaic work, and some magnificent columns. Some of these are now covered over with plaster. As we entered, a priest was officiating in the Holy of Holies—he paid no attention to our entrance. The women sit in the upper gallery where, through the lattice work, they can not be seen. We study long the wonders of this place, and try to comprehend how many thousands could worship here, in its eighty-eight yards of length, and sixty yards of width, not counting the annexes. It is covered with rugs from end to end; and rests on substructions, made necessary to preserve the level of the plateau.

While the city was occupied by the Crusaders, Baldwin II assigned this church to a new order of knights, who from this circumstance were called Knights Templars, their calling being to guard the Holy Mount. Near the entrance of this Mount are the reputed tombs of Aaron's sons. A few steps to the left is "the Well of the Leaf" or, according to Mohammedan tradition, the entrance to paradise. The latter arises from the tradition that a companion of Omar accidentally let his pitcher fall in the cistern, immediately in front of the Aksa Mosque, and that in descending to recover it, he discovered a gate which led to orchards. There he plucked a leaf which he placed behind his ear, to show to his friends who, when they descended,

desiring to visit Elysian orchards, failed to find them, for the leaf came from Paradise and it never faded.

At the farther end of the Mosque are two marble columns, standing about eight inches apart, called the "Gate posts of Heaven;" the Moslems are said to believe that no one can enter heaven without first passing between these pillars. Of our party, only two or three of the gentlemen could pass through, and but three of the ladies. Rather ruefully, the rest of us gazed upon that small space, and decided if that were the true test, the greater half of the world would never enter Paradise.

The pillars under the Mosque resemble those under the old churches and Cathedrals of England. The arches appear like those to which King Harry tied his horses in order to abase them. The legend is told here that the Crusaders used these crypts in which to stable their horses. Sometimes they are called Solomon's stables. The space is immense, and great numbers of horses could be housed here. The columns have a modern appearance, are white and well preserved, and on them rests the Mosque El Aksa.





JERUSALEM,

THE GOLDEN GATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Following along the high walls of the Haram-esh-Sherif, we reach the Golden Gate; the gate of Mercy and Repentance, where Peter healed the beggar; and the gate of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, on Palm Sunday, of the Passion week, now closed. According to a Moslem legend, the pillars of this gate were presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. In the outer wall on the south, is a very small door, probably the entrance for foot passengers; perhaps this was the site of the gate "Shurhan," of Herod's Temple, mentioned in the Talmud.

It is stated that Heraclius entered the Temple by this gate; a path ascended in steps, from the Kedron valley to the Temple Area. There still exists a tradition that on some Friday, a Christian will enter by this gate and take Jerusalem from the Moslem. At the time of the Crusades, the gate was opened for a few hours on Palm Sunday, and on the festival of the Raising of the Cross. On Palm Sunday the great procession with Palm branches enter by this gate from the Mount of Olives. On an ass rides the patriarch, while the people spread their garments in the way, as they did when Christ entered on that first Palm Sunday. On Friday before that great holy day, we stood inside, viewing this high massive gate. All around it on the outside are numberless Mohammedan graves.

The past reveals the great central figure of that Palm Sunday, as by magic power it rises to view. Where now reigns perfect silence, was at that time a wild scene with shouts and turmoil.

Think of the millions of lives, and billions of treas-

ure, that have been wasted to wrest the holy places from the Moslem grasp! Yet, after centuries, the Moslem still holds supreme power over them, as likewise over the city of David; and over the tomb of Christ they still bear rule! Meanwhile the Crescent and star-emblems of Mohammed, and his sign of victory, wave over the Holy Land.

We continued our walk and visited the place of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, then we proceeded down to the Pool of Bethsaida. Over this pool the Crusaders built a church with five porches. The dark and still water we could easily see, without descending the steps of the building now erected above it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

“No lock was ever more ingenious, nor combination more strange, than that which closed the tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, to the world.” The place is called the “Tombs of the Kings.”

Pausanias thought that the door of these tombs opened of its own accord, once a year, by a very simple, hydraulic arrangement. During the spring rains, a float in the vestibule cistern would remove a key which held in position a circular stone that closed the entrance, which at once, of its own weight, would roll back, and the door thus open of its own accord.

These tombs are clearly Jewish; resemble in no way those of the Greeks, Romans or Christians, which is proved by their distinct architecture. Some are sunken in the floor, or cut horizontally; while others have a shelf along the side or end wall, on which the body was laid, as in the Holy Sepulchre. Sometimes this trough-like stone was cut deep enough so that the body could be covered by a flat stone or slab.

While these are called “The Tombs of the Kings,” it is claimed that Helena, and her son Izaate, who was the father of twenty-five sons, and their posterity, were entombed here. There is no tradition for supposing the kings of Judah were buried here. Josephus, Eusebeus, and Pausanias, describe these tombs, while De Saully, of modern fame, thoroughly explored the place. He opened a chamber, hitherto unknown, and found a sarcophagus containing a skeleton in good preservation. On this sar-

cophagus, in Syriac and Hebrew, was inscribed "Sarah, Queen." He also found some terra cotta vases and urns, and three small, oriental alabaster vases, now in the Louvre museum.

Helena and Izaate, her son, were proselytes of the Jewish faith. After she became a widow, she removed to Jerusalem and caused this tomb to be built in which she was buried at the close of a long life of great devotion to the people whose religion she had espoused.

By ancient writers the tomb is described as one of great splendor, with three pyramids, and a facade of exceeding beauty. Its surroundings now would not impress one. It lies in a deep court, surrounded by scraggy olive trees. The stone steps are many, wide and deep, that lead down into this large court nearly choked up with debris and wild shrubbery, but still paved, and its stone sides intact. A little below the surface, at the south end of the vestibule, is the door of the ante-chamber. A round, flat stone, not unlike a mill stone, closes the mouth of this chamber, and rolls to the left. With lighted tapers we enter the chamber; then a second chamber, directly south. The door of the latter chamber swings from the inside, in such a manner that if it closed on one, it would be almost impossible to open it. This was designed, perhaps, to entrap any one who might desecrate the grave.

Securely sealed, as this place once was, it is now of easy access; the bodies have all disappeared; the "stones that have been rolled away" lie among the debris. There are other chambers leading from the main ones, but we did not care to enter them. It was disagreeable to enter those we did, since we were obliged to crawl on hands and knees in places. Our guide, Karan, preceded us, the light of his taper sometimes far ahead of us. The stones have been "rolled away," the Jewish mode of closing

them, so that it was difficult to climb over them. Chambers of the dead they certainly are, but rifled, desecrated, and in ruins, notwithstanding they are hewn out of the solid rock, from the facade in front, to the innermost chamber.

On reaching the upper ground again, we entered one of the huts almost immediately over the Tombs. Here two women were grinding, turning the two stones, as of old, when it was said, "the one should be taken, the other left." This appeared most impressive, since we had just come from the chambers of death. As we looked at the women and noted the flying chaff, we wondered which one would be taken, and which one left. And think, too, of the destruction of all things earthly, be they stone, or hewn in the solid rock, they endure but for a day; then, like earth-heaps, pass away.

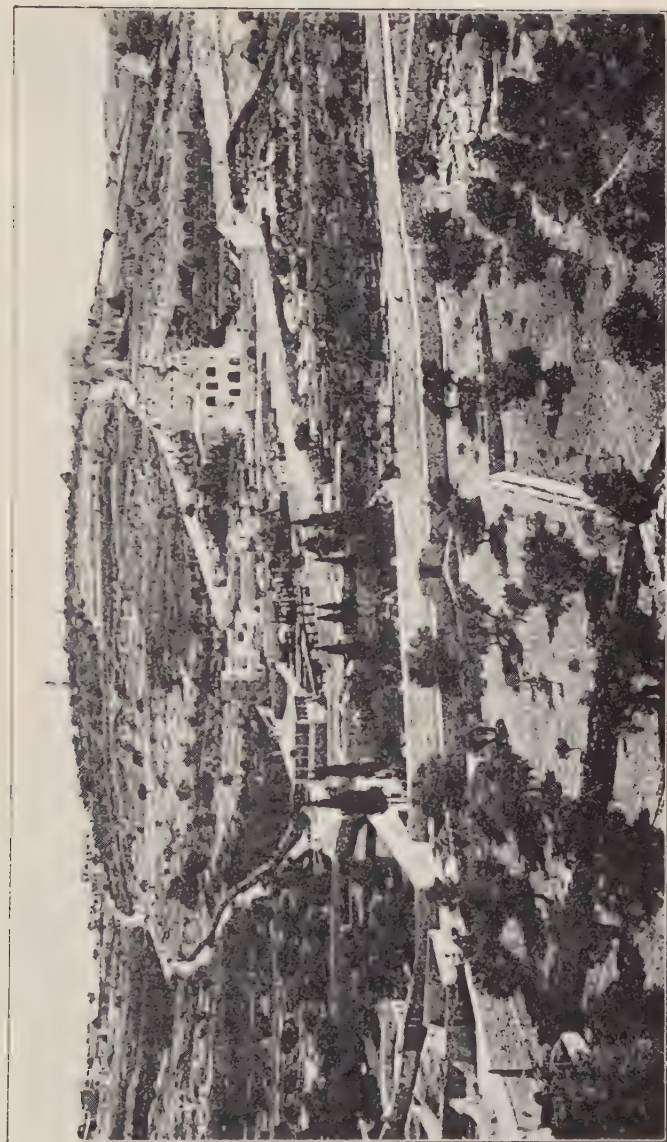
It was the lovely spring afternoon of an ideal day for a carriage ride. In this agreeable manner we had left Jerusalem to visit by the way and to stand upon the Mount of Olives.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

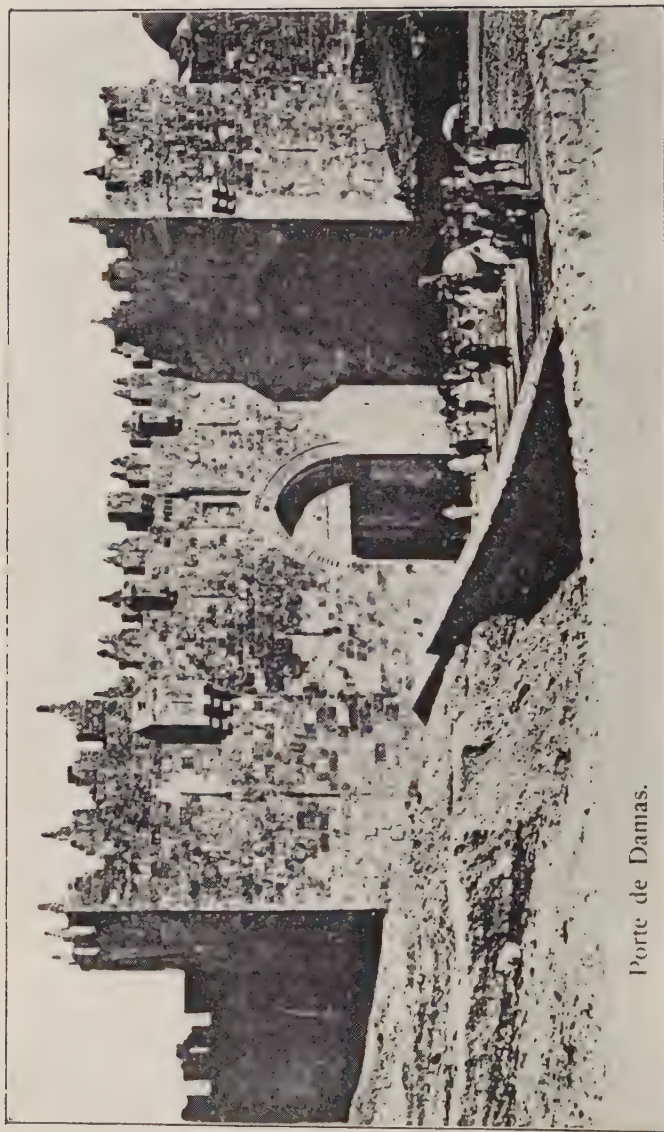
The Mount of Olives runs parallel with the Temple Hill, but is still higher. Different strata of chalky limestone form this mountain; in places new formations appear. The Mount of Olives proper, by its deep depressions, is divided into four eminences. The highest point to the north is two thousand seven hundred twenty-three feet above sea level. The slopes are cultivated, but vegetation is not abundant. The olive, fig, and carob grow here; and there are a few apricot and hawthorn trees, inferior both in growth and fruit. The paths are stony, each owner's ground divided by rough, light-yellow stone walls, while heaps of stone are scattered everywhere.

On the west side of the two central summits is a little town called Kafr-et-Tur. The inhabitants of the poor stone cottages, ragged and unkempt, make hideous cries for "backsheesh." A Russian church stands on the summit, whose tower can be seen almost to the Dead Sea. Attracted by the singing, we entered the church, for it was the sweetest singing we had ever heard. No musical instrument is used in the Greek Catholic church, here nor elsewhere. The singers—Russian peasants—stand opposite each other, perhaps twelve in number. "The Lord have mercy upon us," is the song sung, over and over, first by one row, then by the other. The air is so clear that it wafts the music far and wide. Astonished, we listen. Who would have thought to hear such unexpected music in this unlikely place? And it will ring in memory's hall, till our latest day.



JERUSALEM.

MOUNT OF OLIVES AND GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



Porte de Damas.

JERUSALEM.

DAMASCUS GATE.

To the north of the church is the six-storied Belvedere tower from the platform of which, after an ascent of two hundred and fourteen steps, we have a most magnificent view of Jerusalem and its surroundings. The Mohammedan cemetery around the east wall of the city, looks like a skull. Beyond the valley of the Kedron, extends the spacious plateau of the Haram-esh-Sherif, where the Dome of the Rock and the Aksa Mosque appear very imposing. One should note the direction taken by the Temple Hill, the higher site of the ancient Bezetha, to the north of the Temple; and the hollow of the Tyropœon valley, which is plainly observed, though now, between the Temple Hill and the upper part of the town, it is filled with rubbish.

The dome-covered houses,—nowhere else to be seen,—are peculiarly attractive; they are the domes of Jerusalem. This city, from its history, has secured the title of the “city of blood.” It has sustained twenty-seven sieges, the most awful of which was that of Titus, when the city and Temple were destroyed. Hundreds of thousands perished in the city; their bodies were burned in heaps in its streets, or thrown over the wall on the precipice side. Before taking ninety-seven thousand of the Jews captive to Rome and the world,—the flower of Jerusalem—they murdered the infirm and the old. In holy writ this city is mentioned eight hundred times.

Christ and his disciples often resorted to the Mount of Olives, and not far away, perhaps on the shoulder of the mountain leading down toward Bethany, he ascended to heaven; and here he is to come again. When the Mount is cleft in twain, and the Jews see the wounds in his feet and hands, they will believe on him. But the sacredness of the Mount of Olives, today, is spoiled by the habitations of man; and the howling crowds from the village clamor-

ing for the bread that perisheth, mar the sanctity of the holy mountain. At once we have a realizing sense that it is not today that glory falls on the Mount of Olives. A blight is on the land of the Cross.

The exultant Jews viewed the crucifixion of Christ with satisfaction. Their cry, "away with him," seems to resound here still. And the time came when, from crosses without number, the people of this nation were hung on the walls of Jerusalem. Titus cut down the trees to make the high barricades over which he gained entrance into the city. Thus two things were accomplished: the barricades were built, and the land was made desolate. After Titus's victory, and the besieged had fallen his prey, then crosses without number flaunted their dead on the walls of the Holy City. Was it the natural law of retribution that, sowing the wind, they should reap the whirlwind?

While viewing the scene, the picture came vividly to my mind of what it must have been before Titus cut down the great groves of trees which adorned and beautified it, their verdure bringing moisture to the now dried up land.

How plain are Mount Moriah, Mount Zion and the skull-like burying ground, in the setting sun! How near are Jericho and the Dead Sea! They seemed as if they might be only an hour's journey away, but in reality it is a seven hours' ride to the Dead Sea. In this clear atmosphere, distances are very deceiving. There the road winds to Bethany. Opposite are the mountains of Moab, wearing a crown of glittering gold.

Thirty-nine years after Christ, a third wall was built which, it is claimed, embraced the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If a third wall enclosed it, and Jerusalem is so small today, what size must it have been before that portion was taken which lies inside the present gates? Study it all over from here, and when you walk within the city.

Where are the walls that have been sought so long? Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives! What a panorama! How beats the heart to scan the scene!

In a mosque on the Mount of Olives is a foot-print, in a mottled marble slab, red and yellow—said to be the last impress of His foot, ere He ascended. I put my foot into the print, amid the exclamations of some who cried, “how sacrilegious!” But I felt sure it was not the foot-print of Jesus, for I have read that, “he led them out as far as Bethany.” Luke 24:50. Some of our party fell on their knees and kissed the stone, others prayed and wept; but to me there was no feeling of sanctity there, nothing to change the insidious thought that, like other places it is built for revenue, to serve to support an idle people. Notwithstanding all this we are treading on holy ground, where the feet of Christ have left their impress, and where he will walk again.

Tradition would have us believe that the valley of Jehosaphat will widen out, and that here will be the scene of the Judgment. Mohammedan and Jew alike believe this; hence, thousands of Jews are coming home to die, so that their bones may lie near the Holy City. The Mohammedans lie just without the walls. Only a little distance from the foot of Olives, the present church of the Virgin is situated. According to tradition Mary was entombed here. It is said a church which stood here in the early centuries was destroyed by the Persians. Omar found, in his day, that a church had been erected here. Still later it seems, a church having an upper and underground floor had stood here; but the Crusaders found only ruins when they came. The church, it is claimed, was rebuilt by Milicent, daughter of Baldwin II, and wife of Foulke of Anjou, fourth king of Jerusalem. Milicent died, in 1161, but this church of the twelfth century

is still in a tolerable state of preservation. At different periods, this church has belonged to different faiths. It belongs, at the present time, to the Greeks, although the Latins have a slight share in its ownership. The only part of the church above ground is a porch. From the space in front of it, a flight of marble steps descend, more than nineteen feet wide and sixty-seven in number, to a depth of thirty-five feet. It is said that Joachim and Anna, parents of the Virgin, were also buried here, and that Joseph's tomb is here.

The church, so far underground, is lighted by numerous lamps, and on descending it presents a very strange appearance. A lofty sarcophagus therein is thought to be that of Mary. A few worshipers were engaged in prayer, while others, visitors like ourselves, were moving about viewing the sights.

It was with a feeling of relief that we reached the upper world again, leaving the superstitions and uncertainties below, where we had found them. Eagerly we began once more the ascent of the Mount of Olives. The wind sighed softly over the mountain, but as we watched the sunset its rustling increased. Now it seemed to sob, near, then far. Was it wailing over the fate of the city of David? Was it a refrain of the passionate words of the Redeemer, when he said, "Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, and killest those who are sent unto thee!" We now overlook the Greek garden of Gethsemane; can gaze almost into it, lying there half way down the mountain. How real everything seems! Loudly the voices of the past seem to declare the living truth of the scriptures that here he often came, who is the Redeemer of the world. As a guest he came to the house of Judah, but they would not receive him; as a guest he tarried with them, but he was unwelcome, and they thrust him

out. Ever since they have been calling for him in vain. How vividly the moonlight portrays it all, as we gaze on Jerusalem illumined by the moon's full splendor.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The moon in splendor bursts through silv'ry mists ;
O'er mountain peaks illum'es the trembling sea,
A grey-blue jewel set 'mid chalky cliffs
Whose changing colors sleep mysteriously.
No fairer scene, methinks, hath earth than this—
The city's red-tiled domes gleam all alight—
The moon a-wooing doth Mount Olives kiss,
Amid the solemn voices of the night.

As floods the Paschal moon Jerusalem,
Thoughts waken that most strangely thrill the heart.
Moriah, with her starry diadem,
Seems heaven-crowned, sign of her royal part.
A thousand shadows dream among the hills,—
They flitter here and there, then steal away—
A radiance all the glorious scene o'erfills ;
The shin'ring moonbeams on the landscape play.

O night, thou space 'twixt set of sun and day,
In moonlight's sheen thy potent charm I feel.
Mount Olives' past, so touching sad away,
The moonlight doth in tenderness reveal.
With retinue, the Night Queen sails afar,
Flings o'er the world her mantle's glorious sheen ;
Tomorrow—tomorrow cometh His star,
Jerusalem, forget the night between.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW TOMB.

General Gordon, the noted English explorer, who for some years was a resident of Jerusalem, did not accept the church of the Holy Sepulchre as Calvary and the Tomb of Christ. Studying constantly over the matter, he came to believe, that it was the rock-hewn grave in a hill, nearly opposite Herod's Gate—now closed—which resembles somewhat a skull; which fact perhaps suggested this place to him as the Tomb of Christ. It is near Jeremiah's Grotto, the hill an old quarry, within which tradition claims Jeremiah wrote his lamentations.

The tomb, which locally has come to be called "Gordon's Tomb," is certainly rock-hewn, with a groove in front fitted for a great stone, which if placed would close its entrance. It possesses, too, but one *loculus*. Standing there within, however, no thought arises in my mind that this is the Tomb of Christ. True, a Jewish cemetery is near, and the public highway is not far distant. Recent explorations also have revealed many huge Jewish stones, portions of a former wall, which if re-constructed would not enclose the New Holy Sepulchre, thus placing the New Tomb outside the present wall. But it matters not just where the tomb of Jesus was; it would undoubtedly be displeasing in the sight of the Almighty, that the sacred spot or place should be sought before Him who walked through its unclosed portal—the risen Redeemer.

The simple Danish Protestants who tend the place bestow upon it loving care; the garden brings to mind an English flower garden, with its simplicity and old-fashioned flowers. The place is approached by a narrow, ele-

vated lane. On the opposite side of the main road are a number of Arab tents made of striped black and white goat's hair, and opening to the east. No sooner had we stopped than a number of their children came to us with their begging cries which we could still hear while we visited the supposed tomb of the Lord.

As we came out of Gordon's Calvary, a flock of sheep had been driven into the roadway, and the beggars had amazingly increased in number. A multitude of cries greeted us as we again came into the lane. The sheep added to our discomfort, for we were obliged to walk down single file close to the wall. The yells and shrieks were deafening. It seemed that a whole village had come from somewhere. And these are the descendants of Ishmael, such as dwell in tents; "Ishmael, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him." Some among them held sleeping babes in their arms,—all the little ones were laced up like papposes; and two seeming girls carried babes only a few days old, who appeared as if they were dead. We thought they were dead, and as one girl came near to me, I touched the babe with my fingers, while some of the ladies cried: "O, Mrs. Alder, that is a dead baby!" "No; it is warm," I said.

The wretched women held up the palms of these babes in such a manner as to make a cup, at the same time screaming "backseesh," expecting a coin; while all the rest were begging on their own account. The scene was a pandemonium from which we were glad to escape. We had with us oranges, figs, and nuts, all of which we tossed out for the rabble; as I had touched the baby's face, I gave some specially to the girl holding it. Driving away, we beheld that swarm of humanity scrambling and fighting in the road like animals over the things we had thrown to them.

O what a scene! What can be expected but a nation of beggars, when from a week old the children are taught to beg? And this is the Holy Land, near to the proud city of old, where God's Temple stood in the midst. Are not the prophecies concerning this land and people fulfilled? To this the revolting scenes just described bear witness. And as these prophecies have been fulfilled, will not as surely the others concerning this land come to pass, when Jesus shall again stand upon Mount Zion, and the word of the Lord go forth from Jerusalem? Then shall the descendants of Ishmael come to a knowledge of Christ, and the Bedouin of the desert, forever pass away.

At the New Tomb a shilling per capita is charged for admission; so General Gordon found this at least to be a profitable proposition, for it is visited annually by thousands. Karan, our guide, had a key with which he opened the door. As we stood within, we decided that it was once "a new tomb where man never was laid." Amid the silence and dampness, the story of Joseph and his new tomb was read. It brought an involuntary shiver, and I asked myself, "Was it here Jesus was laid among the dead? Is this the place? *Is this the place?*"

These and kindred thoughts engrossed our minds, as we wandered in the garden which might be such a one as was owned by Joseph of Arimathea; but I felt it was not here that Christ was laid in the tomb; neither was it in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. So I dismissed the subject, and breathed a sigh of relief; my mind was at rest, though still engrossed with the scene of the wretched beggars, and their pitiable condition. I thought of that babe I touched—its face no larger than a man's watch. It was dead asleep, and the tiny hand held up for coppers made the scene more pitiful.

Eusebius, the earliest reliable historian of the Church, gives the account of the discovery of the tomb of our Lord by the mother of Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome, in the year 326 A. D.

In a vision she was shown where the three crosses were hidden, and by a miracle, she and Bishop Marcarius discovered them, with Pilate's inscription in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, in a cave adjoining the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea: and, by placing a dying woman on one of them, and she being immediately restored to health, discovered the true cross.

The ruins of a temple to Venus were standing over the tomb, which had been erected by the Emperor Hadrian; and, prior to this time, the tomb beneath had been used in the worship of this goddess.

Over the site of these ruins, Helena caused to be constructed a costly edifice which was destroyed, perhaps by the fire of 1010. But on this site has stood a church ever since that built by Helena, which has possessed the distinction given to no other, that of being the monument marking the place where Jesus was crucified, and burst the bands of death. At this shrine, the prayers of millions have been poured out, and enough tears shed to make a river around the globe; while jubilees of joy and triumph have caused its hoary walls to shake and tremble.

Yet a great controversy is on, and many reject this as the true site of Calvary, because the Church, named the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, stands far within the present city walls, even in the heart of Jerusalem; consequently the question arises, could this site ever have been without the walls? If it was not, then this could not be the true Calvary; hence through the ages, some have looked for Calvary elsewhere than here.

Recent archæological investigators, have become con-

vinced that the the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was not the place where the world's tragedy was enacted.

For a number of years, a rocky knoll outside the Damascus Gate has been considered by men like Dr. Merrill, U. S. Consul at Jerusalem, Colonel Condor, General Lew Wallace and General Gordon, of Khartoum. Archaeologists, it is asserted, have discovered that the crown and key of the Damascus Gate that stood in the days of our Savior, form part of the present gate-way, having been built into the modern walls. Golgotha, the place of the Skull, must have been outside the city walls. The place of execution must have been of easy access from the hall of judgment; must have been a site of some prominence, and in some way resembled, or was connected with, a skull; whereas the church of the Holy Sepulchre rests on the slope of a large hill that rises much higher beyond it.

Recent excavations have revealed undisputed evidences of a military road which led from the barracks and palace of the procurators northward, and must have passed at the base of the hillock which is so widely under contemplation.

This, then, would have been convenient to the prison; convenient for the execution of criminals, and conspicuous to impress on the spectators the terrors of the law.

To the present day, by the Jews of Jerusalem, the hill is known as the "Hill of Execution;" sometimes it is called the "House of Stoning," because it was here the sentence of death by stoning was carried out. On account of its abhorrent associations, to this day no Jew will pass it after nightfall, for he holds that it is haunted.

Within this rocky site, is the Grotto of Jeremiah, and all over it are Moslem graves, which fact has prevented it from being bought to be built upon.

The belief that this is the genuine Golgotha, "Place of a Skull" or "Skull Hill," is spreading. General Gordon felt so certain of it, that after months of exploring, he tried to purchase the property at any price, but failed. Dr. Merrill, after years of study, is convinced of its genuineness and has written a valuable treatise on the subject; and, at the foot of the hill, he discovered several tombs. One is a chamber of considerable size, evidently intended as a family tomb, believed to have belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, and that in one of these niches was "the place where the Lord lay."

General Gordon's belief attracted so much attention in England, that it eventually resulted in the purchase of the property which has been placed in the hands of a board of trustees, and the large sum of money which has been contributed has been used in building a wall around the place, and beautifying it. To the visitor, the caretaker explains all the evidence in favor of this being the site of the crucifixion. In Hebrews (13:12) we read: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." (Matt. 27:32): The place where Jesus was crucified was "nigh to the city;" and according to John (19:20) appears to have been beside some public thoroughfare. And "they that passed by reviled him. Matt. 27:39 and John 19:41, 42, explicitly say: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden, a new sepulchre, wherein was man never yet laid."

"There they laid Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' Preparation Day, for the sepulchre was nigh at hand."

In the gospel according to St. Mark, the additional information is given, that they "laid him in a sepulchre, which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone onto the door of the sepulchre."

On the extreme right of the illustration, from the brow of the hill to the level, is about eighteen feet ; its face has been made smooth and its base artificially leveled and smoothed into a floor of solid rock. This no doubt was the "Place of Stoning."

The condemned criminal was taken up to the brow of the hill above the vertical scarp, and his hands were tied behind his back ; then the principal witness against him pushed him violently over the cliff.

In most cases death was instantaneous. At least, most of his bones were broken. Other witnesses, or those taking part in the execution, then leaned over the brow of the hill and dropped large stones on the unfortunate one, pounding him to a jelly.

This makes plain why Jesus was executed according to Roman, and not Jewish law. For not a bone of him was to be broken as typified by the Paschal Lamb. Even the Roman custom of breaking the criminal's legs to hasten the end, was not permitted ; as those whose duty it was to do this, found that he was dead already, when they approached.

No wonder one shudders at beholding this place of execution, or that the scripture referring to it brings the scene so vividly to mind, nor that cheeks pale, and hearts throb with emotion. The outward senses convey to the heart, this message, "Somewhere here among transgressors He died for our sakes."

CHAPTER XII.

GETHSEMANE.

Gethsemane, meaning oil press, a garden at the foot of the Mount of Olives, belongs to the Franciscan monks, and may be the true Gethsemane. It has eight venerable olive trees; one is forty feet in circumference. It is claimed that these trees were here at the time of Christ. Although we are told that in 70 A. D. Titus cut down all the trees around Jerusalem for barricades, to scale its walls, it may be possible these were spared. They certainly are very ancient. Their trunks (where great portions have rotted away) are shored up with some rough cement, to keep their symmetry. A writer who lived many years in Jerusalem, speaking of the time when he first went to Gethsemane, says it was then, and for a long time afterward, an open plat of ground, where all who desired could meditate, or pray beneath its aged trees. It now belongs to the Latins who have built a wall around it, which has been plastered and whitewashed. They have also planted olive and other trees and hedges; and beds of flowers of gorgeous hues and of various kinds.

This plat of ground is nearly square. Its northwest corner is one hundred and sixty feet from the bridge over the Kedron; its west side is one hundred and sixty feet in length; the north side is one hundred and fifty feet. But today it is a man-made garden; not the deserted spot the Sufferer chose, when he wept blood and tears, on the sacred sod. As we walk in the broad paths, we step lightly, lest we tread where Christ offered up that prayer of death to his Father; the time when he trod the winepress

alone, bearing the guilt of a world, and sweating blood at every pore. How exquisite the agony he bore in Gethsemane when Lucifer, the Prince of Death fought against the Only Begotten, the Prince of Life, who at the finish exclaimed, "Now is all power give unto me!" He paid the mortal debt on Calvary.

On the inside walls of the garden are pictures of the fourteen stations, depicting Christ on the Sorrowful Way. Without the walls, near to the entrance to the Garden, a little, uncovered stone-chamber denotes the place where Judas betrayed his Master. As this is a part of the valley of the Kedron, certain it is that somewhere here, was the garden of Christ's day. On either side of the valley, all enclosed, many olive trees are growing. As we contemplate the spot, we bow the head, and in reverence bend the knee; somewhere here that awful night was passed, in agony such as none other ever knew.

One is not noticed, though he pray or chant here, for pilgrims come from all over the earth to see and worship in the garden of Gethsemane. Before Christ's day, it had little or no significance. Lying there at the foot of the precipitous slope of the valley; far away from the city, it had not many visitors. Now the olive oil, yielded by the trees of the Garden, sells at fabulous prices, while rosaries are made from the olive stones. The perfectly kept flower beds remind one of an horticultural show. The guide, a monk, presents visitors with a small bouquet each, (sometimes a large one to divide among themselves). From three to six piasters are expected from every visitor, for the maintenance of the Garden.

At the corner of the Garden, from which winds one of the roads from the Mount of Olives, a number of beggars station themselves. Their cries for "backsheesh" make hideous the air of the sacred place. How well these vaga-

bonds of the race understand the human heart. Well they know that travelers come to this spot with softened feelings; hearts melted by the memories of Him who wept and prayed in Gethsemane. So, here they vigorously ply their profession; verily they are beggars, filthy and vile!

In regard to the Garden of Gethsemane, the tradition agrees with the Bible narrative. In Christ's day the Garden was not much frequented; lying as it does at the foot of the precipitous slope of the valley, far away from what little light there was in the city, it had not then many visitors. The earliest account of it is given in the fourth century. At one time it was greater than now, and contained several churches and chapels.

The present site was probably fixed upon during Helena's visit to Jerusalem, in 326 A. D., when Calvary and the Tomb were also settled upon. Eusebius, writing a few years later, says that Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, was used then as a place where the faithful prayed. Sixty years later, Jerome places it at the foot of the mountain, and says a church had been built there which Theophanes mentions as still existing near the end of the seventh century. At the close of the sixth century, Antonius Martyr speaks of the garden. It is also mentioned by writers at the time of the Crusades. Evidence defines the present spot as the one to which Eusebius alludes.

On the occasion of my last visit, I saw it late in the evening, when the still, dense shadows were sleeping in the valley, and when through the dead walls of the city, there came no sounds of life. The beggars were wending their way up the steep incline to St. Stephen's Gate, leaving the valley and Gethsemane to death-like silence and darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE OF THE LAST SUPPER.

This building is also known as David's Tomb. Though roofed, it is only partially enclosed. Mark 4:12-25 was read, amid profound silence, by one of the party. Since the seventh century, it has been thought that the Last Supper was partaken of here; also that it was here that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost. Under the building are the Tombs of David and Solomon. From all over the world Christians come to hold services here. The building is in complete repair. Formerly the Turks admitted visitors to see the screen. They were told that the tomb of David was behind the screen, but now only a model of the Tomb is shown. It is a mound covered with green cloth. The leading minister exclaimed, as we stood gazing upon the model, "O if we could only penetrate into the vaults below, what rich things we might behold! O for the day that the Turkish power shall be broken, then what wonders will be revealed! The world may then perhaps gaze upon the faces of Jewish Kings!"

As we turned thoughtfully away, the writer said to one by her side, "Did it ever occur to you that we might be looking for the living among the dead?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Did it never occur to you," I said, "that when the graves of the Saints were opened, at Christ's resurrection, and they walked into the Holy City, and were seen of many, that these may have been among the number who were resurrected!"

"I never thought of it," he exclaimed, "I never thought of it!"

"Who do you think would be resurrected, then, in that first, wonderful resurrection? Would it be those specially ordained of the Almighty to carry on his work, or would it be those, alone, of a more humble station?"

"I never thought of it," he said, "but I believe you are right."

Were not these tombs unsealed and rifled long ago? Saying that the bodies are still there is unreasonable, for the art of embalming was unknown to the Jews, so that a handful of dust, alone, would now reward those who might enter them.

Benjamin of Tudela, A. D. 1100, gives the following glowing account of what was seen in his day :

"On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David, and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognized at present. Fifteen years ago, one of the walls of the place of worship fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded him to take stones from the original wall of Zion and employ them for that purpose; which command was obeyed. The two laborers digging stones from the very foundations of the walls of Zion, happened to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed to enter the cave and search for treasure; and, in pursuit of this object, they penetrated to a large hall, supported by pillars of marble, incrustated with gold and silver, before which stood a table with a golden scepter and crown. This was the sepulchre of David, king of Israel; to the left of this, they saw that of Solomon, and all the kings of Israel who were buried there.

"They further saw locked chests, and desired to enter the hall to examine them; but a blast of wind, like a

storm, issued from the mouth of the cavern, and prostrated them almost lifeless on the ground. They lay in this state until evening, when they heard a voice commanding them 'to rise up and go forth from the place.' They proceeded, terror-stricken, to the patriarch, and informed him of what had occurred. Upon being satisfied of the correctness of their statement, the patriarch ordered the place to be walled up; so it was hidden effectually from every one, to the present day."

This is a highly fabulous story, but it has served to conceal the tomb from the vulgar gaze. When Mount Zion is thoroughly explored, no doubt tombs will be disclosed like those of Thebes and Luxor. When permission can be obtained from the Turkish government, shafts will be sunk near the Mosque of Omar, and if a cave be there, means will be employed to find it. Nowhere in the city is the debris deeper than on Mount Zion.

It is a strange tradition which places the tomb of David in the house where Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples; and where he appeared to the eleven, the doors being shut. But here it is, a large, barren, desolate room, the ground for a floor; a hole in the ceiling shows where the Holy Ghost entered on the day of Pentecost. Thus fable and romance are interwoven with facts, in the history of the Holy City. Near here is the house of Caiaphas the High Priest. This building of the house of the Last Supper, utterly without architectural beauty, belongs to the Armenians.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHOPS OF JERUSALEM.

The fatigue of our long ride, our walks on Olivet and through the Tombs of the Kings, was forgotten, after partaking of a plenteous and appetizing dinner. As in a dream, I gaze from the balcony of the hotel upon the Tower of David, rising opposite in the moonlight. How beats the heart with poesy and song, as we think of those who passed here and who are now in other worlds.

But our reverie was rudely broken by voices calling, "Come, we are to visit the stores tonight!" "Do not come early," our Jewish Christian friend had said, "then when you come I will close my store, so that you may not be disturbed." At the time, we thought he was bestowing a favor; afterwards we saw the matter in its true light. Two gentlemen, a lady, and myself, went into a store opposite the hotel entrance. Straightway the door was closed, and the curtains to the windows drawn. Everything that I admired or asked the price of, the clerk, I noticed, whisked into a sort of old-fashioned desk, wide, and slanting at the top, but which could hold many things. Thoughts of how these sons of Judah filched from people in London and elsewhere came to mind; also a story told me by a friend, which happened when he visited a clothing store in New York: "Try the coat on, mine friend," said the seller; but as it was much too large, he caught up a double handful at the back, then turning his customer around to look in the glass exclaimed, "fits like the paper on the wall!"

My lady companion had visited Jerusalem before, so

I paid close attention to her methods. I discarded an armful of things the man had put in the desk for me; "I would not cheat you lady," he said, "I am a Christian." Still, he made three prices on the articles which I finally purchased. On going into another store, the man closed the door and drew the blinds, as the other had done. This, then, is a custom of Jerusalem. One is amazed at the number of things these clerks tuck away without an order; and how much cash one would be relieved of, did he not know how to baffle them! In the art of barter and trade, these people are the adepts of the world. Their great Father Abraham, aforetime, had set them the example, when he bargained with the angel (or Lord) concerning the cities of the Plain.

The stores and shops of Jerusalem are not so grand as those of Constantinople or Cairo, nor the goods as costly, although the store under our hotel was quite large and well stocked. But if they do not have what you ask for, you find they soon get it from somewhere. A boy slips out, and before you miss him, (and you heard no order given) he returns with an armful, different sizes and kinds, of the article you inquired for. They go and come so quickly, you may say stealthily, that they attract no attention. This custom seems universal.

CHAPTER XV.

RECENT EVENTS IN JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, formerly a city within a wall, now embraces a much larger area outside the wall than within. Consequently, being newer, this part presents a much more modern appearance. The flat stone roofs, surrounded by parapet or railing, where the people used to spend much time enjoying the cool breezes of evening, are displaced by the new, sloping, tile-covered roofs.

The streets, which are wider, cleaner, and more on the level, give the city a more business-like appearance. The signs over the store doors are modern, and one scarcely realizes that this is a suburb of Old Jerusalem putting on airs, like the cities of other lands. For the moment one's attention is thus distracted from the Jerusalem he dreamed of,—the Jerusalem of the Bible. A very progressive American colony, outside the city walls, are accomplishing great things that aid materially in modernizing the city; and they are proud of the changes being wrought there.

But stirring times have fallen on Jerusalem. Recent advices claim that an expedition has worked for two years,—beginning at the village of Siloam, which lies at its southeast end, near the southern slope of the Mount of Olives, overlooking the valley of Kedron, and the pool of Siloam,—toward the place where once stood Solomon's Temple which was built 1012 B. C., and which was pillaged, restored, and rebuilt, many times, and finally destroyed in 70 A. D. by Titus. Failing to reach the relics they sought, in this manner, the explorers, according to

the alleged confessions of the guards of the Mosque of Omar, bribed these guards, entered the mosque, and after digging on six nights, spirited away the treasures, "the whereabouts of which," says an Arab paper, "none knew, except God and these Englishmen."

The inhabitants have been aroused to the point of rioting, by the operations of this party of archæologists, and they accuse the explorers of having excavated beneath the inviolate Mosque of Omar, removing the relics reputed to include the ark of the covenant, the censor, and other sacred vessels which belonged to the tribes of Israel. Asemey Bey, the Turkish governor, was mobbed on the streets for complicity in profanation, and hooted "a pig." The Mosque has been closed, and is closely guarded, pending the arrival from Constantinople of the officials of the government, who will make an investigation.

Mystery surrounds the expedition, whose operations have been of such great magnitude as to make it evident that a large sum of money is invested. It is reported that wealthy Englishmen and Americans formed a syndicate, of which the Duchess of Marlborough (who was Consuelo Vanderbilt) was a member, on the strength of the location of the relics by Scandinavian investigators. "The head of the expedition excavating in Jerusalem is Capt. Montague Brownlow Parker, brother of the Earl of Morley. The syndicate financing the enterprise received letters from Parker describing the progress of the excavations near the Pool of Siloam, at regular intervals, until a month ago; since which time no word has come." The above despatch bears date, Jerusalem, May 3, 1911. Before leaving London the explorers said they expected to discover among the rock tombs honey-combing Mount Moriah, a manuscript that would set at rest all doubt concerning the resurrection of Christ.

The party included Capt. Duff, a relative of the Duke of Fife; Maj. Foley, one of the Jamieson raiders, and Capt. Wilson, who is related to Lady Sarah Wilson. A later dispatch from Jerusalem says, "The sheiks and their officials of the Mosque of Omar were sent under armed escort today, to Beirut, where they will be tried before a special court on the charges growing out of the operations of the English explorers, who, it is alleged, were permitted to violate the mosque, while excavating for sacred relics."

Personally, I am not surprised at this, nor anything else that might be done in this line, either as to the desire of explorers to make discoveries in the Holy City, or the mosque officials being bribed, because I saw them receive in their hands, held at their backs, the "bachseesh" which our party paid for entrance to the mosque, although they feigned a great reluctance while so doing. All this has occurred at a time when Palestine is distracted by the quarrels of religious fanatics. Each sect claims every sacred place in the country. The holiest spots are divided up into sections, and drawn lines indicate the section to which each sect is entitled. These sects are divided among themselves as to who shall control the monasteries and other institutions belonging to them; and this quarrelling goes on over the very spot where Christ was born, and where he was put to death.

So serious are these quarrels that knives are frequently used, and many are killed. Blood has been spilled in the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, a pilgrim killing a monk; and the death of many was but recently averted by a timely discovery of the dynamite concealed in an immense candle whose intended destination was Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was to burn during the Easter celebration, when the church

would have been filled with Roman, Greek, Armenian and Copt worshipers. When this great wax candle, nine feet tall, came to Jaffa, the custom house officials held it for duty. Word was sent to the priest, who failed to appear. It was then cut open, and, on the inside little dynamite balls were found. Had this project not miscarried, more than ten thousand persons would have been killed in that great, Holy Sepulchre church, while they were commemorating the passion, death, and resurrection of the Prince of Peace!

The fights among the Christians, are so vicious that the Mohammedan soldiers use whips to quell them. At Easter time, the soldiers (always in the church) resort to this whipping to maintain order. In the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the supposed stable where Christ was born,—a line has been drawn across the center of the floor. On one side of this line are the Greek rights; on the other, the Roman. With a gun and whip in his hand, a soldier stands at each end of the line; while other Moslem soldiers guard the services below.

Palestine belongs to the Sultan, it is his troops who maintain order, and even of late, at Easter time, these soldiers have killed and wounded those who transgressed the law of the place, or church.

The marching and singing of the pilgrims, at Easter time, becomes fanatical. Some times they say, "O Jews! Jews! your feasts are the feasts of pigs;" "This is the Tomb of our Lord," and at times they do each other mischief. It has been estimated that the Christians of the world number about five hundred million; less than one third of the population of the world. The Patriarch of the Greek church is the Pope of this part of the world, and he controls the vast wealth of that church in the Holy Land, and its yearly income of about \$1,000,000; and even

the Pope of Rome does not appear in such splendor as does the Greek Patriarch.

The Greeks of Palestine claim that under the new Turkish constitution, they have a right to all the churches, monasteries and convents, belonging to their church; and demand that the money changers,—as they call the foreign priests—be whipped out of the temple, and the gifts of the pilgrims be applied to the building of hospitals, old age homes, and schools for their children. This demand is not only for Jerusalem, but embraces all of Palestine. The native Greeks, numbering about sixty-five thousand, have recently held meetings to which delegates from all their colonies, Haifa, Nabulous, Jaffa and Bethlehem were invited, and attended. This conclave demanded that the Patriarch resign; and have sent word to the Sultan that they will not serve under him. This is a great depature from the beliefs of the past, when the people rendered unquestioned obedience, religiously and financially, to their rulers; and it heralds a new Palestine for the future.

While excavating for the English church, now on Mount Zion, forty feet below the surface, and not more than three hundred to the east, an underground passage was discovered which, when explored, was found to lead to David's Tower on the west, and to the Temple Area on the east. Perhaps this was a secret passage to the Temple from the palace to the Citadel, and possibly connected with the quarries under the city. It was by some such means that Simon, the Tyrant, made his escape, and by which he returned, when he made his last unsuccessful attempt to surprise the Romans, after they had captured the Tower. That there were other subterranean passages or chambers—perhaps a net work of them—we learn from Josephus. In these many people hid, until they were driven above ground for want of food.

Imagine their surprise, as well as that of the Romans, when these Jews came out of the ground into the midst of a Roman camp! That these passages were more or less destroyed, is certain. It is thought that through them came the infected air which produced the balls of fire that were encountered when the Jews attempted to re-build the Temple, in the days of Julian, the Apostate, and as related by Gibbon, when the earthquake occurred of which Mosheim writes.

Within the high walls of the Armenian quarter are the convent, church and grounds of the Armenian Christians. They occupy the finest part of the modern Mount Zion, and the Armenians own the most of all the Christian possessions in Jerusalem. The Church of St. James—their great church—stands on the site where tradition says James, the Apostle and first bishop of Jerusalem, was beheaded. It is next in size to the Holy Sepulchre, and possesses more costly vestments than any other. We are shown the chair in which Saint James sat; and in the little cloister, at the left just off the main room, is where it is said Saint James was beheaded. The cloister is veiled, and shown as a most sacred shrine. In the vestibule is a fountain of water which the people are taught owes its sweetness to the martyrdom of James. As we entered this part of the church, we saw a priest teaching some roguish, playful boys, from ten to twelve years of age, how to confess, but on seeing me intently watching the ceremony, he moved them where I could not hear what was said. A service for pilgrims was in progress. They were kneeling everywhere—it was near Palm Sunday;—in a side chapel are three curious stones which all the pilgrims kiss. While doing so, they are admonished to remember first Mount Sinai, second, Gilgal, third, Mount Tabor. The church bells were hung up lengthwise

on the outside porch, and resemble wide boards; one of wood, and the other of iron. We thought the sound produced by a man striking them forcibly with a metallic stick with an enlarged end, very odd.

Recent excavations on the summit of the Mount of Olives, by the White Fathers of Jerusalem, have uncovered an ancient edifice, in the grounds of the Carmelite Convent of the Paternoster. It is supposed to be the remains of an extremely ancient Christian church. The excavation is under the Greek Catholic Order of the White Fathers of Jerusalem, and the remains found, they believe to be those of one of the three first Christian churches built in the Holy Land by Helena; the others being the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The walls first discovered indicated there had been a church measuring about one hundred and fifty feet from the western entrance to the apse. The floor of the nave is still buried, but that of the transept has been entirely exposed. It is of mosaic work, perfectly preserved.

In the south transept is a baptismal pool, or trough; the walls show traces of ancient paintings. In the north transept some shafts of columns have been found; also two or three tombs containing bones. One tombstone bears the name "Theodorous" quite legibly inscribed in Greek characters. Still more interesting is the discovery in the chancel of two different designs, one about two feet six inches above the other. It is the lower floor that is considered St. Helena's church which was probably restored by the Crusaders. The site chosen was evidently thought to be where Jesus taught his disciples to pray to "Our Father which art in heaven."

Excavations also prove that the foundation of a great building exists on Mount Moriah, having masonry of the

same character on its east, west, and south walls. There is some difference in finish as some was designed to be above the ground, while some was used below. There is no evidence that any of it is as old as Solomon's day ; but it does show some resemblance to the Roman masonry of Baalbek, second century A. D. The engravings found by Sir C. Warren on some of these stones, though they resemble Phœnecian and Aramaic letters, do not necessarily make them of Solomon's age, as the old alphabet was but little changed in the time of Herod. When the debris, in places many feet deep, is removed from the Temple Hill, great and wonderful things will be brought to view ; buildings long buried will reveal their secrets to the world. That the Ark of the Covenant, sacred vessels, and other things held in reverence, were hidden in the earth, during the destruction of the Temple is believed today. Expentantly we await future events. In God's time all will be made plain.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

WAS IT A VISION?

Does the spirit of murder brood over the place where it was perpetrated? We were nearing Jerusalem, but were closer to Jeremiah's Grotto than to the Damascus Gate when, all at once, in front of me, a little to the right, just off the traveled road, the crucifixion scene burst upon my view! There was Christ, with one on either side of him. Just as I looked, and the scene passed quickly, the Savior bowed his head so that I could not clearly distinguish the upper part of his features, and, besides, the crown of thorns hung low, but I saw his black hair above it, and the ghastly pallor of his face beneath it intensified by his dark, death-damp hair, was startling; it was then he gave up the ghost! The soldiers, at the foot of the cross, seemed angry at the disorder; their spears were forcibly raised here and there, as the mad acts of the rabble increased, growing more and more wild. The backs of some of the motley crowd were toward me, and I saw them with uplifted hands clamoring about the Cross, their loose mantles flying out by force of their gestures—then the scene was gone!

The surroundings then impressed themselves upon my mind; yes, this is the highway, just without the city's gate, where travelers and caravans pass on the way to and from Jaffa. I had long thought that

Christ died of a broken heart, that as he looked upon those of his own household, mocking his agony, clamoring for his death, it broke his heart. Now I felt sure that this was the case; for had I not witnessed the scene at the cross, and felt its awful power? I thought I must fall on my knees, and I could scarcely retain my seat. Then I thought of my companions; three were riding with me, and, as I looked first into one face, then into another, one of the gentlemen leaned forward, slapping his friend familiarly on the knee, by way of emphasis, at something they were laughing at. They had seen nothing! My heart was full of strange emotions. I would that all might know what our redemption has cost! I felt that never again could I bear to hear anyone speak lightly of that great Sacrifice; nor take His name in vain; nor spurn His death or resurrection; nor His gift of life eternal to man. My heart was full of pain, of poignant grief, such as I had never before known, and I trembled with an aching heart because of the agony I had seen. Then, an overwhelming desire to testify of him and to serve him with a stronger love, brought peace. I consecrated my life anew to his service. Bewildered, I gazed around! Does a tragedy reenact itself? Was this Calvary?

Then this is the garden of Joseph, the Cyrene; and somewhere here, is the tomb where Jesus was laid among the dead! No thought had entered my mind of locating the precise place of Calvary, though I felt sure that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was never without the wall, and therefore could not possibly be the Calvary.

It has been said that some have seen a battle fought over again, ages afterward, on the spot where

it transpired; that the spirit of the dreadful scene lingers where the actors fell. Is this so with Calvary? Will that spirit remain and the scene be re-enacted until the earth is cleansed by fire?

I felt humbled to the dust before Him, whose sufferings I had witnessed. Then the thought came, why has this place been so long hidden? Why so long unknown to man? It is by God's will. He who turned away from the sufferings of his Son would not permit the place to become the seat of mockery, and idolatry. So, in the days of the overthrow, when the invading hordes cast down the city walls, and leveled the Temple with the dust, they wiped out the knowledge of the identical places.

Since eight Jereusems are said to have been reared, one above the other, since those days, it is no wonder that all traces of that time have been lost. But they are held in remembrance of the Father.

And has the awful tragedy of Calvary been shown to me? To read of a thing is not to see it; to hear of it is not to feel its power. But I have seen and felt what that crucifixion on Calvary meant to all the world. Was this a testimony given to me? Then give I it unto you. I saw that scene at the Cross, just at the moment that He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, as the scriptures testify. Jesus is not of light complexion, but bears the olive tint of the Jew. I saw it through the ghastly pallor of death.

Of this I bear witness: the scriptures are true; as surely as the crucifixion took place, just so surely is there a resurrection; just so surely did He come forth from the grave, victor, having secured to our race the gift of everlasting life. The powers of darkness slew the Lamb. The earth trembled; the rocks

were upheaved; a veil of darkness obscured the light; amidst earthquake and night, the Temple was rent in the midst, revealing the holy of holies, bare and empty, thus witnessing that Jesus, the Christ, is the Mediator between us and our God.

O Jerusalem, I behold you, and have seen you crucify your king, I am now a part of you; I can understand your sorrows and degradation. Now is the day of your divorcement; you are cast out in the midst of the nations and downtrodden of the Gentiles. Your eyes, heavy with weeping, look hopelessly forward to His coming, who is to reign on David's throne forever.

CHAPTER II.

RESURRECTION MORN.

Again I visit Calvary, locating as nearly as possible the place where I had witnessed His death. The quiet of the Sabbath afternoon is undisturbed, as I walk outside Jerusalem's northern wall, and in thought live over again the resurrection scene—when the huge stone was rolled away—I had since seen many such—and He emerged, the risen Redeemer.

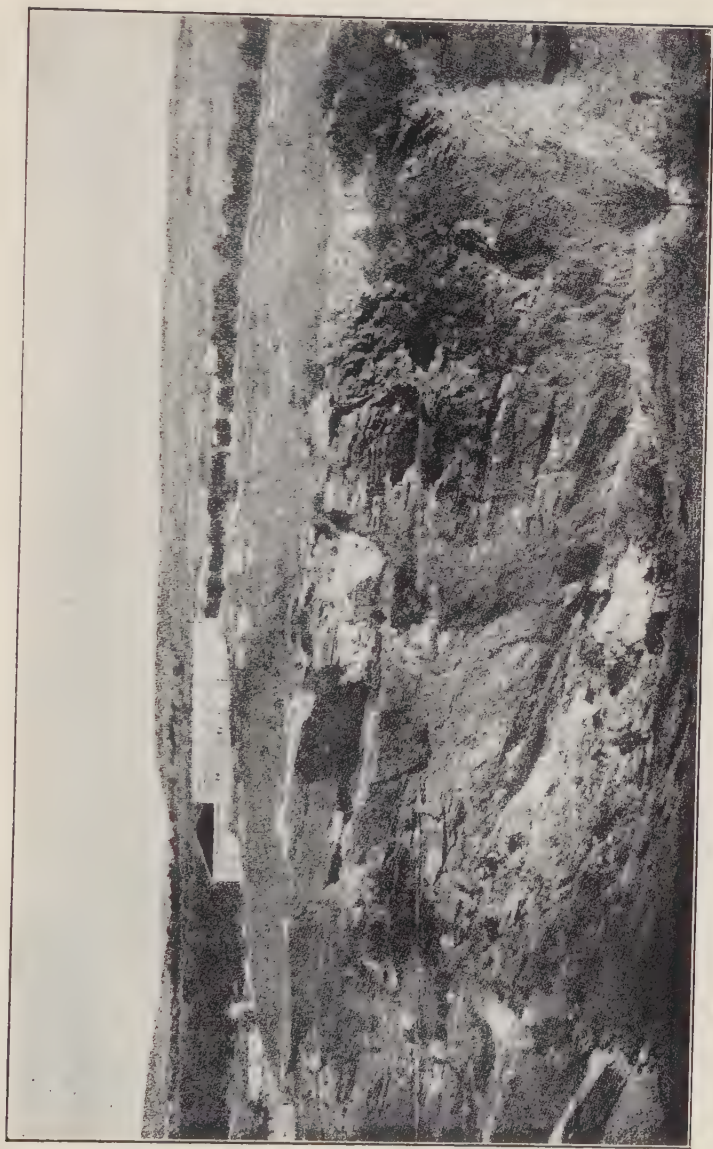
“In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulchre; and behold there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the keepers did shake and become as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye, for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him; lo! I have told you.” (Matt. 28.)

Peace and quiet reigned in the garden. The angel whose countenance was like lightning, and the two Marys, were actors in the scene; while the guards lay as dead men. Thus the mad scenes of the crucifixion

had given place to the wonderful events of the Resurrection Morn. Women alone were the witnesses of its truth. The first mission of the resurrection, "Go tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead," was given to them who were last at the cross and first at the grave.

Nothing more was left to tell of this event, nor were there others to tell it; yet it is the anchor of our faith! How the ancients longed to see this time, but died before its fulfilment. The seed of the woman had bruised the head of the serpent, and He had triumphed over the arch-enemy, Death. On this ground, hell had opened her portals, and earth had drunk the blood of a God! Out of the surrounding graves, the Saints arose, walked into the Holy City, and were seen of many.

Under the shadow of Jerusalem's towering walls, when the city was grand beyond compare, and the splendor of its temple the wonder of the world, all these wonderful scenes were enacted. O Jerusalem! in sackcloth and ashes, thou liest yet. The sable robes of thy widowhood cling round thy feet. Disheveled thy hair, thy countenance mournful; but thy wedding day draweth nigh. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh! Thy tears shall be turned to gladness; thy grief to joy; when He shall receive thee, His sanctified Bride!



SKULL HILL.

The reputed Calvary or Golgotha, and the Jews' Stoning Place. On the extreme left is the New Tomb.



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

JERUSALEM.



TWO MOTHERS.

JERUSALEM.

"COME, SEE THE PLACE."

An earthquake rends the shiv'ring ground—
The angel rolls the stone away,
Says to the women standing there,
"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

"He is not here, for he is risen;"
They hear the snow-white angel say;
"And fear not, ye who seek the Lord—
Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

"Be not afraid," his voice assures—
As prostrate at his feet they pray;
Then confident, they gaze within,
To see "the place where the Lord lay."

O glorious day when Christ declared,
"See, I am risen from the dead!
I'll meet them there in Galilee.
Go tell my brethren," Jesus said.

They saw but angels in the tomb—
Where lay his feet and where his head;
But he would be in Galilee—
"Would meet them there," his own voice said.

Lo! he is risen from the dead!
And thrills each heart this Easter day,
That to the world this truth was shown,
The tomb was empty where he lay.

TWO MOTHERS.

Mary, Mother of Jesus:

“I am a-weary weeping so,
My heart throbs with its pain;
I close my eyes to ease my woe,
And see it all again.
My slain—the Crucified—my Son,
There hanging on the tree!
'Twas not for wrong that he had done—
E'en then he thought of me.

“How happy he in childhood days,
How agile, lithe of limb!
Then came the dream I dreamed always,
Of greatness born with him.
At times I chided, yet I know
His wisdom outweighed mine;
It came from whence the riches flow
That flood the stream of Time.

“That other mother, coming near—
Within her eyes there burns
A quenchless fire—a with'ring fear,
That every solace spurns.
I pity her—have anger none—
But O, so much of joy;
For love divine gave me a Son—
A Judas was her boy.”

The Mother of Judas:

“O Mary, dost thou turn from me?
Nay! scorn me not unheard!
I bore the birth-pangs willingly,
Without complaining word,
And mother-love, thou knowest well,
Will permeate all space;
Will plunge into the depths of hell,
Or rise to God’s high place!

“Yet I am powerless—overcome,
Dense darkness all around;
My heart is crying for my son,
When I make not a sound.
Have pity, Mary, women we,
Bound by a common tie:
I would exchange, if it could be—
Or would rejoicing die

“To be in thy place! See me kneel!
My son brought death to thine;
Throughout all ages, must I feel
The wrath of the Divine?
To heights or depths where’er I go,
This, phantom-like, is nigh—
My son by infamy brought low,
While Thine ascends on high.

“O pity, Mary, hear me, hear!”
Prone on the earth she lies,
For grief so deep there is no tear
To lave the burning eyes.
But Mother Mary lifts her up,
And soothes her with caress,
Adds sweetness to her bitter cup,
And makes her own pain less.

CHAPTER III.

JERUSALEM'S OVERTHROW.

From the Tower of the Damascus Gate, looking to the north, we gaze on the ground where the invader has ever besieged and conquered Jerusalem. The legions of Nebuchadnezzar captured the city, and carried the inhabitants away to Babylon. The seventy years of their captivity Jeremiah mournfully depicted, when dwelling in the Grotto just without the north wall. Jerusalem's walls were re-built by the descendants of those captives, after their return from exile.

Then Alexander the Great marched through its gates as conqueror. On that same high ground, Titus marshaled his army, and Roman hosts advanced with battering rams and crushed the walls. The Saracens madly fought here; then came the Crusaders; afterwards, the conquest by Saladin and Couer de Lion. What wonder that as the Jews pass us in the streets we see stamped on their features the cruelties to which they have been subjected! What wonder that at the Wailing Place they cry, "O God, the heathen have come into thine inheritance!"

In our eyes the city takes on a new significance, as in its ruins we read its history—ages of glory and destruction! Beneath our feet lies the dust of heroes and oppressors. The very soil is mixed with blood. A feeling of pity kindles within us as we behold the passers-by, with bowed heads, wandering through the streets like people without hope. Sorrowfully

they gaze upon their surroundings; they have come home to die!

Looking down into the interior of the city one observes plainly its division into halves and quarters. Divided by the Tyropœon valley and ravines, it might well be said that Jerusalem is built on four, as Rome is on its seven, hills. In Rome there lies a city under the present one; and Jerusalem, the ancient, is as completely buried as Pompeii, for eight Jerusalems are built one above the other.

The city of the Jebusites was first; then that of Solomon; third, that of Nehemiah; fourth, of Herod, which was destroyed by Titus. The Emperor Hadrian began, in 130 A. D., to rebuild the fifth. Thence it remained under Roman rule until the Mohammedan conquest. Sixth, the early Moslem; seventh, the city of the Crusaders; eighth, the later Moslem, which today stands on the ruins of its predecessors. In the year 1244, the city was besieged for the last time. The arches are so low that one can hardly pass under them, but they are only the upper parts whose foundations are deep below. Many arches and walls are entirely underground. Forty or more feet below the Via Dolorosa of today are the pavements over which the Roman legions passed nearly two thousand year ago. Jerusalem is strewn with the ashes of a hundred generations. How doth she sit solitary, which was once a city of glory! No crown she wears, nor is there any to restore her former glory. Can one be disappointed at visiting the Lord's land? Some have said it is but land and rocks, like other parts of the earth. Yet these breathe a story the half of which has never been told. "The winds of eve sing a song deep as the bosom of eternity, which far outreaches

the shores of Time." Is that dead which can arouse such mighty memories! Nay! 'Tis a living city that has such a magnificent past, which heralds for it a glorious future. When she shall rise above her ruins, her scepter shall wave over the world. We view the landscape at sunset far and near, and see the domes and minarets of Jerusalem dyed crimson by the reflection from the blood-red sky.

Yea, this is the Land of the Cross, the Land of blood, as a result of the Judaism of Christ's day; the day of the law, not of the Spirit; the day of cant, as against the voice of prophets and seers. Silence for four hundred years; no prophet came; no warning was sounded; God did not speak; and they wandered in the mists alone. Shall it have a resurrection day? When and how? No one may say that Palestine has no future, no day of restoration. The Jewish race is capable of great things. Will they not therefore respond to the time of the Almighty. Shall He not bring to pass the unfulfilled prophecies regarding Israel, His chosen people? May not the land again be a land of plenty? its ruined terraces be restored? and corn and wine make it again a land of milk and honey? Their wails, their cries for the coming of the Messiah to redeem Israel, will sometime be answered by His appearance on the Mount of Olives! Then shall they receive Him, to be their King. Then will blessings come where decay so long has flourished. Then shall be restored the latter rains, and glad Palestine, rising from the grave of her past, will don the bridal raiment. Her night of sorrow shall be o'er. The Holy City, trodden under the foot of the Gentiles for forty and two months (Rev. 11), will blaze with the glory of her King and His hosts. Be-

hold all old things shall pass away, and the New Jerusalem sit enthroned forever.

The Christian mind cannot comprehend the sorrow of the Jews. They believe not that Christ has come, nor understand the prophecies. No thought have they that themselves are responsible for their sad condition for ages, nor why he who is to free Israel of her enemies, and restore her splendor, has so long delayed his coming. They grope about in their night of darkness, mourning their Temple's destruction, and their nation's downfall, with dazed, never understanding minds. How different their fate, had they heard his voice when he called; had they not turned a deaf ear to his pleadings! O the anguish of that cry, as with outstretched hands he wept over Jerusalem, "How oft would I have gathered you. * * * Now your house is left unto you desolate." Yet, in their blindness they have cried for him ever since, like a spoiled child, who takes no blame to himself, but cries out at the chastisement that follows wrongdoing, as though it were unjustly administered. But his mercy will be extended to them; not always will he turn away from their tears. This we understand; yet, how desolate the house wherein they dwell! Not a ray of light or hope is there, nor a hint of the splendor of the coming reign of their crucified Redeemer!

The condition of a class of Mohammedans among the Jews seems preferable to theirs. They walk erect, with a certain grace, and uplifted head. Sad as their state seems, we can feel, while viewing the two races, that they are not under the curse; they do not suffer the pangs of retribution. A realizing sense comes to us of how terrible a thing it is to suffer the anger of an offended God. How utter the hopelessness, when

He turns away the suppliant who suffers his wrath.

The destruction of Jerusalem, the Golden, foretold by the Nazarene, was accomplished every whit. The story of her last days was graphically portrayed by Josephus, the story ever fascinating, ever terrible. Jesus instructed those who heard him to flee when they saw Jerusalem encompassed with armies. If they were in Judea, they were admonished to flee to the mountains; those in the midst of her were to depart; and those of other countries were not to enter therein. These were to be the days of vengeance; fulfilling all the things that are written. "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, or ever shall be." The year 70, A. D., saw Jerusalem thus surrounded. It was the time of the Passover which the devout came to Jerusalem to celebrate; and untold thousands were within its gates. But the people were divided into factions, quarreling among themselves; schisms there were, each contending for supremacy, unmindful of their doom, when armies surround Jerusalem. Josephus tells us of the prophecy concerning the city, when it should become four square. The destruction of the Tower of Antonia brought this condition about. This, too, was heeded, or at least failed as a warning, as well as the signs at the Temple that foreshadowed Jerusalem's destruction, the denunciations God made to them.

There was a star resembling a sword which stood over the city: and a comet that continued a year. A bright light shone at the feast, at the ninth hour in the holy house and around the altar, making it like day for the space of half an hour. Some interpreted this as a good sign; but to the sacred scribes it

portended the events that immediately followed. At this same festival, a heifer, as she was led by the high priest to be sacrificed, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the Temple. "Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court of the Temple, which was of brass, and vastly heavy, and had with difficulty been shut by twenty men, and rested on a basis armed with iron, and had bolts fastened very deep into the firm floor, which was there made of one entire stone, was seen to open of its own accord, about the sixth hour of the night." "Now those that kept watch in the Temple, came hereupon running to the captain of the Temple and told him of it; who then came up thither, and not without great difficulty was able to shut the gate again. This also appeared to the vulgar to be a very happy prodigy; as if God did thereby open them the gate of happiness. But the men of learning understood it; that the security of their holy house was dissolved of its own accord; and that the gate was opened for the advantage of their enemies. So these publicly declared this signal foreshadowed the desolation that was coming upon them.

"Then, before a certain sun-setting, chariots and troops of soldiers in their armor were seen running about among the clouds, and surrounding the city. Then at the feast called Pentecost, as the priests, according to their custom, were going into the inner court of the Temple, they felt a quaking, and heard a great noise; and after that they heard a sound as of a multitude saying, 'Let us remove hence.' But what is still more terrible, there was one Jesus, the son of Ananus, a Plebeian and a husbandman, who, four years before the war began, and at a time when the city was in very great peace and prosperity, came

to that feast whereon it was our custom for every one to make tabernacles to God in the temple; and began on a sudden to cry aloud, 'A voice from the east; a voice from the west; a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem, and the holy house; a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides; and a voice against this whole people.' This was his cry, as he went about in all the lanes of the city. When he was whipped until his bones were laid bare, at every stroke of the whip his answer was, 'Woe, woe, to Jerusalem!' And he continued to cry thus, for seven years and five months; this cry of his was loudest at the festivals; and he continued it without being hoarse or getting tired.

"When he saw his presages in earnest, fulfilled in our siege, he ceased. For as he was going round upon the wall, he cried out with his utmost force, 'Woe, woe, to the city again; and to the people, and to the holy house.' And he added just at the last, 'Woe, woe, to myself, also!' There came a stone out of one of the engines and smote him, and killed him immediately, as he was uttering the very same presages."

Jerusalem's famine scenes have never been equalled in the history of the world. There was Mary, daughter of Eleazer, who roasted and ate her own son, offering parts of him to others who fought and murdered for food; and the rabble went from house to house to steal, wherever food could be found. The death from famine was appalling.

Although it was many years after Jesus foretold the downfall of Jerusalem, some were yet living who heard him, and also children of those who heard him so declare. Therefore, all who believed our

Lord's word escaped from the city, during the five days that the gates remained open, after all was in readiness for the seige. There were five days in which all who desired might leave or come into the city. This has no parallel in history! It is believed that during that time all believing Christians fled to the Greek cities of Caesarea or Pella. Then began the awful scenes so vividly depicted by Josephus.

Some writers affirm it was sixty-five years before the Jews were allowed to return, after the destruction of the city. But Gibbon says that many of them returned to visit the destroyed city, at different times, until they were forbidden by the emperor Hadrian who, under the name of Aelia Capitolina, founded a new city on Mount Zion, to which he gave the privileges of a colony. The severest penalties were pronounced against any of the Jews who should dare approach its precincts; and a Roman garrison enforced his orders. Among these people must have been some who knew where the city walls stood, or where the holy places were situated. Was it, then, in the centuries following that human knowledge failed in these matters? Did not Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea, know where Christ had lain in the tomb? Could not the spot be located by Justyn Martyr's writings?

History relates how Julian, the Apostate, sought to make the Nazarene's prophecy fall to the ground. Of Jewish descent, he well understood Christ's words, that "Jerusalem should be as a plowed field, and that not one stone of the Temple should be left standing on another." Julian had accepted and worshiped the gods of the Grecians; he had been initiated into their secrets and mysteries and turned from the faith of his fathers. Moreover, he was the emperor

of Rome, the mistress of the civilized world. Into the heart of this man entered the thought to re-build the Temple which Christ has said should lie in ruins, then be scattered to the four winds of heaven. This Temple he gave leave to the Jews to re-build, and sustained them with Roman gold. The work was begun. The ruins became the scene of great activity. The great foundation stones were being rolled away to prepare for the new excavation, when lo! huge balls of fire hissed out from within, into the faces, and at the feet of the seeming desecrators. They waited for this to pass, then once more began operations. But fiercely burning balls of fire issued forth at every stroke; and this was repeated until, in despair, the workmen laid aside their tools and gave up the task. The words of the crucified Savior were fulfilled; and until this day, no Temple stands where once stood the glory of the world. The blazing crescent and star—Mohammed's sign of victory—waves from a mosque on the Temple area.

It is claimed that the balls of fire were gasses which issued from caverns, underneath the temple; that as soon as openings were made, they rushed forth and overcame the laborers. It matters not what the balls of fire were, God had his agents, and they fulfilled his decrees, and the Nazarene triumphed. His every word was fulfilled. What wonder that, looking at the stupendous building on Mount Moriah, the people laughed the Redeemer to scorn, when he said, "Not one stone shall be left standing on another!" How utter and absolute the prophecy's fulfilment!

The word went forth that under those massive walls, treasures of wealth and adornment were hidden. In the mad desire for the possession of these

things, they were torn stone from stone, and the ground plowed up in the vain search for them. What matters how it was accomplished? The result is, not one stone is left standing on another. They are scattered far and wide; and no man knows the place of their abiding. Julian was foiled, brought to naught, and soon his empire was given to another.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEPERS.

Through the Zion Gate, or the gate of the Prophet David, we pass to David's tomb. Through this gate, David brought the Ark of the Covenant to its place in the Temple. Opposite this gate, by a wall, were the lepers. The man who cares for them stands just without the Gate. By common consent they have been allowed one day a week to beg. It is said a house is provided for lepers, of whom there are about one hundred in Jerusalem; but these prefer to sit here and beg. There were eleven men and women whose flesh was eaten away on different parts of their bodies. One woman held up the stumps of her arms—both hands gone. On some of them, parts of the face is eaten; on one woman's cheek was the dreadful white blotch; another's face was partly eaten; the same condition prevails with the men, either on hands or arms. Altogether they present a most horrible and sickening sight. Added to this were their terrible screams for "backsheesh."

One of our number collected our alms and placed them on the edge of the road, near a vacant place, while we stood some distance away. While the man in charge of the lepers gathered the money, the lepers were silent. As the money has to be given to them, he must disinfect it before he goes into the city to purchase food. When we reached David's tomb—about a quarter of a mile away, there they were—

having gone a shorter way, nearly as soon as we, their shrieks again filling the air.

On our return to the Old City Gate—or David's—there they were again. This being their last stand, they were more vociferous than ever. We hurried through the Gate, haunted by their shrieks, leaving them and their noise outside the city. Having witnessed this dreadful sight, how our thoughts go out to Jesus of Nazareth, who healed such as these in the long ago. Oh, that he would heal them now, we pleaded as we walked along the "Sorrowful Way," over which he bore his cross to Calvary to die for our sakes. We were shown the place where he stumbled and fell, when the cross had to be placed on the shoulders of another. Our hearts are sad as we wend our way to the city's northern gate. We keenly feel the sufferings of Jesus, and we pass the house of Caiaphas, the grounds about which are now used as a cemetery, and we think of the scene there enacted, a part of the world's tragedy.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

We are very weary after our long ride from Jericho, but as this is Friday, the best time to visit the Wailing Place, we drive through David street to the Jewish quarter. The streets are narrow and winding, lined by unsavory-looking homes. We meet a few Jewish men, with their long locks, long-tailed coats and fur caps, and a number of Jewesses with the white izar falling gracefully over head and form. Making an unexpected turn, we enter the sacred street. It is the interior, western wall of the Haram, between the gates of the Chain, and of Strangers. From the appearance of its large foundation stones, it is supposed to have belonged to the ancient Temple. The four lower rows appear to be more ancient than the others. Perhaps they are the original foundation stones of the Temple wall; above these, the stones are more modern. Towering seventy feet above the street is the Temple area, where no Jewish foot is allowed to tread.

One may see pictures of the Wailing Place, but to gaze upon the scene can alone give the realizing sense of what it means. The space, or street, is about twenty feet wide and seventy feet long, with a high wall facing the Temple wall. Perhaps two score or more people are here, wailing over the downfall of the Jewish nation. The men are sitting against the wall facing the Temple wall, reading the Jewish Scriptures in an audible voice, every now and then lifting their eyes to the Temple area. These men, of clean

appearance, well dressed in Jewish costume, evidently are men of letters. Some are middle aged, some younger. Their voices sound like a Babel every now and then, as they increase in earnestness. We looked over their shoulders, and some among us who understood Hebrew, said they were reading the Psalms—from the Seventy-ninth to the One Hundred and Tenth. Their tones were tremulous and mournful. Never before had we realized so fully the meaning of their words, when they clamored for Christ's blood, saying, "Let his blood be upon us and upon our children!" Ah! Is it not on them even today, though nearly two thousand years have passed since then? Behold them now crying for His coming, whom they rejected when He offered them the bread of life!

The women stand by the area wall with sackcloth over their heads; and, pressing their foreheads against the senseless stones, wail for the promised Messiah. Oh, how these women can wail, mourn and lament! In places these stones are smoothly indented by the bowed heads, kisses, and uplifted hands of the wailers. Pity stirs every fiber of the heart. Christ's words to the women who, lamenting, followed him as he carried his cross to Calvary, come to mind, "Women of Jerusalem, mourn not for me, but rather for yourselves, in the days that are to come!" Where now is the Temple which the Jews claim He desecrated? Where those who boasted of its grandeur? Abased in this narrow place, they now only lift their eyes to where, then, they had exclusive entrance.

On holy ground now, none of their race may stand. Now the stranger says, "Here ye cannot come!" How haunting their wails! How pitiful the scene!

From week to week, this has been going on ever since the destruction of the Holy City, and its subjugation by the infidel. Mourn on for the downfall of Jerusalem, for the scattering of Israel, yet a little longer! Then shall He come, whom long ye have sought in vain! To this altar of grief they bring sorrows of every kind. Is there a broken heart, here it is brought for healing. Is one bowed down in sorrow? Here he comes for comfort. Has the long-borne burden grown heavy? Here its bearer seeks for new strength. No heart so hard but this lamentation can soften, and pity quicken its every beat. How true His words, "Your house is left unto you desolate!"

A little north of the Wailing Place is Wilson's Arch, discovered by Capt. Wilson of the Palestine Exploration Society. It is twenty-five feet below the causeway, or bed, of David Street. The span of the arch is forty-two feet, and it is forty-three feet wide, constructed evidently in about the fifth or sixth century. Wending our way through a number of zigzag streets, we come to Robinson's Arch, so named for its discoverer, Dr. Robison. Long they have been excavating here; now the arch is fully cleared and exposed to view. It spans from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and in all probability was constructed by David. Josephus speaks of a bridge connecting these points; and Dr. Robinson became convinced that such an arch existed; and excavations disclosed the correctness of this theory. The massive stones are regularly laid. After carrying a shaft to the depth of thirty-seven feet, a colossal block of solid masonry of Jewish type was found; its western face being fifty-four feet from the Haram wall. The discovery of this pier settles

two questions: first, that this arch was part of the bridge; second, that the wall in which it is found is part of the wall of the ancient temple. How high the arch seems, as we stand below it thinking of what is constantly being revealed of the past of this ancient city! Over this bridge, did Solomon and David walk to and from Mount Moriah?

The climb up Zion's Hill disclosed the ripening grain. The prophecy which relates to the plowing of Zion's Hill we see is fulfilled! "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field; and Jerusalem shall become heaps; and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest" (Micah 3:12). In ancient times this part of Mount Zion, now south of the city wall, was within it. Undoubtedly the first wall ran south from the southeast angle of the Temple area, presumably to the Pool of Siloam, then westward and northward, including the whole hill.

This was the mountain of the Jebusites, which never yielded in the Jewish wars until it was captured by David and his men. Here David built his "ceiled house," and dwelt as King of Israel. Though now it is desolate—only a few small buildings and enclosures to designate the place of his habitation and burial—yet is it worthy the palace of a king, the dwelling place of a poet. In these surroundings, overlooking the scenes of his youth—the soul of the poet was stirred within him; a devout ecstasy inspired the tender pathos of his psalms, which have been the delight of the religious mind from his day until now. A little below the crown of the hill one of the aqueducts leads from Solomon's pools. A stairway has been discovered in the Hill Ophel, near the pool of Siloam. A writer of renown thinks this is referred to by Ne-

hemiah. "The gate of the fountain repaired Shallun the son of Col-hozeh, the ruler of part of Mizpah; he built it, and the wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden, and unto the stairs that go down from the city of David" (Nehemiah 3:15). Were not the king's gardens here, on these terraced sides of the Tyropœon Valley, and may not the steps have led to them?

CHAPTER VI.

PALM SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,"
Hallowed the Past, in thy mystical light.

All over the world today, wherever the Nazarene is acknowledged as the Christ, thought reverts to the long ago, when He walked among men and made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, on that first Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week. Immediately preceding this time, a wonderful miracle had been enacted in the little town of Bethany, distant from Jerusalem about fifteen furlongs. While Jesus had been away from the home of his friends, Mary and Martha, Lazarus, their brother, had died, and been laid in the tomb. When Martha beheld Jesus on his return to Bethany, she fell down at his feet, exclaiming, "Lord, hadst thou been here, my brother had not died." Her tears, and the sorrow of those with her, troubled him. He groaned in spirit, wept, and said, "Where have ye laid him?" Standing before the cave, a stone rolled upon it, he said, "Take ye away the stone." Then the God commanded, "Lazarus, come forth," and Lazarus, with the ceremonies of death still clinging about him, emerged and stood before them alive again. The news of this miracle traveled far and wide, creating much excitement among the people, and they flocked to see him who but yesterday was laid with the dead.

How favored was Bethany with the visits of Jesus. What a home of love was that of Mary and

Martha, whose cool, shady retreats wooed him to forgetfulness and rest! On this elevated ridge, let us stand awhile, gaze upon the scene, and try to realize what this home, these friends, were to Him who had said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Let us tarry here and study the depths of that love, human and divine. Was not the thought, too, in His mind, when He wept at their anguish, how sore a trial would presently fall upon them all? He left Bethany to go up to Jerusalem. The excitement and enthusiasm increased as they neared the city, and they shouted and hailed Him as their King. As through the Golden Gate they entered the City of David, does it not seem wonderful that those who came to the feast should go forth to meet him with the cry, "Hosannah, to the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord?" The Lord was riding an ass, the people exultingly strewing his path with their garments, and branches of palm trees, in fulfilment of the prediction, "Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt!" How soon after this did He cry, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour, but for this cause, came I unto this hour."

Long since have the shouts of welcome died away; gone are the verdure and the bloom; sealed for ages has been the Golden Gate where He entered. Here the infidel reigns, and holds sway over the land of the greatest events the world has ever witnessed. Tradition declares that should this gate ever be unsealed, it would mean the downfall of Moslem rule. It also predicts that on some Friday night a conqueror will here enter the city. Hence, while yet the golden

crescent gleams from Omar, will this gate be religiously guarded.

In the days of Rome and later, it was the custom to erect triumphal arches for the home-coming of the heroes who returned victorious from the war. Is it not fitting that this massive structure, the Golden Gate, be preserved as Christ's Triumphal Arch? As a memorial, it is a witness that he won a victory. By Cross and sepulchre came his victory—it was wrested from the enemy, Death. In Jerusalem's elevated, strong, eastern wall, this Golden Gate is set. The Mohammedan cemetery with its flat-lying stones surrounds it. They, too, await the coming in the east of the Son of Righteousness. Long we gaze upon this spot, as we journey to and from Bethany. Silent and lone stands this monument of long ago; by it one feels like one waiting in the shadow of the Cross.

In the broad area of the Haram it towers—no Jewish feet pass, and seldom, indeed, do the feet of people from other lands. Viewed here, how like a farce that triumphal scene, the world-tragedy falling on its heels! The plaudits of man, what mockery! The crown gives place to the bonds of death; all earthly honors end in the tomb!

But, Golden Gate, He will come again! As the Conqueror of the world will He come, and all things will be subject to Him! O heart, rejoice!

We had timed our visit so as to be in Jerusalem during Holy Week, that we might be in close touch with the great world events. We had come for the Passover, to go to Calvary, survey the Cross,, think over His burial and glorious resurrection.

The Palm Sunday scenes in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are a trouble to one's spirit; so we

accepted an invitation to go without the city walls, to see the models of all the Temples that have stood on Mount Moriah, from that of Solomon to the Mosque of Omar which now occupies the traditional site.

A desire again to visit the Garden, and my long-time dream to behold Jereusalem by moonlight from the Mount of Olives, hurried my departure. I had planned to go alone to Gethsemane and the Mount, but one of our party said that was his plan also, so we could but go together, though perhaps neither desired company in this pilgrimage. Over the road we walked to where, near Jeremiah's Grotto, is the most likely place of Calvary, for it is near the city gate, on the highway, where the rabble came and went to Joppa. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the walk around the wall down toward the valley of the Kedron was indeed lovely.

I look in vain for the "Green Hill far away," so often sung of Calvary. There are elevations in the land, but the "Green Hill" is not among them. The dust of the highway settles thickly everywhere. On the opposite side of the road are a few green trees, the tops of which are visible over the high wall; but they belong to some private estate.

Near the Damascus Gate a young Jew passed us. Not being sure of the way, we accosted him. "I am going in that direction," he said, "and will walk with you."

"Strangers in Jerusalem?" he asked, "and from America?"

"One from America, and one from England," was the answer.

"I am going to England," he said, "and I am to

be baptized tonight at the English church; tomorrow I leave for England."

"Were you born and reared a Jew?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Are you not, then, satisfied with your religion?"

"Oh, I do not know much about religion, but I wanted to go to England."

He was a fine specimen of manhood—good looking, rather fashionably dressed, and very polite, all of which indicates his close association with the English residents of Jerusalem. He told us he was a member of the English Bible class. This class we had seen in the morning, when we attended the church. As we reached the curve of the wall, "There is Gethsemane," he said, and raised his hat to leave us. Thinking he was like all others we had met, who expected "backsheesh" for the slightest service, we offered him the customary copper.

"I do not take money!" he exclaimed, with a flushed face and injured air. Apologizing, we gave our reason for the offering. Cordially shaking hands at parting, he went down the valley to the north, and we to the south. At Saint Stephen's Gate we contemplated the gray stone where in olden days criminals were stoned to death. Here it was that Stephen, the martyr, perished, after the heavens had been opened to his view, and he had seen God on his throne, and Jesus standing as if to welcome him. Two closely-veiled Mohammedan women were just ahead of us. One of them, suddenly turning around, raised her veil, revealing a smiling dark face, and a mischievous look in her laughing brown eyes. "Oh, why do you not always go without the veil?" I exclaimed. "You look so much better without it!"

Again she smiled, meanwhile scanning me and my attire. As quickly dropping the veil as she had raised it, with a merry laugh at her action, she joined her companion and resumed her walk. I could scarcely believe my senses! See the face of a Mohammedan woman, when we had been constantly warned not to look too closely at the silent, veiled figures, passing to and fro? It seemed impossible! Yet, so it was, and the only incident of the kind I ever heard of.

At the foot of the hill that winds down from Saint Stephen's Gate, the beggars were still importuning, perhaps more vociferously than on our former visit. Each has a tin can with several little rocks in it, which he rattles vigorously, while in all keys of the voice they scream, "backsheesh." Oh, the pitiful sight! What is there for these to look forward to? Hair that never was combed, feet tough like an animal's, never encased in shoes or stockings, scant cotton skirts, hanging in tatters; such is their appearance. How I pitied them, and would have given them a few piasters, but they surrounded me as if to rob me of scarf and bag. So I screamed for my companion who had gone ahead while I had loitered thus behind. Hurriedly returning, he safely conducted me from among them. Then I was glad I had not come alone. At the corner wall of Gethsemane, there was a like gathering which greeted our approach with the same shrill cries. But we passed far enough away from them, not to risk a repetition of my late experience.

The sun is setting as we leave Gethsemane. Here we dreamed an hour away amid its sacred scenes. There are the venerable olive trees hundreds of years old, whose oil brings a fabulous price; wide, white walks, and beautifully cultivated beds of flowers.

Where is the spot upon which Jesus, prostrate on the ground, offered up his agonized prayer to his Father? One steps lightly everywhere—it may be holy ground. It may be where fell the drops of blood. Our eyes linger upon the place, to impress it on memory's page for aye. Then we cross the road that leads up to the Mount of Olives. It is narrow and winding, rough and rocky, a river bed, down which pours the winter deluge of rain. On either side are high, yellow stone walls. Often one thinks he should never have undertaken the climb; but once there, the difficult road is forgotten, the view is so entrancing.

Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives! How the red domes and slender minarets gleam in the sun's last rays! There is no other city with a history like unto this one; no other so wonderful. How plain are Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, the Temple Area, and the Mohammedan Cemetery, curving around the wall like a skull. Eight hundred times the name of this city appears in Holy Writ. It has sustained twenty-seven sieges, the most fatal of which was that of Titus, when the Temple was burned and the city destroyed. Its famine-stricken inhabitants found death in the streets by flame and sword; uncounted bodies were thrown over the wall on the precipice side, while in heaps others were burned in the streets. The wail of the Redeemer sounded her doom, "Jerusalem, O Jerusalem." Hereabout are the scenes his eyes last rested upon, ere he went to the Father. In the light of the setting sun, how beautiful are the mountains of Moab; vapory, purple mists cling about their base, while their summits are crowned with gold! How grand is the changing panorama! Dome, minaret, crescent and cross, all bathed in luminous light!

There the winding road to Bethlehem, just around the mountain, and here the dusty way to Bethany. From the crown of the Mount of Olives, we look down on the summits of mountains to the Dead Sea in Arabia, thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The atmosphere is so clear it does not seem far away; one could reach there, it seems, in a little while, but it requires six or seven hours of fast driving to reach it. We wander over the mount, obtaining different views of the prospect, until the stars glimmer over the valleys. Ever and anon, the moon shines through gossamer clouds, ere its splendor floods the mountain and the vale. The scene is bewitching! Yonder frowns the Tower of David. Here and there, a light is blinking in the city. How irregular are the dark walls; how small the space seems within them? Could the hundreds of thousands who were slain in the siege, and the multitude of captives borne away to other cities and lands, ever have resided within them? Then, where are the old walls? And where the other places we would today locate within the city? Jerusalem by moonlight! Bathed in silvery sheen, Jerusalem, the Golden. We cross the city from Saint Stephen's Gate to the Tower of David (our hotel is opposite the Tower) in forty-five minutes. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is ablaze with lights as we pass. How calm is the night! On the piazza of the hotel we muse in the moon's full splendor; we dream of Jerusalem's departed glory, and of that which is to come! Stillness and a holy peace brood everywhere. Hushed are now the sounds of war; stilled is the cry of pain. On the soft breeze float the songs of David, sung by the sweet singers of Israel; on the ear fall the melodious notes of harp and cymbal, the

ravishing strains of Jerusalem the Golden. We are a part of the scene, and partake of its spirit; never more will the City of David seem far away.

The eventful day is over; Palm Sunday in Jerusalem for us is past; but never while reason lasts will this day be by us forgotten. By us Jerusalem may never again be seen in the moon's clear light; the Dome of the Rock never more be defined against the darkening sky, but mine eyes have beheld its glory, my feet have trodden in the City of the King.

JERUSALEM—A SOLILOQUY.

I weep that thou didst turn thy Guest away——

The gentle Stranger waiting in thy hall,
Who would have supped with thee in that gone day

So long ago—'tis now beyond recall.

Uncomforted the wind is sobbing still——

Is it that thou didst thrust thy Guest away?

Anon it wails a chant from yonder hill,

Where emblems blaze of stranger gods today.

Behold He comes! On Olives He appears!

Thy wails have reached the ears long stopped
'gainst thee,

'Twixt Him and thee His wounds—thy falling tears

An everlasting bond His blood will be.

CHAPTER VII.

HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

Visitors to Jerusalem, coming from populous European cities, complain of the utter stagnation in a city which possesses no commercial life. There is not a theater nor place of amusement, and even in recent years, the mail comes but once a week; and only one newspaper (Hebrew) is published. But once each year this historic city of the world wakes from its lethargy, and strangers from every land come pouring through its Jaffa Gate, or ride over the hills. During Holy Week perhaps ten thousand pilgrims come into the city. Many of them find lodgings in the various convents; while Americans and Englishmen throng the hotels. As we came up from the Dead Sea and Jericho, we saw some of these pilgrims wending their way over the hills, through the valleys and ravines, one behind the other, in silent procession, on their way to Jerusalem.

Holy Week is set apart to commemorate the sufferings of our Lord during the last week of his life, and his crucifixion and resurrection from the dead. It begins on Palm Sunday, and ends on Easter Sunday. The most impressive services of Holy Week do not begin until Thursday; the anniversary of that last Passover, which our Lord kept with his disciples. "From then the interest is more intense as the scene darkens; until comes the midnight of the world, when the Redeemer expired on the Cross."

We had timed our visit to Jerusalem so that we might be in the very cradle of these events, at this

sacred time. Not that the pomp observed here could be compared with that at Rome; for nowhere else, save at St. Peter's, in Rome—the grandest temple in existence reared by human hands—could the circumstances and grandeur of this particular season be seen. To bless the palms, which are handed to him, the Pope appears in state. A great crowd gathers at St. Peter's. The Supreme Pontiff is carried in a gorgeous coach, drawn by six horses, followed by a body of cavalry. How unlike the coming of the humble Nazarene, from Bethany, along the winding road over the slope of the Mount of Olives, with no carriage, or brilliant company, but riding on an ass, a multitude gathered by the way following. The Pope is borne into St. Peter's on men's shoulders; then carried out again; then brought in and carried out again, and then in, before he is seated on his throne. The cardinals advance before him to the foot of the throne where, arrayed in costly silks and furs, they kneel to kiss his robe and receive the palms which he has blessed. The peal of the organ, and the Pope's choir—the finest in Europe—is heard through every arch and aisle. When the voices sink low—as if wailing over the Savior's dying agony—the Swiss guards fall on their knees, their armor ringing on the pavement of the great Cathedral, with its vast and wondrous dome overhead. In breathless silence, the crowds kneel below, while over them sweep the wailing voices.

Jerusalem cannot compare with such pomp; still, it has what no other place possesses: not the images of things, but the things themselves.

On the morning of Palm Sunday, all the Christian communions gather very early, in Jerusalem:

the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians and Copts. Bishops and priests carry palm branches, such as were spread under the Master's feet, as he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. To make the scene more real, the children, dressed in white, sing hosannas. After the palms are blessed, they are passed through the church, then into the galleries, anywhere, where the worshipers will buy one. The marching and chanting, amid the burning of incense, is continued until evening.

The washing of feet by the Greek Patriarch is a distinct feature of Holy Week. A great concourse of people gather in the open court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Many are on the roofs of adjoining buildings. A swarthy, curious people they are, in whom we can discern no religious fervor. A commotion announces the arrival of the Patriarch who, in vestments covered with gold and blazing with jewels, is ushered to his seat where he impersonates our Lord. The twelve Bishops who sit around him, impersonate the twelve apostles, in that sacred drama. John, the beloved apostle, leans on the bosom of the Lord, as in that Last Supper scene. Such a spectacle, before a gaping crowd, completely robs the tender scene described in the scriptures, of its sanctity.

The Patriarch, laying aside his costly vestments, after the manner of Jesus, and girding himself with a towel, washes and kisses the feet of those who represent the Twelve Apostles. When he reaches Peter, that apostle demurs, and wills not that he shall perform such an act for him. But he yields reluctantly, as did the real Peter, in that first scene of the washing of feet.

Contrast this scene with the actual occurrence

in the quiet upper chamber on Mount Zion, when the Lord designated who would be his betrayer, and each one asked him, "Lord, is it I?" The present scene, enacted in the garish light of day, dispels all impression of solemnity, and banishes from our minds the beautiful thoughts that have ever surrounded it, since our childhood. It should be said that the olive tree used in the ceremony is a little distance away. Thence, the Patriarch proceeds, taking two with him, and engages in prayer, before the ceremony begins. A basin of pure gold, very large and richly chased, is used for the bathing ceremony. As soon as the ceremonies are all over, a wild rush is made for the olive tree, the superstitious believing that a twig of this tree, burned in the room of the sick, will restore them to health. The scene becomes frightful to behold! A mob of infuriated men and women rush upon the tree until not a branch or trace of it remains. During this time Judas escapes; else his fate would be like unto that of the tree.

Another quite as shocking a scene is enacted here on Good Friday, in commemoration of the tragedy of nearly two thousand years ago. In the presence of an excited multitude, in the chapel of the Finding of the Cross, Christ, in effigy, is nailed to a cross. Order is maintained by the presence and bayonets of a strong Turkish guard. All the scenes of the crucifixion are re-enacted; and after the effigy has hung an hour or more, the nails are withdrawn from the wooden man's hands and feet—these silver nails are shown on a sort of tray—the crown removed from his head, and the body is carefully lowered from the cross, then wrapped in a sheet, in which it is carried to the Stone of Uncion, where it is prepared for

burial. It is then placed in the supposed new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where it remains until Easter Morn. While it is yet dark, it is spirited away, to imitate the resurrection.

The giving of the Holy Fire, the day before Easter Sunday, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is the most imposing of all services of Holy Week, in Jerusalem; at the same time, it is the most glaring imposition practiced. The ceremony, long ago denounced by the Latins—though they formerly observed it—is still continued by the Greeks and Armenians. The practice, perhaps, has sprung from the words of our Lord wherein he said, “I am the light of the world.” The day on which the fire is given out is the most exciting of all Easter time. It is the chief topic of conversation, among the strangers within the city; all are desirous to secure suitable positions to see this great ceremony. In a little gallery, built in connection with the screen which divides the Greek chapel from the main body of the church, we were elevated above the heads of the people, and directly faced the front of the Sepulchre, thus commanding a view of the entire rotunda. We stood closely wedged together, but could lean on the railing and thus secure an unobstructed view. Pilgrims were gathered here from all nations, who had come to participate in the festivities of Holy Week, at the sacred shrine of Jerusalem. For weeks they had been engaged in devout worship; unheeding weariness or privation. Early morning had seen them in the house of worship, and night saw them, with lighted candles in their hands, singing through the streets their low, wailing chants. Now had come the crowning day of all these services; to most of them, the greatest day of their

lives. Tomorrow would be the glorious Easter; to-day they are looking for the fire, which they believe comes directly from heaven; Christians, desirous to see the scenes of this imposition, gather here. Besides the galleries, which extend around the different sides of the rotunda, temporary galleries had been projected at various points. The front of the Holy Sepulchre is ablaze with its decorations of many brilliant lamps, and immense candelabrams, surrounded by large candles, are splendid with their decorations of gilt and a variety of bright colors. The lights, which otherwise burn all the year, have been extinguished; and the clear light of mid-day streams down through the open dome upon the crowded mass of humanity, gathered in the area immediately about the Holy Sepulchre. Many Russian peasants, in their simple garb, are noticeable among the crowd. In their hands, all carried candles, or benches of candles, which were to be lighted from the heavenly flame, when it came from within the sacred enclosure. Some were handsome candles, while others were very simple.

Excitement runs so high, at this time, that a force of Turkish soldiers are always present to preserve order and prevent disturbance. To keep a passage way open, the soldiers stand shoulder to shoulder, forming a solid cordon, not easily broken, though the line swerves hither and thither, owing to the great pressure brought to bear upon it. There is shouting and clapping of hands, accompanied at times with a sort of chanting which was unintelligible to me. One party says something which another answers; then the swelling sound of many voices join in a general chorus. Some among the crowd seem to be more en-

thusiastic than others; they may be leaders who are haranguing those about them. Wildly gesticulating, these are at times lifted on the shoulders of others. Our interpreter said they were saying, "This is the sepulchre of Christ; we have a Christ, the Jews have no Christ." A low sound calms the multitude—a chant comes from the priests within the enclosure of the Altar of the Greek Chapel. The screen is thrown open; down a few steps come the Patriarch, the bishops and the priests, slowly wending their way through the aisle and out from the enclosure of their chapel, until they stand in a body facing the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. The Patriarch, a handsome man of fine form, white hair and beard, bears himself with great dignity. His dress is superb; his miter is ablaze with the light of precious stones; his robe is richly embroidered; upon his breast are ornaments of gold and jewels, the signs and symbols of his office. Twelve bishops followed him, their dress similar to his in style and magnificence. Then followed a large body of priests, dressed in flowing black dresses, each with the usual high, round, black hat, with a small black veil hanging behind. As the procession halted, we could see the faces of all the body. A man, seemingly a servant, stood with key in hand, ready to open the door of the Sepulchre. At a given moment, the Patriarch steps forward with two attendants, enters, and the door is closed.

Let me explain that there are two apertures to this enclosure, each about as large as the body of a good-sized child, through which comes the holy flame. We learned afterwards that the flame was given through one opening to the Greeks, and through the other, to the Armenians. For about ten minutes,

silence reigned, a hushed, expectant waiting for the Holy Fire. Suddenly there was a shout! A light was passed through the aperture in the north side of the Sepulchre—it was inside a silver case with a long handle—and blessed indeed was he who first received it, and from whom the light was given to others.

During the next half hour the scene was one of the utmost confusion and excitement. Even the soldiers ceased to strive to keep order. All pressed forward, with frantic effort and wild struggles, to light their candles. Hats were thrown off; aged men and women fell and were trampled upon, that those who were stronger might accomplish their purpose. But the light spread, and with such rapidity as to seem almost miraculous; for its appearance at many places all over the house was almost simultaneous. The Greek Chapel blazed with light; it was carried into the galleries; the lamps about the Sepulchre were lighted. Mounted horsemen, ready outside the door to carry it to the convents, received it, and the light, thus communicated, would be carried to Russia. It is pitiful to look upon such fanaticism; and it seemed impossible that the time could pass without some terrible accident. But the furor is soon over. The pilgrims then pass the flame over their faces, as if thus to prove its supernatural nature; then the candles are extinguished with cotton-batting which they have ready for the purpose; and henceforth they are to be kept for the most solemn occasions of their lives. Some of them are not again lighted until the day of their possessor's death.

The soldiers then again resume control and drive with whips the people into compact positions,

or oblige them to leave the building altogether. When space could be commanded, the Patriarch, the bishops, and a large body of priests, passed three times around the Sepulchre, carrying relics and banners; then they retired to their own chapel. Similar processions follow the first, the Armenians first, then the Copts. The English bishop at Jerusalem asked the Patriarch why such an imposition was permitted. His reply indicated that the church could not afford to give it up. So this great church, the leaders of which, at least, are enlightened, lends itself to this gross deception.

Jerusalem is a city of many races and many religions. The Jew worships in his synagogue, and the Moslem in his mosque. One quarter of the city is set apart for the Jews who come from their wandering and form a community by themselves. They crowd the narrow streets of Mount Zion, and are supported by their rich brethren abroad. In most instances they come that the dust of their bodies might lie with that of the patriarchs of old. It is not with the thought to better themselves. From all these Easter ceremonies they are excluded. They take no part; they are unbelievers in Christ. But with them, the Passover is observed as ever, they being ignorant of the fact that the Redeemer which it typifies was rejected and put to death by their race.

Easter services in the church of the Holy Sepulchre are gorgeous and grand beyond description. Amid chants, swelling organ strains, and triumphant voices, the whole is enhanced by incense, gold, gilt, flowers and color. The day fades into night, while still blaze forth the lights in this ancient church of the Holy Sepulchre.

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM TO HEBRON.

The air is fresh and delightful as we leave Jerusalem. In conversing with one of the ministers who rode with me, I spoke of the prophetic things yet to transpire in Jerusalem. Among them, that when the Lord should come again, he would stand on the Mount of Olives, which in that day would be rent in twain; and when he should show the wounds in his hands and feet to the hosts of Israel, they would believe on him. The Mount of Olives was not far away; it was right where our eyes beheld it, while we spoke of what its future shall be. "Then, too," I continued, "what a scene will be presented, when in these very streets the two prophets whom the Lord shall send, will be killed, and their bodies lie here for three days. Then life will enter into them again."

"Do you believe that?" he said. "Where do you find that scripture?"

I answered, "Revelation 11:7-12."

"Then you believe in a literal second coming of Christ and the fulfilment of all the prophecies?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know," he continued, "I said to the doctor last night, I wish we understood unfulfilled prophecy, like you do, and believed it as you do."

Our first stop was at the Well of the Wise Men. As the Wise Men journeyed to Bethlehem, it is said, they saw reflected in the clear water of this well, "The Star" which directed their course.

At Rachel's Tomb, a square, white building with a dome in a good state of preservation, we stood while the scripture was read, "And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, and Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Gen. 35:16). The simple story never before appealed to my heart as when I gazed upon this place. This, too, was the first mention made of the little town of Judea around which, to all of us, a halo will ever rest, as being the birth-place of the Prince of Peace. Nearly two thousand years have passed away, yet still it is dear to all who believe on His name. Was this the real place where Rachel, the beloved, was laid away from the sight of Jacob? A sigh denotes our sympathy; this is sacred ground. How strange it seems that she, the beloved, should be buried by the road side, away from the rest of the family! All respect this spot. Within the inclosed court, many Mohammedan priests are buried. Not far from here the village of Saul, where he was anointed king, is located.

Some very steep hills are met with in this drive, and, not to over-burden our horses, we got out and walked. Reaching the top of a high hill, we see a man plowing. His camel, like the soil, is very poor. The plowshare was only about four inches in depth, and the sight of him guiding it in and out among the rocks was a pitiable one. How desolate and dreary everything appears! When will the better time come? When will the latter rains be restored, that they who sow may reap a harvest? These fields are dry and stony; how hopeless seems the task to plant them!

Some of the party gave the man a few coppers and asked to be permitted to plow, that they might say they had plowed in the Holy Land. They could scarcely guide the plow for stones. Where did all these stones come from? What a tremendous labor it will be, ever to gather them together! Was a city once located here? When the land shall yield in its strength, these stones may be utilized in the dwellings of men; perhaps cities will arise; the land be relieved and watered and become fruitful. Now, where once the vine bore in abundance, where grass and flowers grew in profusion, barrenness and desolation reign.

It seems if one knew nothing of the Christ nor his words and mission, he could still feel the curse that rests on Judea, in and around Jerusalem. It is on herb, and tree, and people. How it thrills one to think of a time when the anger of God shall be turned away from Palestine, and this now uninviting place be restored to its former verdure!

Hebron, the second oldest city in the world, has a strange appearance; in fact, as we approach it, it seems like a heap of ruins—with no green thing visible. We could only ride to the foot of the hill, in Lower Hebron; from there we walked to Upper Hebron, through its narrow, dusty streets. The Pools of Hebron, which supply the place with water, glistened beautifully in the sunshine. They are one hundred and thirty feet in length by fifty in width. Like all the pools of this land, they are longer than wide; are square at the corners, with white, limestone walls, which cause the clear water to look a light green. As in the days of old, here they are today. Gazing at them, we think of those other days. One of the party read the scripture concerning them (II Sam. 4). We watched the women filling bags of skin with water;

and met them on the road carrying it to their homes; some with the skins on their heads, some, on their shoulders. In Hebron we saw about two dozen goat skins drying, stretched on forms to fit them. When the skin is prepared it is all sewed up except one opening; into this the water is poured. Hence it is that the legs stick out and look so queer, as the bags are being carried; almost like a big, fat goat itself. We think we could not relish a drink of that water.

The heavy stone wall of the Cave of Machpelah extends some distance beyond the steps of the Mosque. At one point, there is a large opening in the wall, where it was said we could look into the cave. This is not true, however, for as each one placed his hand to the hole, it came in contact with solid masonry. Less than a foot away we could touch the inner stones. Finding a loose stone there, it was only natural that my hand closed upon it. A relic from Machpelah! Not one of the company but envied me the possession of this memento. A solemn silence pervaded the sacred precincts of the Cave of Machpelah, while the words were read, "Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for the possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; and there I buried Leah." (Gen. 49:29, 30, 31.) From a slope near the wall, we looked into an open court between the outer wall and the mosque which tradition says is the tomb of Esau.

The anti-Christian spirit is very strong in Hebron. Not only were our Turkish guards with us, but they were re-enforced by the police of the city, who accompanied us from place to place, during the whole time we were

there. They went before us to the mosque, and stood on the sixth step, that none should pass beyond that limit. Everywhere our steps were dogged by groups of fierce, fanatical Mohammedans who jealously watch the sacred place. At the least provocation, they burst into the wildest fury, and would kill every one not of them; and they even seek an opportunity to do so.

Twice, within recent years, these sacred vaults have been seen by those not of Mohammed; the late Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley, in 1881; and later, by the Marquis of Butte, one representing the crown, the other the gold, of England. Since then it has been more sedulously guarded than ever, and remains the only sacred shrine in all Syria which cannot be unlocked with gold. But the time is not far distant when the ever-increasing greed of the Mohammedans will open it wide to the world; and once open, it will never be closed again. How massive and perfect the masonry of this ancient Jewish wall, supposedly built in the days of Solomon!

Dean Stanley, in describing the visit of the Prince of Wales, says, "the polished surface of the exterior staircase justifies Josephus' account of the marble-like appearance of the huge stones which compose it. At the head of the stair-case which shows by its ascent that the platform of the mosque is on the uppermost slope of the hill, there, if anywhere, the sacred cave will be found. A sharp turn revealed the wall from the inside, and a later wall of Musselmen times, built on top the Jewish enclosure. Here we were received by five or six persons who represented the forty hereditary guardians of the mosque. As we passed through the open court into the mosque, it became clear that the building originally had been a Byzantine church, resembling the cathedral of St.

Sophia at Constantinople, and later had been converted into a mosque. The whole building occupies perhaps a third of the platform; its windows may be seen above the top of the enclosing wall."

In describing the tombs of the Patriarchs, Dean Stanley says,

"Like most tombs in Christian or other churches, these do not profess to be the actual places of sepulchre, but are merely monuments or cenotaphs of the dead. Each, within a separate chapel, is a shrine, closed with gates or railing, like those surrounding the special chapels, or royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. In the recess to the right is the shrine of Abraham; in the recess on the left, that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. We were requested not to enter the shrine of Sarah, as being that of a woman. Over it lay a pall. The guardians groaned aloud as they opened the shrine of Abraham. The chief turning to us said, 'The princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter; but to the eldest son of the Queen of England, we are willing to accord even this privilege.' Then, stepping in before us, he offered this Prayer, 'O friend of God, forgive this intrusion!' The so-called tomb—a chamber encased in marble—consists of a coffin-like structure about six feet high, built up of stone or marble, and hung with three carpets—green, embroidered with gold—said to have been presented by Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, Selim I the conqueror of Egypt, and the late Sultan Abdul Meged.

"As we stood around the tomb, the guardian of the mosque kept repeating, 'To no one less than the representative of England.' The tombs of Isaac and Rebecca are placed under separate chapels, with windows, and gates grated with iron bars. The same decorum was observed at Rebecca's tomb, as at Sarah's. Our desire to enter Isaac's tomb was met with an objection. Surprised

that we could enter Abraham's tomb, and be denied the same privilege at Isaac's—his far less eminent son—we were told that the difference lay in the character of the two patriarchs; Abraham was full of loving kindness; he had even pleaded with God to spare Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself. But Isaac was proverbially jealous; and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. We were told that when Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Palestine) endeavored to enter he was driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunderstruck."

Dean Stanley continues,

"The chapel, in fact, contains nothing of interest; but an awe is here amounting to terror of the great personages, supposedly, lying beneath, who would be sensitive to any disrespect shown their graves; and would avenge it. In recesses corresponding to those of Abraham and Sarah—in separate cloisters—are the shrines of Jacob and Leah. Through the iron gate we could see two green banners reclining against Leah's tomb, but did not know their meaning. Another deep groan from the guardians, as the gate of Jacob's tomb was opened. The structure is like that of Abraham, but with carpets of a coarser texture. By general tradition, it is supposed that the body of Joseph, first interred at Shechem, was transferred to Hebron, and the peculiar situation of this tomb, agrees with the tradition. It is a domed chamber, less costly than the others; and though 'Zuleika' is inserted in the certificate, as that of his wife, no grave bearing that name is shown. A staff was hung in the corner of the chamber, and the windows painted as in the shrine of Jacob. It is thought that the embalmed bodies of Joseph and Jacob will yet be discovered in the cave of Machpelah."

These extracts from Dean Stanley's visit give all the

known information relative to the occupants of the cave of Machpelah. Ascending the hill at the back of the mosque, the whole exterior of Machpelah is revealed. Below us rises the dome of the mosque, some of its little windows are uplifted so that air and light may enter the cave. This part of the cave is called "The Friend," in honor of Abraham who was the friend of God.

Around the great natural springs in these countries, the flock and herd masters settle. A fountain provides a permanent camping ground. After separating from Lot, here Abraham dwelt; lived amicably with the owners of the soil, Mamre, Aner, and Eshcol. From here he journeyed, with his armed servants, those of his own household, three hundred and eighteen, and discomfited Chedorlaomer, and his followers. Here he besought God to spare Sodom and Gomorrah; but Lot was the only man saved of the doomed cities, whence he saw the smoke rise like that of a furnace. Here Sarah died and was buried in the cave he had purchased for his posterity; here, when full of years, he gave up the ghost. And here Isaac and Ishmael buried him, in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre. The manner in which Abraham bargained for the field is in perfect accord with the custom of the country. They are very polite to each other in business transactions, saying, "I pray thee," and "I pray thee," but the fact remains that Abraham knew just how to deal with them, in order to avoid future trouble.

Hebron is a city of history besides being the second oldest city in the world. The parts around speak not only of patriarchal days, but of other periods of the Jewish nation. Here was the possession of Caleb, the obedient to God's commands. Here David dwelt while he reigned over Judah; and it is world-famed as the place

of the cave of Machpelah. It is said that the iron work about one of the tombs in the cave was once out of repair. As they had no skilled smiths in Hebron, they had to send to Jerusalem for one. When he came, fifty soldiers opposed his entrance. Five hundred soldiers were sent down from Jerusalem, with an order for the smith to enter. This was long ago, but the fanatical Mohammedans are just the same today. Not many years ago, it is said, a man came from a certain country, with a permit from its ruler to enter. Presenting the permit, he was allowed to enter. But when he would leave, they said to him, "Your permit was for you to enter, not to leave the cave." So they fell upon him and killed him.

In Hebron, little is taught outside the Koran. The youth are drilled in the sentiment, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." There is no Christian church in Hebron, but quite a number of Jews reside here. They are distinguished by curls in front of the man's ears, and by the fur cap. They appear to be of a higher class than found in some other cities. Hebron's population is about eighteen thousand. Perhaps it never increases, for no houses look new, nor as if they had been built in the last thousand years.

At the glass factory, situated in an unwholesome street, all the glass ornaments, gaudy or otherwise, worn by the native women, are made. Glass lamps are also manufactured here. The sun nearly scorched us, as we wended our way back through the town. Scarcely a soul was to be seen; but at night the people refresh themselves on the roofs of their houses, where they sleep. At Lower Hebron, we found an excellent cold lunch spread. This had been sent down from Jerusalem; even the bottled water came from that city. Here, too, we met a cold wave, so that wraps and rugs were comfortable.

CHAPTER IX.

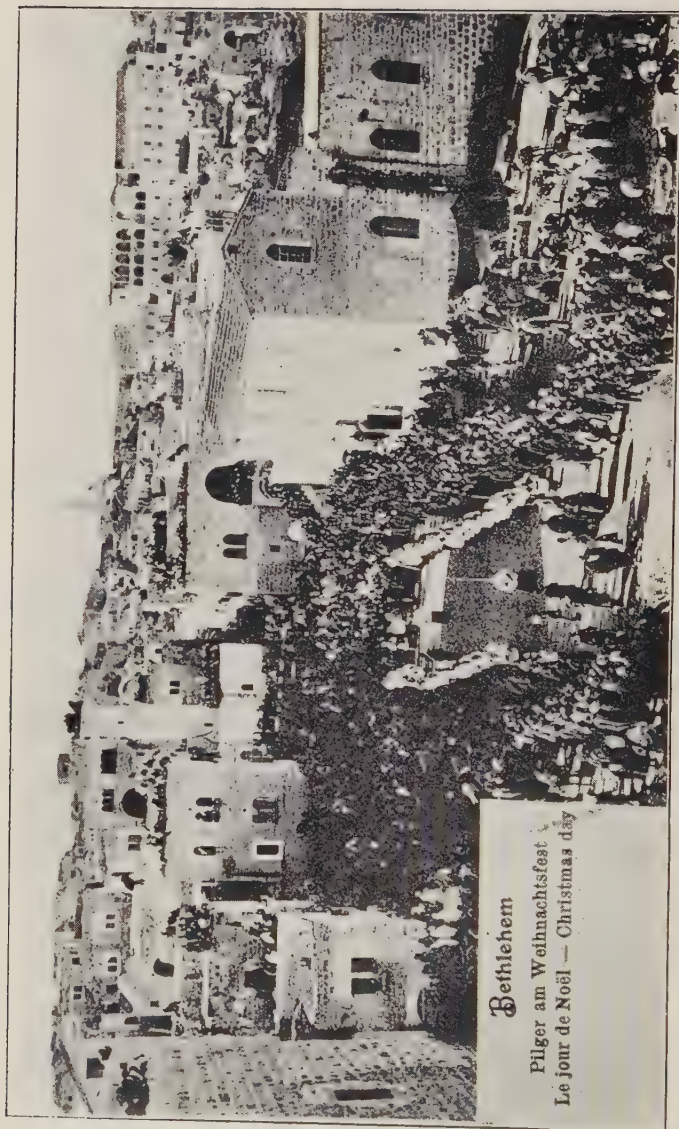
BETHLEHEM.

On the way to Bethlehem! How full of interest is the drive over the hills and vales, each heart throbbing with the thought that we are going to the city where Christ was born. About a mile from Hebron, we came to a fine gateway, the entrance into the grounds where stands the Oak of Abraham. Our way hither was doubtless through the valley of Eshcol. This oak and its neighbors are most likely the descendants of the oaks by which Abraham pitched his tent, after his separation from Lot, before Bethel, when "he removed and came and dwelt in the plains of Mamre, which is Hebron." Beneath the shade of the tree at his tent door, he sat when the three angels visited him, on their way to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. (Gen. 13; 18:1.) The traditional tree stands in a large grassy enclosure, a short distance from the main road. Around the trunk is a stone wall several feet high, filled with earth. Its girth is twenty-three feet. It has three main limbs, or branches, respectively measuring eight feet, fifteen feet six inches, and seven feet five inches, in girth. The continuous shade thrown by this tree is twenty-six feet three inches by seventy-eight feet; a thousand persons could easily stand in its shadow. In those days, groves of trees like these were probably abundant.

West of the valley, the land is now covered with a growth of stunted oaks, which are used by the people for fuel. The exceeding beauty of the valley, the great fountain not far away, and its lovely situation, would make



MRS. ALDER AS A RICH WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.



Bethlehem

Pilger am Weihnachtsfest
Le jour de Noël — Christmas day

CHRISTMAS DAY AT BETHLEHEM.

this a desirable place to camp. In this valley grew the grapes of Eshcol. Far as the eye can see are extensive vineyards; the vines generally look to be very old. The main stalk is thick, cut down very close, and lies on the ground. The reading of the scripture relating the incident of the visit of the angels, (men in appearance) make the narrative so real to us that we almost expected to see them, as they were then, and to hear Abraham salute them. Perhaps just where we stood, Abraham entertained angels unawares. Here he dwelt, engaged in his daily pursuits, and walked abroad. The best grapes of southern Palestine are grown here, thus confirming by name and quality the place where the spies obtained their specimen grapes and figs. Just over the wall, a field of reddish soil is pointed out, where tradition says father Adam was made out of the dust of the earth.

How happy we feel that Bethlehem does not appear like other towns hereabout; but that it is clean, and has a more modern appearance! Its streets are wide; the people are better dressed and seem of a different type. The women are particularly noticeable. "Maidens are wearing a light frame upon the head, covered with a long, white cotton or linen veil, which falls over the shoulders to the elbows. They have showy ear-rings; and, over the front of the head, showing some of the hair below it, and just under the veil, is a diadem of silver or silver gilt, with a band of ornaments of the same material, loosely fastened to it at both ends. Their black hair hangs on their shoulders in heavy braids just seen beneath the veil, which always leaves the face exposed; for are they not Christians? Their chief—it may be their only—garment is a long blue or striped gown, generally of cotton, loosely tied at the waist; with open sleeves hanging down to the knee, like those of a surplice. Its front above the waist is al-

ways set off more or less with red, yellow, or green patches of cloth, embroidered to the wearer's taste. Over this gown, however, the well-to-do are fond of wearing a bright-red, short-sleeved jacket, reaching in some cases to the knee."

Matrons have a somewhat different head-dress; the veil rests on top of a round, brimless, felt hat; much like that of a Greek priest, its front being ornamented, in most cases, with coins, or their imitation. All their ear-rings, and strings of coins, glitter around their necks, hanging at times down to the breast. The whole fortune of a maiden or matron alike, is often sewed on a head-dress, or hung around her neck. And some women have been murdered, in past days, for the sake of the wealth thus really changed into vanity. The men, though Christians, generally wear the turban; not a few, however, having only the red Turkish fez, a striped, wide-sleeved dressing gown of bright colored cotton, being thrown over the white or colored undershirt. The people, too, walk with a different air. Everything denotes prosperity, which is entirely lacking elsewhere.

The main street in Bethlehem is worthy of special mention; it looks progressive, and business-like—in one place almost forms a wide square. Here are the hotels and shops. The store where fancy things and souvenirs are sold, is in the building of the finest hotel. It is a wonder, in its display of beautiful goods, many of them made of mother-of-pearl. The principal industry seems to be the manufacture of this mother-of-pearl into many pretty, useful, and ornamental things. There are bracelets, strings of beads, breast pins, rings, shells, rosaries, and everything one can imagine, for wear or decoration, all made of this beautiful mother-of-pearl. The articles of this material, seen in other lands, are of poor quality, com-

pared with those displayed here. How they scintillate as the man turns them in his hands! What rare shadings they possess! Working with such pretty things must develop the mind and bring it up to a higher standard; and this is reflected in the manners and customs of the people.

Over the square, we walked to the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church in the world. The extremity of the narrow ridge is broken into an eastern and western elevation, by a depression near the center, where the church now stands, and must have stood in former days, an eligible position for a khan or inn. It is a little removed from the high-way leading from Jerusalem southward; is in a direct line of the road from adjacent valleys, from the Jordan and Dead Sea. The fact that a cave was here, was no doubt the reason for a khan being established; all natural advantages being utilized, then as now. It is a common thing, in this land, to find grottoes used not only by families, but by beasts and fowls. It is clearly apparent that in this instance the ancient "inn" was built upon, and against, the rock, and the cave used for a stable.

Presumably Joseph and Mary came at a late hour to the inn, and found, as is the case yearly at the great festivals, that all the best places on the elevated platform, running around the inside of the one-story building, and, even the open space on the floor, were occupied. In consequence of her condition, they were obliged to take such shelter as could be found, in the stable. Unloading the donkey, they spread their rugs and garments on the loose straw, and there, in the lowliest of places, the Redeemer was born.

Justyn Martyr, who was born in Palestine, at Flavia Neapolis, the ancient Shechem, or modern Nabulou, A. D. 103, and died A. D. 166, strongly advocated this posi-

tion, and place. He must have known those who knew the first disciples; and St. Jerome must have known those who knew Justyn Martyr, or some of his contemporaries. Then, too, the basilica built by Helena, mother of Constantine, must have been upon the accepted site of that time; and, to the present day, this is worthy of weighty consideration.

Many fierce conflicts have taken place in Bethlehem, even as in all the ancient towns and cities. Baldwin I was crowned king of Jerusalem here, 1101. He raised this city, revered by all Christians, to the dignity of an Episcopal See, and made the church a cathedral. The Moslems invaded Bethlehem, in 1010, but as a miracle, the building was preserved intact, and was so found by the Franks who, by the request of Christians, came to their aid.

Bethlehem, today, numbers about ten thousand inhabitants, nearly all Christians. It is divided into eight quarters. Besides the churches, it has several schools for girls, a seminary for female teachers of the British mission, and a German Protestant institution, containing a school for boys, and one for girls, besides the handsome church of St. Mary. From the north, Bethlehem does not appear as imposing as from the south; but, viewed on any side, it is picturesque, "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah."

In the church of the Nativity, or St. Mary's, all meet on common ground. This church enjoys the distinction of never having been turned into a mosque. To St. Jerome, who lived in Bethlehem, we are indebted for the translation of the Hebrew Bible into Latin. Jerome lived in the fourth century; and in this crypt lived, wrote, and died. His tomb is here, also that of Eusebius. The spot where Jesus was born is denoted by a bright, blazing

star, in an alcove, above which seventeen lamps of various colors, and belonging to the different sects, are always kept burning. The star is of silver, with a hole in it about six inches in diameter; in a circle around it are the words in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The inscription beneath the altar is in characters of gold. It is said the removal of one of these lamps was the cause of the Crimean war.

Words cannot describe our emotion as we gaze, spell-bound upon the scene! Here God was made manifest in the flesh! This, a deep mystery to some, its truthfulness rejected by others, is demonstrated to the outward senses. To the mind in harmony with God, truth is clear. It is not an uncommon sight to see women prostrate themselves and kiss the stone bedewed with their tears. The human heart must worship some object, higher, greater, than itself. This is innate; the desire emanates from the divine spark within us. Why the woman kisses the stone is evident to all who witness this act of devotion. She worships that Babe of Bethlehem; she may be ignorant, but her soul understands this truth that He was born in Bethlehem. A thousand thoughts throng the mind, as we stand gazing on this brilliance, almost dazzling to the sight. We did not cast ourselves down to worship the place of Christ's birth, although we felt we stood on holy ground, but our thoughts ascended to him, sitting on the right hand of the Father. Here and now, we consecrate our lives anew to his service, worshiping him in spirit and in truth. Here, heedless of all things around, even the loudly dressed Turkish soldiers, so in contrast with thoughts of devotion and worship, we bring gifts, even as did they of old, who stood here before us, nearly two thousand years ago. They saw the babe in the manger; we saw the place where he was born.

The shrine is common to all the sects, each having a chapel in the church. The space immediately in front of the entrance into the crypt was assigned to the Armenians. The Greeks had been in the habit of crossing this space diagonally from the door, leading from their chapel, but after the change was made, they were to come out of a door near the entrance, leading into the main aisle. The Armenian chapel was about fifty yards in width, and nearly square. This they carpeted, and in it erected a white, marble altar. The Greeks then violated their agreement; came out of the usual door, and walked across the Armenian chapel to the crypt. An encounter ensued and, it is said, some two hundred lives were sacrificed, and the marble floor ran with blood which must have splashed on the sacred manger where He, the Prince of Peace, was born. The Greeks cut the Armenians' carpet slant across, and walked into the crypt as before. And so it is to this day. As we had to wait some time for the service to end that was going on below, we studied our surroundings, especially the Mohammedan soldiers on guard. We thought of Turkey bearing rule in the land of the Cross. It seems so strange that those who believe not in Christ should control the Holy Land; that His manger should be guarded by Mohammedan guns! These guards speak excellent English; and, being asked why they guard with arms these sacred places, replied, with a shrug of their shoulders, "If it were not for us, you Christians would kill one another!" And this is true. So fanatical are the sects that they would kill every one who does not believe as they do. Attempts have been made to preach Christianity to the Turks, but they ask, "What better have you to offer us? We protect you from each other." Schools and colleges, and other halls of learning, they will hear about, but no religion.

A throng of people is now emerging from the crypt; and we descend into the semi-darkness immediately behind the soldiers, three of whom go quickly around the walls, on which curious and various emblems of the different faiths are hung, and as rapidly as one can think, they examine all the sacred things, touching each one to assure themselves that all is right. They go through this process, after each service, to ascertain whether or not the shrine has been robbed by the last worshipers! In descending we pass the blazing star, and the manger opposite, with its stone cradle, wherein lies a large, oddly-dressed doll, representing the Babe of Bethlehem. This cave of the Nativity is under the church. Its height is only ten feet; its measurement forty by sixteen feet. Right at its entrance is displayed, by Greek, Latin, and Armenian, the spectacle of their division, at the cradle of Him who said, "If ye are not one, ye are not mine." The cave is lighted by huge candles, in enormous candlesticks, which give forth a dim light in which, at first, things are not easily discerned.

In the chapel of the manger is a great painting of the Virgin and Child, surrounded by the wondering shepherds. West of the chapel of the Nativity, we enter another grotto. This is the chapel of St. Joseph, the shrine of St. Jerome, and the altar of the Innocent, a massive column which marks the spot where so many babes were slain through the cruelty of Herod. Above the tomb of St. Jerome is his likeness, clearly defined by the lights ever burning there. Here, too, are crude pictures of his friends, Paula, and her daughter Eustathia. This cave, near the birth-place of Jesus, and lighter and more roomy than the chapel of the tomb, was the favorite home of this renowned theologian. He abandoned the sumptuous couch, sunny chambers, and princely salons, that Rome or

the world could offer, and willingly exchanged them for the silence of this cave which invites thought and meditation. In this retreat he felt in touch with God, communed with him in spirit, and wrought out his world-renowned treatises on theology. By the Latins he was denominated the "Father of the church." His great work, however, was the translation of the Hebrew scripture into Latin.

The church of the Nativity, through whose low door one enters the main aisle, stands in front of the four main chapels, known in other churches as the choir. It is claimed that it was built by the Empress Helena, A. D. 327. Its proportions are imposing; but it is severely plain. Its rows of Corinthian columns were transferred, it is believed, from some great building in Jerusalem. They divide the area into four aisles, and constitute its only architectural beauty. It belongs to all, consequently, is really cared for by none. Hence, little thought is bestowed on its preservation, and there is real necessity for a general restoration. A wide aisle separates the Greek part of the church from the elaborate choir, or Latin portion. Here the priests walk to direct that neither party shall cross over his line. The Greek altar is large and beautiful, and the baptismal font has this touching inscription, "A memorial before God, for the forgiveness of those whom the Lord knows." The exterior appearance of this venerable church is that of a grand ruin; so destitute is it of anything modern or attractive. South of the church the eastern and southern valley is terraced on all sides and planted with olives and vines. There is also a valley to the north and east. A Latin convent here has a large garden, but its surroundings are not attractive. Below the convent, these two valleys meet, and run into one down toward the wilderness of Judea. This was the



A KHAN OR INN. PALESTINE.
Presumably like the one in which our Lord was born.



GLEANNING IN THE FIELD OF BOAZ.
BETHLEHEM.



BEDOUIN WARRIOR.



BETHANY.

scene of the story of Ruth, intermingled with which is the field of the shepherds; and here David tended his father's flocks. In the sunset's ruddy glow, a halo is cast over the scene. We can well imagine David running over these hills, so vividly comes to mind those who dwelt here ages ago. Leaving the church with all its legends and mysteries, we visited the field of the shepherds where they watched their flocks by night. The sun is just sinking in the west; its last rays paint with glory the mountains of Moab, around whose base cling misty purple clouds. The works of man may change, but this is the work of nature. A sublime stillness lies over the scene; a peace that must have come when the angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men." A solemnity falls upon us, as we gaze. Over there are the fields, upon whose grassy slopes the sheep fed; and where the wide-eyed kine wondered at the mid-day brilliance of that first Christmas morn. Scarcely a word is uttered; here our hearts beat fast, here where the greatest event of the world was heralded by heavenly messengers. It was here that earthly ears heard angelic strains. Not far away lies the little plain where, under a grove of olives, is located the chapel, desolate and neglected, known as "The Angel of the Shepherds." From the plateau overlooking the fields, the landscape near and far is glorified. The last rays of the sun glinting on the mountains reveal shady nooks and ravines, while the olive trees are defined against the crimson background. The brook of Adullam, clear as of yore, flows by the cave where David cut off a piece of Saul's garment. In this stillness, one of the party read the twenty-third Psalm. Having photographed the place forever on our minds, we reluctantly turn our faces toward Bethlehem. In climbing up the steeps where the shepherds went before us, long ago, the words, "Whither thou goest, I will go," are spoken by

the stillness, and Ruth and her mother-in-law are with us.

Not far from Philip's Fountain, it is believed that Zacharias and Elizabeth lived, and that the Franciscan convent of St. John stands on the reputed site. On a slab, in the marble floor, a Latin inscription reads, "Here the forerunner of our Lord was born." A picture on the altar place represents the visit of Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, when they told their secrets to each other.

Can any one imagine the loneliness of the desert of Judea? No human foot passed there; nor eye beheld its wild desolation. In that solitude John learned the theology not of this world; and things not lawful to utter were revealed to him. He was taught of God for the great mission whereunto he was called. And from the desert he came crying unto all men to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins.

Westward, in Bethlehem, is David's Well, fifteen to twenty feet deep, located a little below the street where stood the house of Obed and Jesse. "O that I had a drink of the water from the well at the entrance of Bethlehem!" so cried David, wearied with battle, and longing for a refreshing draught, when he thought of the well of his youthful days. How vividly the story comes to mind, as we ourselves taste of the clear, cold water. (I Chron. 11:17.) Three of David's soldiers heard him express that wish, and, cutting their way through the lines, they journeyed to Bethlehem. Filling their jars with the water, they presented them to David in his tent, telling him of their exploits. Then David poured the water on the ground; he would not drink the price of blood! This story, read from the scripture here in Bethlehem, where the evening shades of the Orient seem to glorify the scene, touched every heart.

On Bethlehem's main road, we observed rows of low

shops and, peering into one of them, saw three men sitting back of some blocks of stone. One of them picked up a handful of strings of mother-of-pearl beads, and showed us how they were polishing them. It must be here that this manufacture is carried on. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are also engaged in the manufacture of fancy articles made of wood and coral, and a mixture of lime and bitumen from the Dead Sea. Bethlehem is also the market town for a large surrounding region, engaged in agriculture, and the cattle business.

Our visit to Bethlehem took place in the month of April and we saw shepherds in the fields tending their flocks; but since rain falls in torrents almost continuously in the month of December, no shepherds are then to be found in the fields.

THE GLORY OF BETHLEHEM.

In Bethlehem I stood—'twas eve, ere yet
The dying sun was hid in banks of gold;
His brilliant glory spreads a radiance far—
Bathes Moab's mountains as with splendor old.

A golden crown rests on their rugged heights,
Lights up the dark ravines where shadows brood:
Then slowly fades the glow, and purple mists
Fall gently, nestling there in tender mood.

Truth's signet is on this most thrilling scene,
O'er Bethlehem where Jesus Christ was born;
Though silent now the "Hallelujah Song,"
Lo! here 'twas heard on that first Christmas morn.

Intent I gaze—the panorama grand still here,
Where man-made glories wrecked and ruined lie—
The landscape fair as on that glorious day,
When angels sang the sweetest lullaby.

And people living here the simple life,
Slow dream away the days that come and go;
Unconscious that a world owns Bethlehem,
Or that its wondrous star fore'er will glow.

When Christmas carols sound o'er land and sea
Love's off'ring to the Christ of Bethlehem;
O'er fair Judea's plains still gleam the stars
That listened when the angels sang to men.

I turn to other lands,—roam o'er the earth,—
Yet memory paints this bright Judean scene;
The mountains dipped in gold, birds slow of wing,
And crimson clouds, with rifts of gold between.

CHAPTER X.

SOLOMON'S POOLS.

Solomon's Pools are situated just off the traveled road, about half way between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and are one of the features of southern Palestine. Even in this advanced age of engineering, these reservoirs cannot but excite interest for the ingenuity exhibited in their construction. These are the pools of which Solomon spoke when he said, "I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." They are similar to three small lakes. The length of the first is three hundred and eighty-four feet, the breadth is two hundred and thirty-two feet, and the depth one hundred and seventy-five feet. The third is the largest: five hundred and eighty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-five feet in breadth. Wide stone steps lead to the bottom of the bank; a little channel above the cistern supplies the reservoirs through an arched conduit with water from a hidden spring, called "the sealed fountain."

Looking into the channel one sees the water gushing from rock to rock. Not far off are the "Gardens of Solomon," watered by a purling rill. These gardens are two miles in length, and supply the Jerusalem market with fruit to this day. At this time, when the Zionists are attracting so much attention to the agricultural aims of the race, it is well to know that in this ancient garden a colony of Jews are the cultivators of the land, under the guidance of English superintendence. Though at first it seemed likely that the scheme might be a failure, time

has proved that there need be no doubt of their success as agriculturists.

By means of these immense reservoirs, and their aqueducts, water was conveyed in those ancient days all the way to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, as the main, perhaps only, water supply. This was a work worthy of King Solomon, Israel's greatest king. For many years these aqueducts were out of use, being out of repair; but within the last two or three years they have been restored and are a great boon to Jerusalem, whose chief water supply before was the securing of the uncertain rainfall during autumn and spring. Such a supply of water as the city now possesses has been a great need for years.

Wealthy English philanthropists had offered from time to time to renew these conduits, but their suggestions were never received by the Sultan, who was ever ready to receive the price they were willing to pay, but not willing to permit them to take the matter in their own hands. Finally, impelled by the extreme scarcity of water in Jerusalem, during a year of much epidemic disease, the Turkish ministry of public works determined to begin the work of reconstructing these ancient pools of Solomon and so bring the fresh water to Jerusalem. The first earthen pipes were defective, and were later supplanted with iron pipes weighing altogether two hundred tons.

The water course was to be discharged toward the southwestern end of the city into two large reservoirs, thus securing water enough for the whole population. The expense of this work was estimated at two million francs. By these means two thousand five hundred cubic meters of water are conveyed to the Holy City, daily. It was proposed by the company to give one thousand meters, free of charge, to the poor of Jerusalem; and this precious gift is distributed at the Mosque of Omar, the

Holy Sepulchre, and wherever else pilgrims congregate in large numbers. The new conduits join the ancient aqueducts of Acrub, and are carried through a tunnel three thousand five hundred and seventy meters in length.

The inauguration of this most interesting and necessary enterprise, took place in the presence of the civil and military authorities, and the clergy. To add solemnity to the ceremony two sheep were slaughtered in the out-gate of the fountains. By this most solemn offering, the work was consecrated. Thus a great boon and blessing were bestowed upon Jerusalem and its inhabitants. Now pure water is served at no great expense to the people, where before, they suffered for the lack of this precious fluid. Perhaps the filthy conditions once prevailing were due to the scarcity of water, the lack of rain, and the expense of peasants bringing water in stone pots, on their heads, from the springs of neighboring villages. This condition is forever passed, and a bright day has thus dawned in Jerusalem.

The country around Solomon's Pools is green, hilly, and luxuriant; olive trees and vines abound. The air is delightfully cool and refreshing, and is fragrant with the herbs and shrubs that grow on the roadside; while the sky is usually a cloudless blue. The pools are built like other pools of this land,—longer than wide, square at the corners, and walled up with lime-stone. They are situated near the base of a side hill.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO SAMARIA.

The old Roman road, leading northward from the Damascus Gate, the very same as Christ journeyed on to Galilee, soon brings the traveler to the ruins of Gibeah of Benjamin, once the residence of Saul, first king of Israel. It is here where the pathetic incident occurred of Rizpah, watching with so much maternal tenderness over the graves of her two sons, from about May to October or November. In the Orient it was customary to bury their dead in such shallow graves that it was necessary for this mother to keep her vigil day and night, to prevent jackals, vultures and hyenas from devouring the bodies of her dead. "How mother love appeals to all that is worthy in the human heart!"

The names of towns in the East often apply to the districts where they are located; for instance, Bethany not only means the city where dwelt Mary and Martha, but the whole district of which Bethany is the principal village. By Gibeah we mean not only the royal city of Saul, but the district of which it was the capital. Thus we may harmonize the passage which refers to Gibeah, in the field, and Saul's abode being in the uttermost part of Gibeah. From here it is only about two hours journey to ancient Bethel, the house of God, so named in commemoration of the manifestation given there by God, to his servants and patriarchs. The first manifestation of which we have record was to Abraham, when he first entered Canaan, and called upon the name of the Lord by the altar he had built. Here Jacob received his wonderful vision of the ladder, that reached from earth to heaven, on which he

saw angels ascending and descending from earth to heaven.

In after times the Ark of the Covenant, in the days of Phinehas, was kept here for years. Situated on the high-way between Jerusalem and Shechem, favored Bethel prospered. Portions of a paved road-bed may still be seen; a few of the mile stones are still standing, while some are lying by the way. Half a mile east of the modern village, the supposed site of Jacob's vision is marked by the ruins of a square tower. Near the place we saw an Arab wrapped in his aba, or cloak, fast asleep by the way-side. And curious enough, under his head was a large stone like unto the one whereon Jacob slept, on his way to Padan-Aram. Many thoughts arise of our Bible class days, when we studied about Jacob and his vision on the way to Padan-Aram; when we had little or no conception of the way he traveled. Now we view the reality; here is the road, and here is an example of the custom that prevails throughout Palestine. The head is protected by the thick turban worn, so that the stone may be even a comfortable pillow.

The evidence of the Crusaders' visit to this spot is seen in the ruins of a large Christian church, which mark the supposed camping place of Abraham, on his return from Egypt, and where he parted with his nephew, Lot. Just below where Abraham erected his altar, are rock-hewn reservoirs and rather remarkable ancient ruins; perhaps the remains of Ai, the second place captured by Joshua when he conquered the land. Still further east, perched high on a craggy cliff, is Michmash, where Jonathan, with only his armor-bearer, surprised and put to flight the whole garrison of the Philistines.

And just here where the mountain slopes down into the valley, up which winds the road from Jericho to

Bethel, Elisha was returning from Gilgal when the children mocked this aged prophet, and two hungry bears came "out of the wood" and destroyed forty and two of their number. In this region bears are still found, and if trees were allowed to grow, forests would cover the hills, as when Joshua's army lay in ambush on these slopes. It was somewhere here, perhaps in this same valley, where the lion came from the jungles along the Jordan, which slew the disobedient prophet who came out of Judah. Jeroboam chose Bethel as his royal residence; built great palaces here, and houses of ivory, inlaid with ivory, making it the seat of the idolatrous worship of the golden calf. In his wrath, God scattered the ashes of the house of Idols to the four winds of heaven. Amos said, "Bethel shall come to naught," and verily the prophecy has been fulfilled. Only a few hovels are found here today, and a large ancient spring, where the village maidens fill their water-pitchers as of old, and who know nothing of the history or sacred associations of the place.

At Shiloh, an old time day's journey from Jerusalem, we found ruins of an old church, under a venerable oak. Here it is supposed the Tabernacle was set up, after the conquest of Canaan. Here Eli, the High Priest, officiated, and Samuel ministered before the Lord.

How many memories cling around Jacob's well! Here we read of the visit of Jesus to the well, while all stood in silence, the gentlemen holding their hats in hand, as elsewhere is always done when the scriptures relating to each particular place are read. This is the Plain of Moreh where Abraham first pitched his tent in the Land of Promise. The well lies under the floor of the chapel. This well is one of the holy sites of Palestine, about which there can be no doubt. It is not far from Nabulous. The village Sychar corresponds to the village of Askar, on

Mount Ebal, which is about a thousand feet away from the well, where the woman of Samaria lived.

The new carriage road from Jerusalem lies above the well. A wall surrounds the garden and adjoining olive orchard, all owned by the Greek church. In the heart of the garden the well is situated. In the stone chapel, over the well, religious services are held daily. The approach to the well is down a few steps to the floor of the chapel. It is about three feet in diameter and built up with stones. That it is a well, is tested by all who visit there. The guide ties a rope to a pan so that it remains level; then on it places a lighted candle, then he slowly lowers it into the well; at the depth of about sixty feet, it comes to a stop, resting on the water. On the marble sill of the well, which is some distance above the floor, are marks of ropes which for ages have been lowered into it. To thoroughly convince us that this was a well, the guide drew up water which most of us tasted, not, however, drinking it freely. The washings of earth and debris from the mountains have filled up the valley, so that now the well is below its former level. No doubt, it was on the curb of this well that the Savior sat, at the weary noon hour, hot and faint, and talked to the woman of Samaria, as recorded in the fourth chapter of St. John, telling her of the water of which if one drank, he should never thirst more.

It is only a five-minute walk from here to Joseph's tomb, in which, in an enclosure of about twenty by thirty feet, were placed the ashes of Jacob's beloved son. All stand with bare heads while the scripture is read pertaining to Joseph and the bringing of his ashes up from Egypt. A soft breeze kisses the forehead, and, for the moment, assuages the heated brow. Peace is here, quiet everywhere; and the words from God's own Book fall on the ear like a benediction.

Nabulous, the old city of Shechem, lies between Mt. Gerizim, on the south, and Ebal, on the north. The power of the Samaritans was centered in this city, in early times. They are fast dying out, but retain their ancient traditions; they claim they are the true Israelites, and speak disparagingly of the Jews elsewhere. Today there is a high priest among them who claims descent from the tribe of Levi. A recent traveler there describes him "as about eighty years of age, of fine physique, and well preserved, possessing a refined and scholarly looking face, while his general appearance is that of a prophet of old." In the care of this high priest are the original manuscripts of the five books of Moses. He says they were written by one of the descendants of Aaron, and date back to twelve years after the Israelites came into the Holy Land; thus making them nearly four thousand years old. Says this writer, "they are the oldest Bible manuscripts in existence. They were written in the Hebrew of the times of Moses, upon long sheets of parchment, about two feet in width. The scrolls are rolled upon two rolls, each tipped with a silver knob, and are so arranged that they can be rolled and unrolled as they are read. The ink is still plain, and the letters distinct, although the parchment is yellow with age. These manuscripts, treasured by the Samaritans, are kept in a brass case, inlaid with gold. They are said to have been dug up about three hundred years ago, and have been the source of much controversy among Oriental scholars. Though they are believed by the Samaritans to have been written by the grandson of Aaron, the Jews reject them as false, and denounce the Samaritans as Pagan outcasts from the children of Israel."

There appears to be about two hundred of the sect living now, and they practice the same religion as in the days of Christ. They celebrate the feasts of the Passover

and Pentecost as they did then, eating their passover with their shoes bound on their feet, and staves in hand, as if about to start on a journey. They camp in tents on the mountain top, and smear the blood of sacrifice on the tent doors, in commemoration of the passing of the death angel over their forefathers in Egypt. They select the male lamb, which is free from spot or blemish, as a sacrifice, and when the throat is cut, at the flow of blood, they shout over and over again, "There is but one God!"

"As soon as the animals are killed, they are scalded, and the wool removed, also the entrails, which are salted. Then a pole is thrust through each lamb, and it is laid on the hot coals of a fire laid in a trench, and then covered with brush and earth. While the cooking is going on, the people pray, and continue to pray until sunset. Ten minutes after sunset, they begin to eat the meat, being careful not to break a bone. At the conclusion of the feast, the bones are all burned." All this is in the similitude of the great Sacrifice which was to be offered up for the redemption of man.

We read that in the days of Christ he and the twelve ate the Passover reclining, or sitting. No doubt, this was to typify that they were at the end of the journey, and not just starting out, as when they ate the Passover in Egypt.

These Samaritans possess the true Jewish instinct, for though they claim so much reverence for those ancient manuscripts, a committee of them from Nabulous have but recently offered them for sale in London. In speaking of this, the more devout claim that it was not the originals, but copies that were thus offered for so small a price. The Samaritans are desperately poor and despised by both Moslems and Jews. Their temple stood on the summit of Gerizem, where they still observe the Passover. Samaria, long the capital of Israel, once grand and

beautiful, with exquisite colonnades, now buried in debris, and Dothan where Elijah smote his enemies with blindness, and where Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, have been seen and are now a part of our lives forever. Voices appear to rise from the very stones, and declare to us that these things are true; and the word of God, too, thunders forth the truth of the story of the past.

Some of the party chose to make the visit to Samaria on horseback, so left Jerusalem two or three days in advance of us, who still lingered in the Holy City, loath to leave its sacred precincts, desiring to see more of it and its inhabitants. A small, open square, surrounded by a stone wall is opposite our hotel. Here a number of poor Fellahin crouched on the ground, patiently awaiting a customer to buy their bundles of scraggly wool. I feel sure some of them waited there for days. Each bundle, at best, would only bring its owner a few piasters. Yet, for that mite they must wait day after day. These men and even children look hopeless when they lift their bundles for the purchaser, the rough knots cruelly pressing into their backs. How I pitied them, and have never forgotten the scene which moves the heart to sympathy.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

JERICOHO.

We passed out of St. Stephen's Gate, and over the road so often traversed by Jesus on his way to and from Bethany. Donkeys were bringing meat into Jerusalem on plain saddles, and hanging across them on either side were quarters of mutton which seeing, we were glad we were numbered with those who do not eat meat in these hot, iceless countries.

The Apostle's Fountain, a fountain erected over a spring, with a modern building used as a restaurant, is located in Cheese valley. It was here that David fled from his son Absolom. In one of the trees which in those days grew high and thick on the surrounding mountains Absolom was found hanging by his beautiful hair, dead. Outlined against a hazy sky, the mountains possess a beauty all their own. We are now approaching the wildest and most dangerous part of our journey to the south. The tescora issued to each of us entitles us to the protection of the Turkish government; and two heavily-armed, mounted guards accompany us. They are fine-looking fellows, with arched mouths and glistening, white teeth, a striking contrast to their dark skins. They make quite a romantic picture, as they look into the carriages and smile fascinatingly at the ladies, and broadly at the gentlemen who heap favors upon them.

The Good Samaritan Inn, is situated in a wild, desert

place, corresponding to that where the scene of the parable is laid, of the man who fell among thieves. Bandits now infest these mountains. Not long ago an Englishman, who disregarded all advice to the contrary, set out from Jerusalem alone. He was attacked and beaten almost to death, near this place. This is why all visitors south from Jerusalem, today, must have a guard. The mountains are thrown up in heaps, as if they had been torn to pieces. Fierce mountain torrents are ever washing rough gullies through which new roads must constantly be made. On all sides are precipices and wild ravines, a fit abode for bandits. The hills are yellow, of which color also is the deep dust of the road. Anywhere here might be the place where the man referred to in the scriptures was robbed long ago, and it would not be pleasant, today, to meet one of those outlaws, in any of these gorges. A few years ago these parts were only traveled by horse or donkey, but at present many strong, fine carriages are kept for hire in Jerusalem, hence modern travel is much improved not only here but in all the Holy Land. The descent to the plain of the Jordan is very rapid. We were compelled, therefore, to walk down two very steep hills.

The Ain-El-Sultan, or Elisha's fountain, is located about two miles from the Jericho of today. The people of Jericho besought Elisha to heal the waters of Ain-El-Sultan, because they were troubled. The prophet cast salt on them, out of a new cruse, declaring "thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters, there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." An abundance of shade trees grow about the spring and by the running water. The pool is clear as crystal. Though thousands of years have passed since Elisha uttered that prophecy, yet are the waters clear and sweet to this day; and the

spot is a beauty and delight in this torrid valley. "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my Lord saith; but the water is naught; and the ground barren (II Kings 11:19-21).

About one mile and a quarter from the site of the old city, is the supposed site of the second, or Herod's, Jericho. Over this vast plain, only a few huts are now scattered where once the famous city stood. A laughing urchin or two, seemingly perfectly happy, clothed each in a single rag, ran by the side of our carriage for some distance. The heat is so oppressive that only the lowest forms of life survive. Great activity is noticeable in excavations which are being made by the Austrians on the edge of the Jordan. They claim to have discovered the site of old Jericho. About three hundred people are engaged in this work. Both men and women dig among the ruins; and the Austrians have built a railway to carry the ground outside the walls. Steel cars are used and these are pushed by hand. Many relics are unearthed and historical facts discovered. The mounds show the remains of a great fortress city, undoubtedly the Jericho of Canaan, which lies on the great plateau, surrounded with walls, some of them of stone. The city had inner walls, and a citadel, and was flanked with strong towers, which show that the city within them was about one thousand two hundred yards long and five hundred and twenty-five yards wide. Many of the houses have been unearthed, and streets exposed over which people passed thousands of years ago. In the ruins are heaps of broken pottery, water vessels of various shapes, and numberless once useful articles are strewn on the ground. The stone walls are built without angles. Tools of bronze were used in the work done nobody knows how long ago. So far, this research has cost about eight thousand dollars. The plateau on which

the city is built, is egg-shaped, and lies just above the plains of the Jordan. The white canvass coverings used over the heads of the Austrian experts, give that part of the plain quite an air of industry. And such a thing as activity on the plains of Jericho, where before only existed idleness and degradation, is a wonder. The pleasant hotel Bellereve is the best in modern Jericho. A valuable spring of water and a number of trees make the place a veritable oasis. Modern Jericho is built nearer to the entrance of the plain than the ancient ones. We read of the two spies who were sent to Jericho, and about the Lord saying, "Achor robbed things from Jericho, so God cursed Jericho, and Achor died in the valley."

After luncheon we took a walk under the shade of the trees. We saw the spring which had supplied the cold water we had so eagerly quaffed. The water was very clear, and we could see the toads and other live things sporting at the bottom, which caused some qualms in our stomachs, that for a time came near upsetting their equilibrium. "We sleep tonight," said one of the party, who read Joshua 6, "in the accursed city of Jericho." During the evening while we sat under the trees, gospel songs floated out upon the breeze, and the full moon flooded the scene with splendor. We felt not the curse of Jericho, but slept peacefully, regardless of the ancient stirring events which had taken place in our close proximity.

Modern Jericho is called Eri-ha; and Gilgal was in this immediate neighborhood. The present few, scattering palm trees are but remnants of the numbers that clustered around and within ancient Jericho. There seems to have been a reservoir around Elisha's fountain in the ancient day, semi-circular in shape, and constructed of hewn stones, from which the water was conveyed by aqueducts over the plain below. The stones are now mostly all

broken, and the water runs as it wills, giving life to many thorny trees and bushes. And here, about, stood old Jericho. Ruins of buried walls, and foundations of unhewn stone covering a large tract, are proofs that some long-lost city once stood here. Recent excavations reveal this fact. In some instances these foundations and stones have been built up to the fountain. As houses and streets are laid bare in the excavations, all about old Jericho will be made plain. Eri-ha, or modern Jericho, is comprised of about fifty hovels, huddled together promiscuously a short distance west of the square tower, where it is said the house of Zacchæus stood. This cluster of human habitations are the most squalid we have ever seen. The huts are only a few feet high, and flat-roofed. The walls are of small, unhewn stones, slovenly put up; over them are thrown bushes, brush and corn stalks; over that, a thin layer of soil. The prevailing conditions here are in our estimation unbearable. The lazy, wretched natives eke out an existence by begging and stealing. Yet this immense plain could be made most beautiful and productive, for by proper use of the springs now in existence, the water could be distributed miles and miles, to revivify the plain and again make it invaluable. When will it be priceless as of yore?

On account of the great difference in climate, the Arabs of Jericho and the plain, are many shades darker than those only a few miles distant therefrom. A peculiar kind of brush, which forms almost an impenetrable barrier, surrounds the huts which they inhabit. The branches are plaited together, and the thorns are so sharp that neither horse nor man can pass through. But the Jericho of today has besides a number of houses which are quite European in style, and several good hotels, considering their distance from modern civ-

ilization. This improvement has been brought about by the large number of tourists who now frequent the Holy Land. As their numbers increase so will the accommodations; and changes also as a consequence will come among the people. All these towns are kept alive by travelers, and their people, coming more and more in contact with foreigners, learn new customs and languages. The hotels are run principally by Europeans, in them English alone is spoken, as it also is in all cities and at all stopping places where curios are displayed for sale. This is the case also at all the mission schools, convents and orphanages. When the tourist season is over, the hotel people go up to Jerusalem for the summer months, away from the heat.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT JERICO.

The Biblical history of Jericho is soon told. In Numbers 22:1 it is defined as the place where the children of Israel encamped at Abel-shittim, in the plains of Moab. In Deuteronomy the name occurs among the places seen by Moses in his survey of the Promised Land, and there it is called "The City of Palm Trees." Jericho was the center of Hebrew national life, for some length of time after the events recorded in the second, sixth and seventh chapters of Joshua: the visit of the spies; Rahab's secreting them; the miraculous overthrow of the walls; the city's utter destruction, Joshua's curse against any man who should rebuild it, and the punishment of Achan. Thereafter, for four hundred years, no mention is made of Jericho. That a city did again spring up seems certain, for David appointed Jericho as the place where his messengers should retire, after their return from their mission of condolence to Hanan, king of the Amorites. "Tarry at Jericho, until your beards shall be grown," was the message. A century later we read that, "Heil, the Bethelite, did build Jericho; he laid the foundation and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Sejub, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by Joshua, the son of Nun." A few years later, Elijah, in company with Elisha, passed through Jericho, on his way to the Jordan; and on the other side of that river, he was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Kings 2. At that time, strange as it may seem, there was a large school of the sons of the prophets in Jericho, notwithstanding that over it hung the curse of Joshua.

In II Chronicles, 28, we have a beautiful history, serving as an example of justice and mercy; here we also learn the number of people who inhabited this part, at that time. The slain numbered one hundred and twenty thousand in one day, and there were carried away captive two hundred thousand women, sons and daughters, and much spoil, and brought to Samaria; but Obed, a prophet of the Lord, remonstrated. Then the heads of the children of Ephraim stood up against them that came from the war, and said, "Ye shall not bring in the captives hither; for whereas, we have offended against the Lord already, ye intend to add more to our sins and to our trespass; for our trespass is great, and there is fierce wrath against Israel. So the captives and the spoil were left before the princes and all the congregation. And the men who were expressed by name rose up and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them and shod them, and gave them to eat and to drink, and anointed them, and carried all of the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees, to their brethren; then they returned to Samaria."

In the new Testament we read that our Lord passed that way and performed miracles there. One of our party read here the scriptures referring to these things. How clear the meaning seems; how it appeals to us, standing where the events transpired! Of the great stone that Joshua set up under the oak at Shechem he said, "Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us. (Joshua 24:27.)

So these fountains and fields, these hills and these vales, have witnessed His wonderful works. After a period of six hundred years Jericho is spoken of in the his-

tory of Christ, and he seems, at least twice, to have entered it. The Jericho of that day was probably located near where Eri-ha is today. But how all is changed since Jericho was the flourishing "City of Palms," and Zacchæus, the little man of wealth, climbed up the sycamore tree to get a sight of Jesus. Now all are gone, palms, sycamores, city, and inhabitants, all vanished with the days long gone! Still, the spot remains, the scenes of nature are as then, the blind are still there, and all are beggars, and the children, often without attire, run beside the tourist crying, "backseesh." According to Mark 10: 46-52, the Lord restored the blind to sight here. Beggars and blind are a common sight today. Luke 19 says, "Jesus entered, and passed through Jericho." It was on that occasion that the meeting with Zacchæus took place. Zacchæus was chief among the publicans, and the Lord on this occasion exclaimed, "Make haste and come down; for today I must abide at thy house." While in Biblical history Jericho is not again mentioned, Josephus speaks of it, both in the *Antiquities* and the *Jewish Wars*. Pompey, on his way to Jerusalem from Damascus, spent one night in Jericho. In the time of Mark Antony, Jericho was plundered by Roman soldiers. Cleopatra visited here; and to her Mark Antony assigned the almost priceless revenue of the palm gardens.

It was at the time that she was returning to Egypt from the Euphrates, whither she had accompanied Mark Antony, and was the guest of Herod the Great, in Jerusalem. In *Ecclesiasticus* we read, "I was exalted as a rose plant in Jericho." Palms of different varieties, all bearing choicest fruit, then abounded. One solitary survivor remains, and stands like a lone sentinel close to the town of Eri-ha.

From Josephus we learn that balsam, a precious

drug, was produced here. *Ant.* 4:2. Josephus seems to think that the balsam-bearing tree was introduced by the Queen of Sheba, when she visited Solomon. A thorny bush, called Zukem by the Arabs, may be the deteriorated tree, once so precious. Classic writers all agree that this was the country which produced the most costly balm, but did it not first come from Gilead, or how is it called the balm of Gilead? The Ishmaelites to whom Joseph was sold were bearing balm of Gilead to Egypt. Yet, it is said that the tree did not grow in Gilead; but the name may apply to a district, and not to a city. That the tree does not now grow in Gilead, is not necessarily a proof that it never grew there.

A Christian bishopric was early established in Jericho; later, the spot became the place visited by all pilgrims; and around it sprang up a large number of convents, caves and anchorite habitations. Visitors from all parts of Christendom come to view the ancient ruins, or bathe in the waters of Esh-Sheri-ah, as the Jordan is now called. Lieutenant Condor found that the name Jiljulich was given to the large open pool, about a mile to the east of Eri-ha, so that it is possible Gilgal was in this immediate vicinity. According to Josephus it was fifty furlongs from the Jordan, and ten from Jericho. The Hebrew camp must have included the site of the present Eri-ha, for that is about ten furlongs from Ain El Sultan. The ancient Jericho must have been of limited dimensions, for the sacred record informs us that on the last day of the siege, by Joshua, the procession of priests, bearing the Ark, compassed the city seven times. As they could not have been very near the walls, which enclosed the space of perhaps a mile, the distance traveled on that day by the priests would have been about thirty miles which does not seem credible. The name Gilgal must have embraced a

large district. The place where the tabernacle was pitched might have spread over the entire plain, for there were some two millions of people with all their possessions; though they may have been crowded, yet they must have extended down to the Jordan. Apparently Gilgal was never a large city, although the tabernacle and all its appurtenances were at Gilgal; the priests, even there, continued to dwell in tents, and when the tabernacle was removed to Shiloh, all the camp went with it, leaving no trace of a permanent existence.

While viewing this plain the thought vividly presents itself, what an astounding change has taken place here! For centuries Gilgal was the center of the entire Hebrew people, who dwelt on both sides of the Jordan. This plain was a fit place for vast assemblages, and for the victims for their numberless sacrifices. No place could be better suited for such a purpose than this, with its warm climate, abundance of water, and its clean, sandy surface. On the east flows the Jordan, the river of rivers; to the south are the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, sleeping in mysterious stillness; while the mountains of Ain El Sultan stretch in parallel lines (Moab and Palestine), and, like perpendicular walls, tower heavenward, as if designed by the Creator to shut in this once fertile valley. Underneath the surface of the plain smoulder the ruins, now being excavated, of old Jericho, whose walls fell at the blasts of the priests' trumpets. How is Israel scattered over all the earth, Israel the chosen of the Lord! It is the stranger from afar that now comes to Gilgal and Jericho, to gaze upon the place where so many historical events transpired, wondering at and deploring the present conditions.

It is written of Samuel that he judged Israel all the days of his life. And he went from year to year, in cir-

cuit to "Beth-el and Gilgal, and Mizpah, and judged Israel in all those places." After Saul won the victory over the Amorites, and delivered Jabesh-Gilgal, Samuel said to the people, "Come let us go to Gilgal and renew the kingdom there; and all the people went to Gilgal, and there they made Saul King, before the Lord in Gilgal, and there they sacrificed sacrifices of peace-offerings before the Lord; and there Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly." It was in Gilgal that Saul was rebuked by Samuel, because he assumed the priest's office, and offered unauthorized sacrifice. "Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee; for now would the Lord have established thy Kingdom upon Israel forever. But now thy kingdom shall not continue." The last sad meeting took place in Gilgal, between Saul and Samuel, after the return of Saul from the expedition against the Amalikes. "As Samuel turned about to go away, he (Saul) laid hold upon the skirt of his mantle, and it rent. And Samuel said unto him, the Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine, that is better than thou. And Samuel came no more to see Saul until the day of his death." (I Sam. 15: 27-28, 35.)

The old Jericho of Christ's day was destroyed by Vespasian, but in the time of St. Jerome it had again been rebuilt. The Jericho of Archelaus was beautiful and interesting because of the fact that Rahab, who won prominence in its fall, became the wife of Selonon (possibly he was one of the spies whose life she saved) and the mother of Boaz, the husband of Ruth. Matt. 1:5. Therefore, Rachel the Canaanitess, and Ruth the Moabitess, each was an ancestress of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEAD SEA.

It is a rough ride to the Dead Sea in Arabia. Our guide Karan rode with the driver of our carriage. In the carriage was a lady from England, myself and two English gentlemen. Naturally the conversation turned to roads in America, their danger, roughness, etc., when with a sudden lurch our carriage went down. "Well," I exclaimed, "this is the roughest road I ever traveled over." Then we discovered we had met with a serious accident, had lost one of the hind wheels of the carriage. The gentlemen immediately alighted, and I attempted to follow, but before my foot was clear of the step, which was partially embedded in the ground, the horses began to run away. This threw me violently upon the side hill. As I fell, I saw the other lady clutching the lines, in her endeavor to check the horses. All the men were standing around the broken wheel. As I fell, my feet seemed to be entangled some way, how I do not know. Afterwards, one of the gentlemen said he tried to extricate my feet to prevent them from coming in contact with the axle, but was powerless to do so. But some power did prevent a dreadful accident. When I stood before him, unharmed, he exclaimed, "Mrs. Alder, I thought your feet were both gone, cut off by that broken axle. It is a miracle!" The horses were soon stopped; the other lady was unharmed, except for a great upset of nerves. The wrecked carriage was sent back to Jericho, and we were distributed to the other vehicles.

When we reached the "Dead Sea," the Arabian

drivers, much excited about my feet, came to investigate and each for himself saw that they were alright. Some of them, talking excitedly in Arabic, insisted on taking off one of my shoes and examining the bones of my foot and ankles. Finding they were alright they turned away, shaking their heads as if still unconvinced. Then the party gathered around me; they could not understand how I had escaped unhurt. I found my right ankle was a little painful, but after paddling for a time in the warm water of the Dead Sea the pain left me and has never returned.

After our return to Jerusalem, the gentleman who had endeavored to save my feet, met me in the hall of the hotel. "And are you really unharmed, Mrs. Alder?" he asked, at the same time looking wonderingly at me.

"Really unharmed," I said. "I am alright."

"Well," he said, "I shall never think of the ride to the Dead Sea but I shall see your feet and that axle. You are a marvel."

And I shall never forget the glorious sight that met our gaze when we reached the Dead Sea. Its clear, blue waves were rolling away and away from the clean, pebbly beach, while purple shadows brooded in the mountains' graceful ravines. We forgot we were grown-ups, and paddled, bathed and played in the water like children.

This wonderful body of water was called by the Hebrews the Salt Sea; and by the prophets, the Eastern Sea; by the Greeks and Romans it was called the Sea of Asphalt, and the Dead Sea. The Arabs gave it the same name, but more commonly call it Bahr Lut or Lake of Lot. By Mohammed the story of Lot was introduced into the Koran. This sea has always been the reservoir for the enormous rainfall of the ages past, The water level is thought to have been fourteen hundred feet higher than it is now, or, about one hundred feet above the level of the

Mediterranean, as at this height fresh water fauna was discovered by Hull.

The Dead Sea is forty-seven miles in length (about the same as Lake Geneva), its greatest breadth being nine and one-half miles. It has been calculated that six and one-half million tons of water daily fall into the Dead Sea, all of which must be disposed of by evaporation. In consequence of this the water which remains is impregnated to an unusual degree with mineral substances. It contains from twenty-four to twenty-six per cent of solid substances; seven per cent of which is chloride of sodium (common salt). The chloride of magnesium, which is largely held in solution, is the ingredient which gives the water its nauseous, bitter taste; while the chloride of calcium makes it feel smooth and oily to the touch. Swimming is unpleasant, as the feet have too great a tendency to rise to the surface. The salt of the Dead Sea from the earliest times has been collected and taken to Jerusalem, and is considered particularly strong. Asphalt in large masses is said to lie at the bottom of the lake, which only rises to the surface when loosened by earthquakes or storms. By some it is thought that it proceeds from a conglomeration of calcareous stones with a resinous binding matter which lies on the west bank of the lake, from whence it finds its way to the bottom; when small stones are washed out, by the constant action of the waves, this rises to the surface. This product was highly prized in ancient times. There are others who think that when Sodom and Gommorah burned, the melted matter sank and formed a solid asphalt at the bottom of the lake, portions of this being at times washed up by the force of the water. Ruins found indicate that the banks of the sea were once inhabited. In the time of Josephus the sea was navigated; also in the middle ages, and even later,

but for a long period scarcely a boat has been seen upon it. From a distance the water seems perfectly blue, but on near approach the color is greenish; and the oily appearance of the water gorgeously reflects the sun's golden rays.

En-gendi is located by Josephus on the shores of this lake Asphaltus; it was celebrated for its palm trees. In his Song of Songs, Solomon alludes to its orchards and vineyards. In the days of Eusebius and Jerome, they speak of En-gendi as being a large village on the shore of the Dead Sea; and on a small delta, the remains of the ancient town can still be seen. The soil is exceedingly fertile; the Arabs in the neighborhood cultivate a few fields of vegetables. It is thought that the fortress and city of Herodium (which is mentioned by Josephus as the place where Herod the Great found a fortified retreat), were erected on Frank mountain; he says it was distant from Jerusalem about three score furlongs. The geographical indications concerning the plain where the five cities were destroyed, may be explained by analyzing the Hebrew word plain. This seems not to have been the ordinary name for a level plain, but an indefinite term, having reference to something circular, and may have been applied to the whole region both north and south. In Deuteronomy 34:3 the term is used in describing the extent of the vision of Moses, from Mount Pisgah over the Promised Land. He saw the south and the plain of the valley of Jericho, and the city of palm trees unto Zoar. If Zoar had been at the south end of the Dead Sea, it would be in the immediate vicinity of Jericho, almost at the foot of Pisgah. Lot went east from Bethel to this plain. There was no other way to descend to the plain of Jordan, but how far it was to Sodom, or in what direction, is not mentioned. Writers often speak of this as the valley of the Jordan. Now in this valley there are three

lakes, Huleh, Tiberias and the Dead Sea. The Greek term may have had an equally broad application, and Lot would have been in the plain, though he dwelt at the south end of the sea.

Before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, the plain was as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, "as thou comest unto Zoar." Gen. 13:10. What a terrible change, then, did that catastrophe produce! For it is said "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Lot fled to the little city of Zoar, and went up the mountain above it, where in later times his descendants the Moabites and Amorites dwelt. Such a transformation is here, if this was ever the fertile plain and large grazing lands, that would be necessary for the flocks and herds of Lot! That great fertility was here, one can scarcely realize, for today, not only does desolation abound, but agents that might make verdure impossible; nor does the plain reveal where the cities were located. If, before the terrible burning, this was a fresh water lake, on its shores were trees and verdure; fish abounded and rich products of the soil were on every hand; bees gathered nectar from luxurious flowers; it was truly a land where milk and honey flowed.

About five hundred feet above the Dead Sea is one of the wildest ravines in this country. It is about fifteen hundred feet below the general plateau, called "the wilderness of En-gendi." The water—tepid—sweet, rushes down the steep, making continuous cascades over the cliffs down to the shore. Along the entire course of the streams are thickets of thorny acacia, luxuriant jungles of tall cane, and other trees and low bushes. Profusely growing along its banks is the 'osher, the famous apple of Sodom. Dr. Robinson describes several of these trees, "the trunks of which were six or eight inches in diameter,

their height from ten to fifteen feet." This tree has a cork-like bark of grayish color, with long, oval leaves which when broken off copiously discharge a milky fluid. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, hanging in clusters of three or four together, and when ripe is of a yellow color. The apples are fair and delicious to the sight, and soft to the touch, but on being pressed or struck explode with a puff like a bladder. All that remains is the shreds of a thin rind and a few fibres. Like a bladder it is chiefly filled with air which gives the round form; the center contains a small, slender pod running through it from the stem, and is connected by their filaments with the rind. In the pod is a small quantity of fine silk, and seeds. This silk the Arabs twist into matches for their guns; this they prefer to the common match, because no sulphur is required to make it combustible. It is supposed that the 'osher is the fruit referred to by Josephus, corroborating the Biblical account of the destruction of Sodom. He said, "There are still to be seen ashes reproduced in the fruits, which indeed resemble edible fruits in color, but on being plucked with the hands are dissolved into smoke and ashes." In the story of Moses which he "spake in the ears of all the congregations of Israel, he mentions the vine of Sodom, but does not speak of the apples; nor are they mentioned anywhere in the Bible. For their vine is of the vine of Sodom (or is worse than the vine of Sodom) and of the fields of Gomorrah; their grapes are grapes of gall; their clusters are bitter." At the Dead Sea, we say the apples among the souvenirs for sale. They were dried to a brown color and were somewhat shrivelled. I took them in my hands, but did not press them. These were by the water mugs which are made from asphaltum which rises to the surface of the sea.

Of the Dead Sea Josephus says, "It bears up the heaviest things that are thrown into it, nor is it easy for any one to make things sink to the bottom. Moreover, the change of color in this lake is wonderful, for it changes its appearance thrice each day." He also described what he calls "black clouds of bitumen, resembling in shape headless bulls, rising on the surface." When Vespasian went to the Dead Sea, he ordered some of his prisoners, who knew not how to swim, to have their arms bound from behind, and be thrown into the water. He must have been astounded, when he saw them floating like corks. As Josephus, himself, was at this time a prisoner of Vespasian, he might have been an eye witness of this scene. One may not sink in this water, but great care must be exercised to retain control of the body. The great tendency is, for the feet, being the lighter, to fly upward, thereby submerging the head. Thus, while it is impossible to drown in this water, it is very easy to strangle to death. The writer demonstrated this principle, while bathing in the Great Salt Lake, of Utah. The water was so buoyant that I felt no fear as to safety, therefore became too venturesome, and began swimming without due caution. My friends thinking I was quite an expert, did not notice that I went head downward. As I came up the first time, I heard them laughingly exclaim, "O, Mrs. Alder must be diving for those rings that were lost in the lake last week." But to one of them I did not look quite right, and as I came up the second time, she caught and held me. Once more would have been fatal; so that she really saved my life. Then they all gathered around me saying, "What a good thing it was you knew when to keep your mouth shut." For had I opened my mouth and got only one mouthful of that water, I would have strangled to death, as many have done. It was a thrilling experience. I

could see my friends, and hear them laughing at me, but could give no sign, for one does not stay up long enough. So when paddling in the Dead Sea, I heard some of my companions say, "One cannot drown in this water." I fully realized what would happen, if we did not keep our pedal extremities well down on the bottom. To float successfully only requires the head to be poised a little above the body; the water serves as a couch of down.

That this sea appears differently at different times, is evidenced by what other travelers and writers have to say of it. Some declare that they noticed an unnatural gloom, not only over the sea itself, but over the whole plain. That the atmosphere is hazy, like the American Indian summer; that there rests on the lifeless bosom of the sea a funeral pall, as if let down from heaven; and that though a breeze was stirring, the water was motionless. This is quite a sad contrast to the view we had of the Dead Sea and its surroundings. We beheld it on a glorious, sunny afternoon. A beautiful, fascinating picture, it hangs on memory's wall. A thousand shades of color were scintillating on the sea's wide expanse, that thrilled its bosom as with light divine. The varying shades of sky define the mountains in a dreamy light, the whole forming a glorious scene it would be difficult to surpass. And there is not the slightest hint that these sunlit waves are rolling over the ruins of buried cities, or the dead of long ago. It has been supposed that the exhalations from the sea are injurious, but the contrary is the truth. One's intellect is quickened, and new life is imparted to the whole physical system.

It seldom rains here; the days are bright and sunny, the nights, dry and balmy; slumber is sweet and refreshing. We visited this spot in April, when perhaps it is at its best. The pebbly shore; the clear water, dyed in

places by the sky's brilliant hue; the dreamy atmosphere, in spite of its abject desolation, make it one of the most beautiful places in the world. The pillars of salt stand out as if they had life. The shifting lights and shadows seem to people the place, with animate beings. The water is delightfully warm—about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. How charming it would be if a good hotel were here, so that it might be made a winter resort for invalids. Here they could breathe easily with one lung. What a sanitarium it would be for the afflicted of our race! Once more we gaze—sunset over the Dead Sea, with its sparkle and glitter, brilliant beyond description. The sleeping mountains are silent witnesses of its ripple and sheen. The picture lives forever.

The entire circuit of this inland sea can be made near to its shore, except in two places where the mountains rise abruptly out of the water. The Dead Sea, located in the great Ghor Valley, covers an area of about three hundred square miles; and is the lowest sheet of water on the globe, being thirteen hundred and twenty feet lower than the ocean. Its greatest depth is thirteen hundred and ten feet, thus demonstrating that it could never have been connected by the Arabah with the Red Sea. A rocky ridge over twenty-one hundred feet high runs entirely across wady Arabah, through which the Jordan never could have flowed. The Dead Sea has no visible outlet; while the Jordan, Arnon, and many other large streams are constantly flowing into it, without causing more than ten or fifteen feet in its variation after the winter rains. By the Arabs it is claimed that it rises and falls of itself. The level of the Dead Sea is due entirely to evaporation. Another impossible claim is made that the sea has an outlet into the Mediterranean, though it is six hundred feet lower than that body of water. Some have

said that a dead calm is over the sea, but this is not always so. It is subject to sudden and violent storms which scatter poisonous vapors, thought to cause the Death Angel to brood here. No fish can live in the Dead Sea, those carried into it by the Jordan immediately die, and are seen floating on the water a little distance from its mouth. There is no vegetable life in the sea, nor on its shores. But in the valleys, through which the pure water flows from mountain springs, every tropical plant grows luxuriantly. In some places the shrubbery is dense to the very edge of the sea, and birds of every hue and song warble in groves of Juniper, palm and oleander. Some of these fresh water streams flow into the sea on its southern extremity.

There the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. "The Safich," as this district is called, cannot be surpassed in productiveness. It is about six miles long, and two in width. A veritable oasis amid scenes of desolation, and here the 'osher tree, or apples of Sodom, camphor, indigo, and other plants grow spontaneously. The Bedouin tribes who live here are of the lowest type of human beings. They are degraded, savage cut-throats and robbers, as desperate as can be found of the sons of Ishmael. They are entirely nude, and almost as black as the negro, and are said to be as licentious as those who dwelt in Sodom. Ever on the lookout for victims, they hesitate at no crime. In this valley of the Dead Sea, is a vast salt pit where no vegetation lives. Some suppose that Sodom and Gomorrah once stood here. Where David overthrew the Edomites, is a great slime pit, encrusted with salt, beneath which is a black, greasy marl, very slippery, rendering riding over it dangerous. A recent thought concerning the Dead Sea is that the intense heat of the burning of the cities of the plain caused a great mass of fluid, which hardened gradually, to settle in the lowest part of the val-

ley, formed a sort of gutta percha bottom, which has held the waters that flowed there ever since. Supporting this theory, is the sort of gutta percha substance that is washed up by the waves, of which drinking cups and other things are made. At times the mountains bordering on the sea present a picture of desolation; almost as though they were scathed by lightning or struck by thunder bolts. When struck some of the rocks even emit fire, much like a lucifer match. A traveler writes "that sometimes at night, when the water is ruffled by the wind, the sea is one sheet of phosphorescent foam; and as the waves break upon the shore, they throw a sepulchral light upon the rocks that wall in this wonderful body of water."

Jebel Usdem, or mountain of Sodom, at the southwest end is a ridge of almost pure rock salt, extending about five miles along the shore, and rising about two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. There are many detached portions or cliffs of salt, that stand out like pillars, in every fantastic shape; some of them are about one hundred and fifty feet high, any one of which one could imagine to be Lot's disobedient wife. There is one in particular, on the very top of the cliff, that, from a certain point, resembles a woman in hasty flight, with dishevelled hair, garments flying in the wind, and head slightly turned, as if looking back over her left shoulder, perhaps on the burning cities from which she had been bidden to flee.

Viewing these surroundings, that Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt does not seem remarkable. Had she become a stone pillar of any kind it would have been a wonder, but not that she became a pillar of salt. That sulphurous fumes filled the valley there can be no doubt, perhaps these caused her death as they did the elder Pliny at the destruction of Pompeii. Whatever was the cause, it was the result of her disobedience to the injunction, "look not

back." These salt pillars are formed by accretion from the spray mist and saline exhalations from the sea, and are always growing larger. Thus if a piece is broken off, it will form on again. The Bedouins call the Lake Bahr-Lut, the "Sea of Lot," and all the traditions among these tribes concerning this place, together with the sea and all its surroundings, seem to be in full accord with Holy Writ. Closely investigate this region, and the conviction will force itself upon your minds that the Scriptural account is true: "Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land, what meaneth the heat of this great anger? The whole land is brimstone and salt and burning."

In summer, walled in by the mountains four thousand feet high, and at such a great depth below sea level, the place is hot and sultry. In winter the climate is salubrious, invigorating, delightful. One can run and not weary, and climb the highest mount without fatigue. Some travelers describe the waters of the sea as of a dull, leaden appearance. We found the opposite, they are clear as the clearest lake, sometimes of a greenish tint, then again as blue as the Mediterranean. Between the sea and the farther mountain is a dreamy mist, purple tints brood in the darkening ravines, the setting sun bathes the scene in splendor and produces a gorgeous, unequalled beauty. When Lieut. Lynch made his survey, in 1848, there were three fathoms of water opposite the Lisan, and some of the old Arabs say that when they were boys they could wade across on their camels. Now the water is from thirty to forty feet deep at the lowest point; yet the shore line is lower than it was then. Another portion which, ten years ago, was dry at certain times, is now completely submerged. Thus, instead of filling up with all the debris that is flowing into it, it is really growing deeper, which cannot be accounted for by any known laws, or change made by winds or currents, or evaporation.



JORDAN RIVER.



THE DEAD SEA IN ARABIA.



WATER CARRIERS AT HEBRON IN THE
LAND OF CANAAN.



JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER IV.

MASADA.

The wonderful fortress of Masada, in the desert of Judah, on the western shore of the Dead Sea, though one of the most remarkable places in Palestine, is seldom visited. This stronghold, whose modern name is Sebbeh, was founded by the Maccabees, and made impregnable by Herod the Great. It defied the attacks of the Romans, after the terrible destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in the year 70 A. D. The Romans, not content with that awful havoc, attacked the surviving Jews in this almost inaccessible fortress.

Flavius Silva, after the death of Bassus, the procurator, in 74 A. D., gathered his forces against this last refuge of the fanatical robbers known as Sicari or Zealots who were common enemies of both Jews and Romans. The difficulty was almost insurmountable. Jewish captives were compelled to bring water a distance of eleven miles; the nearest supplies of corn were twenty miles away; the heat in the valley, one thousand two hundred feet below sea level, was intense, except in early spring. The fortress stood on an oval-shaped plateau, precipices one thousand five hundred feet high were on all sides.

The only vulnerable point was on the west, where a chalky undercliff, a thousand feet high, lies against the rocky walls. Silva placed his camp on a low hill, opposite this undercliff, and built a wall around the fortress, similar to that which Titus built around Jerusalem. At intervals were small posts, and a second larger camp was located on the east. Then the besieger piled a great

mound three hundred feet high on the under cliff, and built a wall on the mound. From the iron-plated siege-tower they battered the fortress wall with a ram. Those within the walls were well supplied with food and water. They had rain water-tanks, and corn was grown on the plateau. They also had stores of wine, oil, and dates, laid in by Herod one hundred years before, that were still preserved, owing to the dryness of the desert air. Within the ramparts was Herod's old palace, situated on the north-west part of the plateau, where the besieged fought with undaunted courage, until the walls fell under the thrusts of the Roman battering ram.

They built an inner stockade of beams and earth, which they fiercely defended even when it was in flames. With the dawn of the Passover, the Romans, clad in armor, launched their bridges from the siege-tower, meeting with no resistance, and hearing no sound but that of the flames in the burning palace. Josephus relates that "there was a terrible solitude on every side; a perfect silence everywhere, save the fire in the palace." During the night nine hundred and sixty persons composing the garrison had been slain. First the women and children were killed by their own husbands and fathers; then the men each killed his neighbor or himself. A woman with five children escaped, by hiding in a cavern. Such is the fearful story of this fortress.

From the plateau, the Roman walls still cross the plain, and extend up the hill to the south and north. Silva's camp and guard-towers appear almost as he left them one thousand eight hundred years ago. The Roman mound, with its walls; the ruins of Herod's palace and fortress walls; the towers on the cliff side to the north; the empty tanks; all solemnly attest the truthfulness of Josephus' account, and are silent witnesses of the most

desperate struggle ever carried to success by Roman determination. The Sea of Salt gleams on the east; beyond rise the dark precipices of Moab, and the strong tower of Kovak, the Crusader.

Nothing has effaced the evidence of the tragedy, nor has Masada ever again been occupied as a fortress. The hermits, however, found their way here; they built a little chapel from the stones of Herod's palace. In a cave, perhaps where the Jewish mother lived, on the dark walls, is the word, "Kuriakos," written in medieval letters. Some one has found a resting place among the ghosts of the Zealots.

CHAPTER V.

THE JORDAN.

What a peaceful, winding stream the Jordan is; why did the poet sing,

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie!”

when about here, at least, a more peaceful stream could scarcely be found on earth? On its banks trees, willows and grasses grow luxuriantly. It is wider than the Jordan of Utah, and its banks are lined with dense foliage. Of course, we must have a sail on this wonderful river! Also, we must fill our bottles with water from the Jordan! We did this at the Dead Sea, and why not here?

Booths are constructed near its banks, where souvenirs can be purchased; among them are many curious shells. A prophet of the Lord once passed over Jordan, then, in a chariot of fire, was caught up into heaven. The Savior himself was baptized in this liquid grave, and rose in the similitude of the resurrection; and over this river the children of Israel passed dry shod. Far over the vast plain, it stretches away and away! O Jordan, how favored thou art who didst hear the voice of God declare, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Is this the refrain which thou dost ever murmur? These questions alone break the solitude, as we stand by Jordan’s banks. This silence unbroken, intense, speaks volumes. What memories are awakened by the sight of these long looked-for scenes! How thrills the

heart, that our cherished dreams of years are at last realized!

At what is called the "Fords of the Jordan," there is a ferry-boat, shops, etc., and these are located where, it is claimed, the Israelites passed over dry shod, and where Jesus was baptized. The site of the altar erected as a witness by the two and a half tribes after the conquest of Palestine, Lieutenant Conder locates south of here.

The account is found in Joshua 22.

Was the plain of Jordan always a barren wilderness? It seems so. In the account of the preaching and baptism of John, it is called the wilderness of Judea. Josephus speaks of it in the same language; and, as we drove over it from Jericho, there were patches of cactus-flowers in bloom, just as in the deserts of America, with long stretches of sand between them. The roads are heavy; the sand in places is deep; and our ride necessarily slow; but, we were over Jordan, in the wilderness, where so many historical events occurred, many of which vividly came to mind. For miles and miles, not a green thing is to be seen, nor a drop of water to be obtained, and the thick brush in some parts reminds us of the deserts of the Rocky Mountains. In some places the mountains are detached; again, they stand up almost alone in deep sand. What a great miracle was performed here when the Jewish nation passed over to their inheritance! The twelve stones then set up have disappeared, nor is the precise spot known. It is well that they have gone with those who have long ago gone to their reward. But here we stand, Bible in hand. All the places described are here; the hills of Moab; the river that was divided; the sea in which the water that was cut off subsided; and Jericho, where the great miracle of the falling walls was performed. Here also, in the wilderness of Judea, John

preached and baptized in the river Jordan. As we rode away the sun was just sinking in the west; each leaf and shrub glowed in its crimson light. Over the river, made sacred by the immersion of the Redeemer, it blazed in glory. A halo ever rests upon it, in song or story, and it seemed fitting that we should thus behold it baptized in liquid gold.

The Jordan river is about one hundred and twenty miles long, and varies in depth from three feet, near the fords, to from ten to twelve feet in other places. In width it is from ninety to one hundred feet. In its course, it has a fall of six hundred and ten feet. At first this fall is about nine feet to a mile. Near the Sea of Galilee it is forty feet to a mile. The impetus of so large a volume of water, down a narrow channel, retarded only by a few rocks, gives the river the name Jordan, the down-comer. In the valley of the Jordan, at Jericho, the Crusaders found sugar cane growing. The Jordan valley seems never to have been a populous place. Under the rule of the Romans, who seem to have known how to irrigate, it became a very flourishing region. Of great extent were the forests of palms, and the whole of the Jericho side of the valley was famed for its products of corn, dates, balsam and other commodities. Notwithstanding the great fertility of the Jordan valley, few towns were founded there, principally because of the great heat. In July the thermometer reaches one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit; in August, one hundred and eighteen degrees; and the Arabs found here are a sickly, degenerate race. The Israelites possessed the hills on either side, and built cities there, using the valley solely for agricultural purposes. In ancient times the valley was infested with wild beasts which found covert in its jungles. Driven from other parts of the land, they here found security, and

bred so rapidly that any sparsely populated part was soon overrun by them. In the old Testament, lions are often mentioned, but today none are found here, nor have they been for hundreds of years; but leopards, bears, and a kind of wolf, abound. Jordan, never considered great by the Jews, has become a sacred river to the Christians who now carry its waters all over the world for religious rites.

A chain of hills rise back from the western shores of Lake Huleh and the Jordan. On these hills stood the cities of old. In front of them lay rich plains of arable land, toward the river and the lake. The open water of the lake forms a triangle, but to the north, where the water is not visible, there is a floating mass of papyrus under which the Jordan flows. Around this lake swamp, the land is exceedingly productive; thistles grow higher than a man on horseback. In the branches of the wild mustard, finches often take refuge, and here is the finest hunting ground of Palestine. There is no end of water fowl. In the waters of Merom the pelican is found, while crows and rooks surpass in numbers anything known elsewhere. The herbage, intermingled with flowers, makes this a paradise for bees; and the land fairly flows with milk and honey.

Here is found a species of lily which seems to be the one referred to by the Savior when he said, "consider the lilies how they grow." A recent traveler says, "this lily is large and the inner petals meet above, forming a gorgeous canopy such as art cannot approach, and never king sat under even in his utmost glory. When I found this glorious flower in all its loveliness, I felt assured that it was to such a one as this that He referred. From the Sea of Galilee to Lake Bahr-el-Huleh, or Waters of Merom, is a distance of ten miles; and north of the lake, for eight miles, on either side of the Jordan, lies a fertile plain five miles wide.

CHAPTER VI.

A SAIL ON THE JORDAN.

The Jordan, or "narrow stream," the chief river of Palestine, is so small that, from its source at Banias, to its entrance into the Dead Sea, it is only one hundred and four miles of actual distance. In none of this distance is it navigable. No great cities have ever stood upon its banks, yet it is, perhaps, the most famous of all the rivers of the earth. The gorge, or valley, through which it runs, is really like a great rent in the earth's surface, caused seemingly by the sinking of the earth's crust toward the center. The river has worn two channels at the bottom of the Ghor; the older one is flat and fairly broad; while the more recent one lies within the older, and is about one hundred feet wide, and is enclosed within banks or bluffs of clayey soil, about fifty feet high. On either side of the lower channel vegetation is dense and rank, otherwise the Jordan valley, except for a few oases, is barren. Seemingly not much of it ever has been cultivated. Dr. Robinson found on the eastern side of Lake Bahr-el-Huleh, (waters of Merom) the land tilled down to the borders of the lake, where large crops of wheat, barley, rice and other cereals flourished. Here, on rich pastures, cattle and horses grazed, and herds of black buffalo, descendants, perhaps, of the "fat bulls of Bashan," sported in the mire of the marshes. Lower down there were only occasional patches of grain, whose owners lived in the mountains. A recent traveler speaking of this river says that from the Sea of Galilee downward to the plain of the Jordan, the river is the river of a desert; it produces a rank bed of veg-

etation in its narrow ranges, which makes the contrast of the desolation beyond its banks only more striking. The cause is the depression of the valley, which averages a thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The water cannot spread over the surrounding land to fertilize it, and the intense heat, producing such luxuriant vegetation wherever it is touched by water, shows it parched up and withered beyond its reach. The Jordan is justly entitled to its name, meaning the "Descender." Much of its scenery is beautiful, but scarcely grand. As far as we know, boats have only once floated on its water from the Sea of Galilee to its mouth. That expedition is graphically described by Lieutenant Lynch,

"The boats had little need to propel them, for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour; the river from its eccentric course scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It turned and twisted, north, south, east, and west, turning in the short space of half an hour, to every quarter of the compass.

"For hours, in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness; here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches floated from the trees like tresses; and creeping mosses, and climbing weeds, with multitudes of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow whirled over the falls, or went at his own wild will, darting through the orchard vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals.

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"The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills; and at other times meandered between low

banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque; the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and flight of birds, the overhanging foliage, glimpses of the mountains far over the plains, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the low and muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar, from the high lime-stone hills, while the left, or eastern, bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willows; and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled grasses of shrubs and creeping plants, giving it the character of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh marks of a tiger (leopard) on the low, clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the bending canes and the crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous, and at times when we issued from the silence and shadows of a narrow, verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wild-wood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on. The hawk upon the topmost branch of a blighted tree moved not at our approach and the veritable nightingale ceased not her song, for she made day into night, in her covert among the leaves; and the bulbul, whose sacred haunts we disturbed when the current swept us among the over-hanging boughs, but chirruped her surprise, calmly wended her flight to another sprig, and continued her interrupted melodies.

"Our course down the stream was with varied rapidity. At times we were going from three to four knots an hour; and again we would be swept and hurried away, dashing and whirling onward with the furious speed of a

torrent. At such moments there was excitement, for we knew not but that the next turn of the stream would plunge us down some fearful cataract or dash us on a sharp rock, which lurked beneath the surface. Many islands, some fairy-like and covered with a luxuriant vegetation, others mere sand-banks and sedimentary deposits, intercepted the course of the river, but were a beautiful feature in the monotony of the shores. The regular and almost unvaried scene of high banks and alluvial deposits, and sand-hills, on the one hand, and the low shore, covered to the water's edge with tamarisk, the willow and the thick high cane, would have been fatiguing, but for the frequent occurrence of sand-banks and verdant islands. High up on the sand-bluffs, the cliff swallow chattered from her nest in the hollow, or darted about in the bright sunshine, in pursuit of the gnat and the water-fly.

"This was the Jordan in the time of Christ. Along its banks are thickets of tamarisk, accasia, silver poplar, willow, terebinth, cedar, arbutus, oleander, and many other trees, with rich vegetation; and reeds ten or twelve feet in height are waving in the breeze. Numerous birds, many of them the song birds of England, make music on the banks of the Jordan. Cranes and wild ducks abound; in places sparrows in countless numbers quarrel and chatter as they are wont. The nightingale inhabits the valley with the bulbul and beautiful wur-wur, or bee-eater; the turtle dove and cliff-swallows abound, and partridges are numerous further back in the valley. The lion's roar, once familiar in the tangled jungles, is heard no more; even in the time of the Crusader, he was found here, but today he is extinct. Of all the wild, dangerous animals once abounding here, the boar and leopard are all that remain. The jirboa, a most curious creature, which resembles the kangaroo in appearance, is an inhabitant here. Its body is only six or seven inches in length, and its fore-foot of no consequence; but its hind-legs are as long as its body, with a tail even longer, so that it seems to almost fly at the approach of danger."

CHAPTER VII.

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN, TO JERUSALEM.

Crops mature very early in the Jordan valley, situated as it is hundreds of feet below sea level, and sheltered on all sides by high mountains, except on the south, where it is open to the warm breezes wafted from the Dead Sea. Thus it has a tropical climate, while its latitude is the same as Jerusalem. In some places the Jordan on each side seems to have two and even three banks. In some seasons of the year the lower bank at least is overflowed. This low, flat bottom, is not very wide, but has thick jungles of sycamore trees, and willows. "The swellings of the Jordan," in ancient times, drove the lion from those jungles. Today, there are jackals, wolves and wild boars. These flee before the swellings of Jordan. The rapid current of the stream, no doubt, has deepened the channel near the Dead Sea, which would only be a natural consequence; otherwise, as we stand on the banks of Jordan today, we see the river and surroundings as they were thousands of years ago.

A number of convents are located in this vicinity, perhaps the outgrowth of the desire of so many to bathe in the waters of Jordan. From the fourth century, pilgrims have visited here, from all parts of the Christian world. Two sites are pointed out as the place where Christ was baptized. One, by the Latins, the other, by the Greeks. All this section of country belonged to the tribe of Benjamin which was afterwards absorbed by the Kingdom of Judah. To define the borders of the different tribes now, is well-nigh a hopeless task. In the course of time, the tribes themselves became practically obliterated

by the intermingling of the people. The ruins of the sugar mills, long neglected, and the broken aqueduct that brought water to them, are now used (at least the partly-destroyed vaults are) to shelter cattle from the storms of winter and the scorching sun of summer. The ruins seem to denote that in the not very distant past sugar cane was extensively cultivated on this plain. It is said that in the days of the Crusaders the sugar plantations flourished here, and yielded a large revenue to the Knights of Jerusalem. The aqueducts that we visited were doubtless used to convey water to irrigate these fields of sugar cane. It is a well-known fact that the cane cannot thrive without a constant and abundant supply of fresh water. Is it not strange that the sugar cane grew on this plain of Jericho before America was discovered? The Crusaders transferred it to Spain; by the Spaniards it was carried to the West Indies where it was very abundant, and from there spread to many parts of the western world.

On our way from the Pool of Elisha (Ain El Sultan) to modern Jericho, may be seen openings in various places. These are doubtless entrances into the cells of hermits and anchorites. In years gone by, they were inhabited by Bedouin robbers, when it was not safe to venture near them. Afterwards they were explored by the Palestine Exploring Society. On the different faces of the cliffs perhaps a hundred abandoned habitable caves were found. Some of the lowest tiers are temporarily occupied by Arabs, who use them for sheep-folds, and donkey-stables.

The range of cliffs, so thoroughly explored by Canon Tritram, and so well described by him, seem to have been honeycombed with these cells, caverns, chapels, tunnels, stair-cases and sepulchres, the work of devout but superstitious anchorites and pilgrims of past ages.

Look at this lofty bridge, or aqueduct ! Useless now and broken, but once it carried a volume of water over the valley, elevated at least sixty feet from the bottom of the ravine. From the fountain, the water was brought down the valley at the high elevation of one hundred feet above this wonderful bridge, and the water was distributed over the fields by several channels.

Is this the Brook of Cherith, flowing under this bridge, where the Lord directed Elijah to hide himself from Ahab ? There is not much water in it now, but earlier in the season it is a turbid torrent which has washed out a path for itself through these stone cliffs. Evidence in favor of this site is very decisive, for it is well adapted to the purpose for which Elijah came hither to Cherith. The gorge is narrow, of great depth, and is overhung by tremendous cliffs, utterly impassable. In any of these dangerous recesses, or dark caverns, the prophet may have concealed himself. One writer describes his looking into this fearful chasm at night, awe-inspired ; to him it seemed bottomless, and on the occasion of a visit there he saw two ravens, glossy and black, slowly sailing down the chasm, which brought vividly to mind the Biblical incident of Elijah being fed by those birds. Who knows but these birds are descendants of those which the Lord caused should feed his prophet ?

While we stood wondering, viewing the convent of St. George, seemingly hung on the mountain side where it almost touches the stream, some one said, "It must have been a tribe called 'ravens' who fed the prophet." This thought at once robbed the Written Word of efficacy, and as we gazed on all the surroundings, both thoughts struggled for the mastery. Some spoke lightly of it, but the fact remains, Elijah was fed by the ravens. The place is wild almost beyond description. In that day, no convent

was located where it is thought this incident occurred. The Word says that at the command of the Lord, "The ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook." Was this more wonderful than the fire that came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, and many things equally miraculous? Could not He that gave food to "the young ravens which cry," thus furnish food for the prophet?

A little farther on, and we lose sight of the Jordan valley altogether. But from the convent, far down the gorge, we climbed to the top of the hill, and viewed the landscape over. At this point the Jordan valley is about sixteen miles wide. The panorama from here cannot be described by me, though an artist might paint a comprehensive picture. Two high headlands close the view on the south, and overhang the dark, Dead Sea—they are Nebo and Pisgah. Here Moses had the first sight of Canaan. He could see the city of palm trees and fertile Zoar. He could see the land, but was not permitted to cross the Jordan into the goodly land. How favored are we who have peacefully trod upon its soil and sand, sailed on the Jordan's flowing tide, and played in the waves of the solemn Dead Sea! And now, more than ever, we can understand the intense longing of Moses to look over and see the promised land, and his disappointment when denied entrance. The meekest man that ever lived, yet he neglected to give glory to God when he struck the rock from which water sprang. It is the time and place to review our lives, fathom the deep recesses of our hearts, and read there our own thoughts and desires. Perhaps his inheritance in the heavenly Canaan compensated him for the disappointment of a hope deferred for forty years, aye deferred forever.

Let us view once more the profound gorge of Wady Kelt, at the bottom of which flows the traditionary brook, Cherith. Above it, on the north, towers the Mount of Temptation, or Quarantana, with its caverns, cells, and chapels hewn in solid rock; while traces of ancient acqueducts are plainly visible. Lieut. Condor describing a small dilapidated church which seems hanging to the cliffs says:

“Like every other monastery in the hills, it is hung on a precipice. It consists of a series of cells, and its entrance is through a hall supported on vaults. This was not all built at the same time, but at different periods. The little side chapel, with rock chamber, and a vault containing ancient bones, to which a corridor leads, covered with frescoes, representing the Last Judgment, seems to be the oldest part of the building. Many of the caves, though visible are now entirely inaccessible; probably numbers of them were used as funeral vaults.”

The Mount of Temptation must have been inhabited by hermits and anchorites for centuries. Such a life to us seems a subversion of what the duties of life are. Multitudes of men forsook home and country, to dwell in these howling deserts, to live and die in the lairs of beasts. Of what avail was such a life? Was the world better for their having lived in it? Did they do good to their fellow man? If the thought was to study the things of God, with a view to gain strength thereby, with which to do battle in the warfare of life, then why did they not come forth and perform mighty works? All Oriental nations associate such abodes as these recluses inhabited with evil spirits and demons of various kinds, and believe that they throng around, and abide in, all such dark and dismal places. A devout Moslem will not enter such a place, without first exorcising the evil spirits.

Perhaps this way of living came about because the Scriptures inform us that Christ, after his baptism, was led into the wilderness by the Spirit, where he fasted forty days and nights and where he overcame the tempter, his would-be destroyer. How perverted are the ways of man! How little understood the ways of God!

There is not a tree, house, or any water hereabouts. The necessities of life seem to have been entirely unthought of to those who dwelt in the wilderness of Judea, this barren country which extends from Bethany to the Jordan valley. All indications are that as it is now it always has been.

On our return journey to Jerusalem we passed over the only frequented road known that leads to the Holy City. In a luxurious carriage we rode over the way which the worthies of old trod with weary feet. Jesus, himself, here often rested by the wayside. On that other road that leads to Samaria he, a-wearied, sat on the curb of Jacob's Well, when he told the woman who came to draw water all that she ever had done, and spoke of that water which whosoever should partake of it should never thirst more. We constantly passed pilgrims on the way to the city of David, walking one behind the other over mountains, rocks and vales, going up to the Passover at Jerusalem. What are we to those silent, patient toilers? We never heard them address a word to each other, though we passed very many by the way. Good English is spoken at the khan where we rested. On the walls of the inner room many of the rude weapons of the country are exposed for sale. The faces of some would-be purchasers were a study, as they examined all the weapons' deadly points. The weapons have an ugly look, are of rough manufacture, but are no doubt suited to this country.

Gorges between the declivities hereabout are as wild

as one could well imagine. Being terrified, we walked down them fancying how the moans of that wounded man sounded among them. We are glad our fierce-looking guards are with us. As we reached the upland and the mountains around about Jerusalem, there appeared a few patches of cultivated ground, which somewhat relieved the barren hillsides.

Maundrell says, "the Apostle's Fountain, where we rested, was so called, as tradition goes, because Jesus of Nazareth, often rested here to refresh himself, drinking of the clear, cold water, as he traveled between Jericho and Jerusalem."

Close by the wayside, it is very inviting to weary, thirsty travelers, so it seems to have been from very early days. A large, modern building is erected here now, in the upper hall of which we partake of a fine lunch which we had ordered sent down from Jerusalem. Afterwards we walked on the hillside thinking of those who lived in the long distant past, actors in life's drama then.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETHANY.

The scenery around Bethany has a beauty and picturesqueness all its own; yet, as we approach it, we are disappointed; for seemingly it is a cluster of ruins perched on hilly slopes. Perhaps earlier in the year the surroundings are green; now they are dusty and barren, not at all like our ideal picture of Bethany. As we walk up the hill to the Tomb of Lazarus, thoughts of Him who loved this home of His friends, and who here called the dead unto life again, fill the mind. It is a reality; the scene portrayed in the gospels is living truth. Karan, our guide, payed our tribute to the Arabian woman who keeps the tomb under lock and key. We descend a rather steep flight of about twenty-five stone steps to a platform; then down a few more steps—going to decay—to the bottom of the cave in the further end of which, on a loculus, we are informed the body of Lazarus was laid with the dead. The sickly glare of the taper the woman carries intensifies the gloom, while we, moving cautiously in our taper's flickering light, seem like ghouls of desecration.

Is this the tomb that Jesus unsealed, and from which the dead of yesterday came forth at his command! None can tell. The tomb is empty now, as it was after Lazarus was raised. This sepulchre, built in the mountain side, is faced with stones, and formerly a large stone sealed its entrance. With what feelings of relief we emerge into the sunshine and sweet warm air, unheeding the burning tapers still in our hands. Even the noisy clamor of the village children for once sounds welcome. The ruined

tower seems to have claims to antiquity, but all else may be only legendary. By the ruined house of Mary and Martha we stand, (its foundation only is to be seen) and the reading of the scriptures invests the place with life. Jesus has entered, he is weary; the sophistry and machinations of the Jews are without the door. Mary's thoughtful, spiritual face is uplifted to his, as, sitting at his feet, she drinks of the water of life. In that other room, Martha, troubled about many things, is rattling the dishes in her haste to prepare something to refresh the beloved guest. Did she realize that Mary had chosen the better part? Nay! her great love prompted her to minister; while Mary's dark, troubled eyes, drew sympathy from Him whom she loved. How beautiful the faith of these humble friends! "He whom thou lovest is sick." They knew that message would be all powerful; but still He had tarried until they had borne Lazarus to the tomb, only to weep there with them, and, the stone being rolled away, to cry out, "Lazarus, come forth!" And Mary Magdalene lived here in a little eminence overlooking and not far from that other home where Jesus loved to be. The character of Jesus, simple, yet great; lowly, yet grand; submissive, yet powerful; never before has appealed to us as it does now; his nearness to us, his feeling for our sorrows, is a living reality; from our over-charged hearts sighs escape; like dew of the morning falling on the petals of the roses, is the flowing, silent tear.

While climbing among the ruins we are reminded that this is not the Bethany of Christ's day; no cool shade, no green vines clinging on its walls; no walks or flowers. Long ago it was not thus; the hills were clothed with verdure, overhung with bowers of foliage. But today, how wretched, how ruined is Bethany! The scriptures tell us that Bethany is about fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem.

The distance is rightly named, and the location reached by the road at the base of the Mount of Olives, corresponds; but, as Josephus does not mention the place, it seems probable that it was only a hamlet in Christ's day. Now there are nearly a hundred humble habitations scattered over the hilly slopes winding down to the northeast. On the opposite ridge are a number of orchards of fig, olive, and other trees. Following the southern path, probably the road ordinarily used, we may be walking in the very way that Jesus so often passed over. Here the human side of his nature was shown. Here he wept; his heart was moved with compassion for the sufferings of his friends. "Walk with him to Bethany who would study the depths of that mortal-God nature; see Lazarus the poor, the despised, who craved the crumbs that fell down the rich man's table, and think what manner of home was here! Was it the earthly things that wooed him? Nay! it was love and faith. It was the companionship of friends whose love went out to him in their sorrow."

Only Moslems inhabit the place now; dust falls on leaf and highway; and though the houses are crumbling in ruins, the charm of the Long Ago falls upon it like a halo. On the road that led out toward Bethany, He ascended into heaven. Perhaps it was a foot hill of Olives, or on its sloping shoulder, leading down towards Bethany. The Son of Man walked here; and, though He walks on earth no more, the halo of His glory, who ascended into heaven and sits on the right hand of God, rests upon it.

By the Arabs this village is called *il Azar-iyeh*, from *il Azar*, the Arabic for Lazarus. In the seventh century, even before the Moslem conquest, monasteries and churches were erected on the supposed sites where the house of Mary and Martha stood, and on the reputed grave of Lazarus. For a time these churches were used

as mosques, but eventually they were destroyed by the Moslems. During the time of the Crusaders, other houses of worship were erected; a wealthy nunnery was established by Melisinda, the Queen of King Fules, who made her sister Ireta its abbess. After the expulsion of the Franks this too was destroyed. We have no modern history of Bethany, since that time. On this lower road, Jesus and his disciples passed to and from Jerusalem. This is the public highway, and no reason exists to suppose that there was ever any other, or that it has been changed. Dean Stanley gives a brilliant description of the triumphal procession of our Lord along this road, from Bethany to Jerusalem. We solemnly gaze upon the now walled up gate of His triumphal entry, ere we pass through that of Saint Stephen's into the city. He, too, had just come from Bethany, from his triumph over the grave; and with him much people, who had come to Bethany, not to see Jesus alone, but Lazarus, also, whom he had raised from the dead.

Not now does the Holy City appear as in the days of the Savior, nor as Josephus describes it. Unknown is the line of the eastern, and south-eastern portion of the first wall, nor is it known where the second wall began, how it ran, or where the third wall was located; therefore, the location of castles, towers, gates and pools, are merely conjecture. But there are outlines which make it certain that we are now within the Holy City. The Mount of Olives is on the east; the deep valley at its base is the course of Kedron; the broad ravine that joins it on the west, at the well of Job, is the valley of Hinnom, which, continuing north and west, is called the valley of Gihon. Lying within these valleys is the substruction of ancient Jerusalem. Thus writes Josephus, "these are its limits." Jerusalem was built upon two ridges, with a valley be-

tween them, dividing the city into two nearly equal parts. This valley commences northwest of Damascus Gate; at first only broad and shallow, but in its course down the west side of the Temple Area it deepens rapidly, until it unites with the Kedron, near the pool of Siloam.

All these land marks are perfectly clear and distinct now. On the eastern ridge of Moriah stood the Temple; on the western, Zion; and the valley between them is the Tyropœon, or Cheesemongers' valley. These ridges are nearly parallel with each other; but Zion is much the higher of the two. The north-west corner of the city overlooks the entire ridge on which the Temple stood. The portion without the present south wall is much higher than Ophal. The Temple Area is lower than that part of Zion which is west of it. This accords with Josephus' description, repeated and asserted over and over again, though nowhere does he mention the word Zion. It is certain the the Upper Market place, or the Upper City, was much the highest of all. The houses built on the western slopes of Zion face those on the western side of the opposite ridge; and in the intervening valley, the corresponding rows of houses meet. Josephus thus describes them in his day.

Titus and the Roman army knew the topography of Jerusalem; and Josephus, the historian, wrote the truth, for they who had been there so recently would know. Without question, these were the outlines of that city which the Roman conqueror destroyed. As we near Jerusalem, we feel eager to see more of the Holy City. As we again behold it, thoughts of what it was, is now, and what it is to be in the future, when the Bridegroom comes to claim his own, fill our minds with visions of that future and eternal glory.

JERUSALEM.

On beholding the city when returning from Jericho
and the Dead Sea :

How beautiful art thou, Jerusalem, fair city of our God ;
Mount Zion, city of the Great King, how rejoiced
I am to see thee once again.

In fancy I behold the Temple grand
Upon Moriah's noble brow ; its dome
Ablaze with splendor 'gainst the crimson sky
Inspires with awe who'er may wond'ring see.
God's Israel incense burns to His great name,
In the Holy of Holies see his face,
A God of war he champions them. A God
Of peace encircleth them on every side.
He hath triumphant made them kings of war ;
A gentle symphony, their vales of peace—
And on the vexing nations fear doth fall.

The scene is changed ; O God, thine anger turn
Away ! Forget thy people's sins ; hear thou
Their cries, their wails beside the senseless stones
Worn smooth with fervent kisses and their tears.
No Jewish foot dares ever press the ground
Above ; where once their temples proudly stood,
Shines now the Crescent in the glistening sun,
A challenge to the Cross. Jehovah dwells not there !
O'er stranger altars Baal is God.
In vain thy people raise their eyes to heav'n
And supplicate. Until thou biddest them,
They may not come. Not always say thou "Nay !"
Remember thou the name writ on thy hands—
The covenant that riseth from the dust
Let tears efface ; they have paid twice the wage
Of sin ; have suffered o'er and o'er. Heed Him
Who pleads, "Forgive !" Ere yet the crimson tide
O'erflows, grant satisfied guilt's awful law.

Again the scene is changed. The Temple stands
Grand as of yore. Gate Beautiful is there,
And glistening sea of glass—like liquid gold
Before Jehovah's throne—interpreter
Of all the acts of men, the universe
Declares, unfolds the secrets of the world,
And he, who suffered death-pangs on the Cross,
Possessing power, all power in heaven and earth,
Before his Father owneth them—none lost—
He gave Him for his own out of the world.
See every knee doth bow, and tongue confess
That Jesus is the Christ; Redeemer, God!
Who was, and is, and will be evermore.

Look once again: a glory not of earth
Enwraps the scene. Eternal light hath come,
Intensifying all the splendor known—
Transcending all the brilliance ever seen—
A glittering, burning, wond'rous glow, it rests
Upon the Temple's dome, and glorifies
All things without, within. Now poesy
And prophecy abound, and with the loud,
Triumphant chant, "Hosanna to the King,"
Blend silvery notes of cymbal, lyre and harp,
Amid the hallelujahs of the choir;
And with the glorious strains they chant, "Worthy
The Lamb, he lives again who once was slain."
Exultant songs float o'er the heavenly way—
Through all the Temple's jeweled courts resound.
The echoes' swell, "Worthy, worthy the Lamb!"
"Worthy the Lamb, forever more. Amen!"

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

"And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

"Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

"And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

"On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

"And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

*"And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal. **

** * **

"And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

"And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all day by day: for there shall be no night there.

"And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. 21:9-27.

PART FIFTH.

JERUSALEM TO HAIFA.

Near the railway station is the village built by Sir Moses Montefiore for the Jewish families who are returning to Jerusalem. The houses are fine-looking and substantial, and accommodate about two hundred families; each family is given house-rent free for a year. But colonizing the Jews is slow work. Not many of them take kindly to agriculture; but once here, most of them desire to remain that their bones may rest in the end with their fathers; and they promise to pray for their benefactors in the holy places. However, as the tourist business increases yearly, and is the source of much income, other means may be provided that will awaken them from their now seeming lethargy, that they may yet make something out of their surroundings. As we see them in their native land, they look dejected and hopeless, as if life was not worth living.

Over the Plain of Sharon we went by rail to the land of the Philistines. Noticeable as ever were the flaming roses of Sharon gracefully swaying in the summer breeze. The morning ride to Jaffa is more pleasant than the one of the afternoon when we toiled up the mountains to Jerusalem, and takes much less time as it is down hill from Jerusalem most of the way. It is quite a long walk on the shores of Jaffa to the steamer. How cruel the railroad managers are to the natives! For some reason, un-

known to us, the manager in charge of our party savagely struck a laborer in the face as we passed a flat car, yelling at him furiously. At the dock we found strange passengers in one of our boats, and what a time it was! Bag and baggage they were unceremoniously bundled out, amid wild gesticulations and a lot of loud talking. At length we reached our steamer, the *Elkahira*, bound for Haifa. Once again we heard the musical sound of the Jaffa boatmen, as we went through the narrow, dangerous passage, where the surf dashes so high.

On reaching the vessel, we found that the boat we came in was fully five feet below the ship's ladder. How would ladies get up? This was soon solved when too swarthy, bare-legged boatmen—one on either side—gave them a swing upward. I had a steamer rug on my arm, and a traveling bag in my hand; besides, I had my ample avoirdupois. The boatmen, however, giving me a high swing, landed me on the platform, but on my knees! This picture provoked much laughter and merriment. Some one of the party called out, "I would give any amount of "backsheesh" for a snap shot of Mrs. Alder, praying on the gang-way!" The next lady (who was rather slight) was given an extra swing which landed her two or three feet in the air, whence she lighted on the steps. Bursts of well-nigh uncontrollable laughter greeted this feat; some one said, "Mrs. M— must have thought she was going to the skies!" This incident put every one in a happy frame of mind, and was the cause of many good-natured jests.

At twelve noon, we sailed for Haifa. Lunch was served immediately. The *Elkahira* was not a very steady steamer, and the waves were choppy; as a consequence, some had pressing calls below. On the upper deck were chairs and some wide benches. The captain, an English-

man, seeing how weary we were, after the fatiguing land jaunts we had been taking, brought us pillows that we might rest while enjoying another sail on the lovely Mediterranean.

We plainly saw the ruins of Askelon, the city of the Crusaders! With the naked eye, it looks like a real city, not like ruins. History records that the chief Philistine cities were Gaza, Askelon, Ekron and Gath, only Askelon being on the sea. David lamenting over Saul, speaks of Gath and Askelon. Askelon, though a spacious, wealthy city, suffered as much by the Assyrian invasions as the others. She was the first city to make peace with Rome. Through that time and the Byzantine times, she was a centre of Hellenic culture, producing more grammarians and philosophers than any of her neighbors, though she takes her name from "shakal," to pay. Ascalon of the Crusaders, or Ashkelon, as it was called by the Hebrews, on the site which bears the name today, is a rocky amphitheatre in the low banks of the coast lying between Jaffa and Mt. Carmel, and is filled by ruins of Crusading times. It seems certain that the Askelon which Herod embellished stood here, though extending further inland. In his history, Josephus also gives this site as that occupied by the old Philistine city. The town was well watered, but had no natural strength. The greatest period of the city's fame was at the time of the Crusaders. The Arabs called her the "Bride of Syria," or "Syria's Summit." Long after the Crusaders had settled in Jerusalem she was held by the Egyptians. She sent two expeditions up to Jerusalem before she was captured by Baldwin III, in 1154. After two more battles she was re-taken by Saladin, in 1187, and was dismantled when he retired from Jerusalem five years later.

The Christians tried to re-build the fortress, but when

the truce came, one of the articles required that neither party should fortify the town. Finally, in 1270, it was demolished by Bibars. Today, hills and plains certify to the importance of this old Philistine city. Through all the Crusades, Askelon was great because of its situation on the coast. Gaza, though such a large city, is not mentioned. Askelon was supported from the sea by both Moslem and Christian fleets. In the time of Rameses II, Askelon was a fortress before the Philistines came, and by him was taken from the Hittites. The ruins would indicate a very large city lying close to the coast. Its towers are still high, and the houses plain to be seen. It seems impossible that so many human habitations are left without inhabitants. Today its builders and owners all are gone. Its ships of war are no more. Nothing retards the sea, dashing at its feet, now angry now wailing. It climbs up foaming against its towering walls, as if it would wash them away. In the sun the walls are dazzling white, and it startles one to behold these ghosts of long lost splendor and glory. Without any living thing, there stands Askelon forsaken and alone. Askelon, the roaring sea, dancing around thee and surging through thy mighty foundations, tells of thy departed glory, and mournfully at eve it sobs thy requiem, "Askelon! O Askelon!"

How grandly Mt. Carmel rises above the sea; and how impressive is the scene, viewed from the steamer as it rounds the point. The grand old mountain, its sloping shoulder in the water, towers far above us. This wonderful view is surmounted by Carmel's light-house which throws iridescent gleams of light far and away over the rolling waves. As the vessel enters the bay, the traveler is more and more impressed with this gigantic Carmel. In the Old Testament, Carmel is spoken of as a symbol; then again as a sanctuary. So high and clearly defined is

it, that it is visible from very many parts of the land. One may have thought of Carmel as a dream, but we see it now a fact. Seaward it gracefully slopes, then rises like a glorious prophecy. Carmel was a retreat, a place of worship, from the earliest times. It was claimed for Baal, but even before Elijah's day an altar had stood upon it for Jehovah. About this altar, as on a spot whose sanctity they equally felt, the rival faiths met in a contest which for most of us the history of Carmel stands.

The story in the book of Kings is so vivid that it needs not telling again; but it is interesting to know that the awful debate, as to whether Jehovah or Baal is the supreme Lord of the elements, was here fought out for a full day, in the face of one of the most sublime scenes of earth and sea.

Before him who stands on Carmel nature appears in a series of grand sights extending from sea to mount; the Mediterranean's long coast to north and south, with its plains and hot sands; and Esdrælon covered with flowers, farms, and fields of wheat: "As I live," saith Jehovah, "surely, like Tabor among the mountains and like Carmel by the sea, shall He come."

The two mountains mentioned stand at opposite ends of Esdrælon, each separate from other hills, with its bulk resting on the plain. Carmel places a firm foothold upon the sea, verdure-clothed and majestic. The district suffers as other places suffer, for dearth of water. It is to-day covered with scrub-oak, with here and there a grove of great trees; but anciently it was much more cultivated. Carmel means "The Garden," and here once abounded great harvests of olives and grapes. As proof of this, beneath the wild growths of today, grooved floors and troughs have been traced. Carmel is exalted in the land, and can be seen not only from the hills of Samaria, but

from the hills east of Jordan, and from points in Gilead, also from Jaffa, Tyre and Sidon, and from the hills of Naphtali. That Carmel should languish, that Carmel where fell abundant rain should be desolate, were the woe-ful predictions of the prophets. A writer speaking of Carmel says,

“It is as a sanctuary that the long hill is best remembered in history: in its separation from other hills, its position on the sea, its visibleness from all quarters of the country; in its usefulness for war or traffic; in its profusion of flowers; its high platform and groves, lower hills of Galilee, with their oaks; then over the barren peaks of Upper Galilee, and the haze that is about them; and the clear snows of Hermon, that are hanging like a misty cloud in the sky. It was in the face of all this, that the Deity who is the Lord, was vindicated against the deity who is not. Over all the realm the rain came at the bidding of the same God who exposed the injustice of the tyrant and avenged the wrongs of Naboth.”

We had the best view of Haifa and Mt. Carmel from the sea, the view that impressed us most with its grandeur. The Austrian Lloyd steamers now touch at Haifa, which has added greatly to the prosperity and importance of the town. This place also benefits from the commerce of the town of Acre which can plainly be seen in the distance. Haifa is advantageously situated on the Bay of Acre. But as the harbor is not a good one, vessels anchor far out in deep water; the passengers are landed in small boats. In winter it is, however, a secure haven of refuge. Of late years, Haifa has expanded very much, especially toward the east. It has about fifteen thousand inhabitants; of these about eight thousand are Europeans, six hundred of whom are Germans. These colonists, always thrifty, have

established vineyards on Mt. Carmel, and it is said the wine they make is excellent. Landing in the old part of the town, we rode to the new part, and secured excellent quarters in the Hotel Carmel. We enjoyed the food which was served in German style, for we had long sojourned in Germany. This part of Haifa has a distinct European appearance, and we felt that we could have enjoyed a few weeks' visit here, had it been practical to remain. It was Sunday morning, an ideal morning in May. We arose early to enjoy a walk, while the dew was on leaf and flower. How like England are the little homes almost hidden in their gardens of old fashioned flowers! How fragrant the air, blowing from the sea! How peaceful the scene!

The carriages that were to convey us to Nazareth were extremely commodious, heavy-built and easy to ride in. The fine road to Nazareth was built a few years ago by Thos. Cook & Son, when it was expected the Emperor of Germany would visit Nazareth. It is said that the anxiety caused by his not coming as expected resulted in the death of Mr. Cook, for after all the Kaiser decided that the season was too far advanced for him to visit Galilee. But we enjoyed riding over the good road, and were glad Wilhelm of Germany thought of going to Nazareth, which fact insured its construction. The ride to Nazareth is delightful, the flowers of Galilee blooming on every side. Yes; we are in Palestine in time for the flowers! Here they are, whole beds of them, blue, yellow, pink, and white; and then also the crimson roses of Sharon! We see the poor Fellahin ploughing with camels, the awkward animals moving slowly over the ground. What a change from the desolation of Judea, and the barrenness of Jerusalem! Our guide is an Englishman, and the ride to Nazareth will ever be remembered by me as one of un-

alloyed pleasure. The flowers and the scenes of Galilee inspire the spirit of song, and,

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,"

is wafted again and again on the perfumed air.

High on Mt. Carmel (we traveled fourteen miles around it) is the only place on the Nazareth side of the mountain where the Mediterranean can be seen, and this must be the place where Elijah commanded his servant to look for a cloud rising over the sea. We can plainly see the chapel belonging to the Franciscan monks built just where this view may be obtained. The "Mount of Priests," so called because it was here that Elijah slew the priests of Baal, and Gilboa, where Saul killed himself, are in plain sight. In passing through a village, a little youngster ran along beside us attired in nature's full dress. Amidst smothered laughter some of the party threw him some coppers and asked him to stand for a snap shot.

Our road is now a continuous ascent. We pass over a high summit and before us, nestling as in a basin among the mountains, is Nazareth! At the hotel we learn that goat's milk, and butter made from it, are the only articles of food of that class in Galilee. But as these were unpalatable to most of us, and some of us ate no meat, our menu, during our sojourn in Galilee, was materially curtailed. We are now in the land of the shepherds and the sheep, the land, because of more toleration, so beloved of our Lord; and the story of the shepherd calling and the sheep knowing his voice, touched as if by a magic wand the pathos of the heart.



HAIFA AND MOUNT CARMEL.



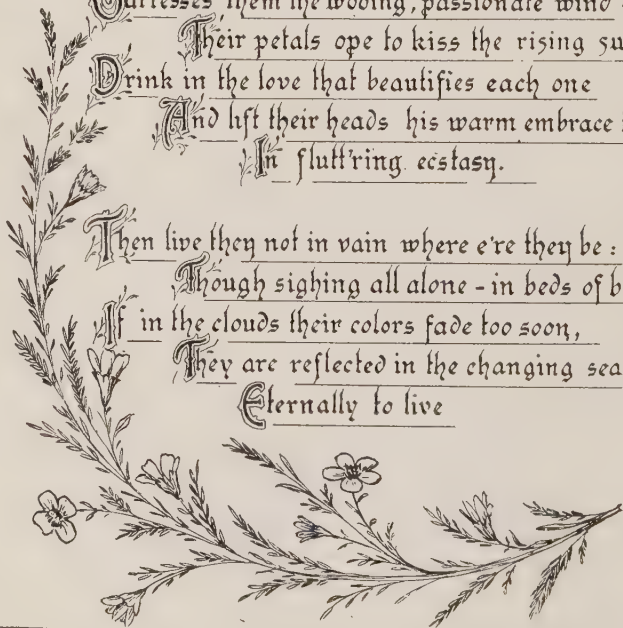
NAZARETH.

The Wayside Flowers

By deserts bound they blossom side by side,
Then pass away as though they all forgot
Some by the wayside some in shady spot -
The perfumed dust is scattered far and wide.
Ere long to bloom again.

Carresses them the wooing, passionate wind -
Their petals ope to kiss the rising sun -
Drink in the love that beautifies each one
And lift their heads his warm embrace to find,
In flutt'ring ecstasy.

Then live they not in vain where e're they be :
Though sighing all alone - in beds of bloom -
If in the clouds their colors fade too soon,
They are reflected in the changing sea
Eternally to live



The Flowers of Galilee.....

Beneath a gorgeous sky the wild-wood flowers of Galilee,
Sing lovesongs all the day to earth, and air and sky
And every passing breeze sighs their low refrain.

A master painter shades their dainty hues -
Night softly showers o'er them her pearly tears -
Which rising from the sea, the Day God steals with kisses





ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.



RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

CHAPTER II.

NAZARETH.

A hill which rises about five hundred feet from the valley below, forms a background for the little town of Nazareth. As the evening shades are falling, we climb to the summit of this hill, and view the landscape far and near. There are few points in Palestine which form a more extensive view. We climb over the rough stones to the highest point, and from a Moslem tomb (wely) we survey the surrounding country. The village of Nazareth below us, surrounded by these guardian hills, lies in what is thought to be an extinct crater. Around and before it stretches the great Plain of Esdrælon. Beyond Carmel, on the west, the sun is sinking in a crimson sea. In the north, Hermon rears his lofty head; his snowy crown has caught the warm tints of the setting sun. How enchanting the scene! Esdrælon blushes in the sunset—or is it the crimson tint of blood which has rolled over it in the distant past?

Did He climb here in boyhood days? What read He in sea and sky? Did these whispering breezes, the mysterious voices of Nature, tell of what the future held in store? The place to me is haunted by the long forgotten dreams of the past!

Some have supposed Nazareth to be a town built on the summit of a mountain from which the intended precipitation was to take place. This, however, is not the position of Nazareth, which is built on the side of a hill, not on top of it, and the brow of the mountain therefore is above the city, not below it. Not far from the Maronite church there is a cliff, about forty feet in height, which

exactly corresponds to the description given by St. Luke, and is no doubt the site of the intended precipitation. During the exciting scene, Christ was so quiet and peaceful. While the crowd hurried on to the dreaded spot, their attention becomes diverted from him, "But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." Nazareth, though a city of Galilee, was despised by Galileans, one of whom asked the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The present population are people of uncultivated manners, and anciently they were despised for their provincial dialect. They were hostile to the Jews, and expelled Jesus twice from their city (Luke 4:16-29), once seeking to take his life. As they were so unbelieving, he could do no miracles among them. Finally he was compelled to quit the city, his home of childhood and youth, and make his abode at Capernaum. (Matt. 4:13.)

A little to the right of the Greek Bishop's house is the Virgin's fountain, no doubt often visited by Jesus and his mother. Here, as for generations past, come the women of Nazareth for water. The water of the Virgin's spring bursts forth from the ground within the church of the Annunciation, the church itself being under ground. The water is led past the high altar to a well which is kept full for the use of Pilgrims; thence by a conduit it is taken to an arched recess, below the church, on the hillside. There, through the wall, it spouts into a stone trough. The over-flowing water forms a pool in front and beneath the trough, where the women wash their linen, while the children in the waters, ankle deep, are playing all kinds of antics. People are continually passing and re-passing with water jars gracefully poised on their heads. These they carry, sometimes long distances, to their homes. Thus the scene at the spring is always lively.

Not far above the fountain, and over the source of the spring, is the Greek church and monastery, dedicated to Gabriel, the angel of the Annunciation, whom God sent to the Virgin. This angel told her that she should bear a son who should be called the Son of the Highest, and whose name she should call Jesus. (Luke 1:26-31.) The old story all seemed so plain when the words of the scripture were read here. The Latin monks point out in their church the spot where this angel visit took place, and have marked it with the inscription, *Hic verbum caro factum est*, (Here the word became flesh).

In the Old Testament, Nazareth is not mentioned, and it was very unimportant in the days of Christ. (John 1:46.) The name "Nazarene" was applied in derision, first to Christ, then to his disciples. Up to the time of Constantine the place was only occupied by Samaritan Jews and dwindled into insignificance after the Islam conquest. In the year 970 A. D., it was taken by the Greeks, but before it came into the possession of the Franks it was destroyed by the Arabs. An historian says that in 1109, Galilee was bestowed on France as a fief. The Crusaders erected churches here, also transferred to Nazareth the bishopric of Scythopolis. After the battle of Hattin, July, 1187, Saladin took possession of Nazareth. In the Middle Ages pilgrims again visited Nazareth and, in 1229, the Emperor Frederick II rebuilt it. In 1250 it was visited by Louis IX, but lost all of its former importance when the Franks were driven out of Palestine. When the land was conquered by the Turks, in 1517, the Christians were compelled to leave. Later the Franciscans again established themselves in Nazareth, when it regained much of the importance it had lost, though still remaining a poor village. It was often attacked by the Bedouins and harassed by the quarrels of the Arab chiefs.

In the eighteenth century it regained some of its former prestige and, in 1799, the French camped near Nazareth.

In the early spring the city presents a pleasing appearance; its dazzling white walls seem to be set in a green frame-work of cactus hedges, and fig and olive trees. It was thus we saw it. Its population, about ten thousand in all, consists of about thirty-five hundred Moslems, and the same number of orthodox Greeks, and fifteen hundred Latins. There is no poetry about Nazareth that appeals to any preconceived high ideals one may have formed of it. Its streets are vile; its market and shops are insignificant. But here are the carpenter shops; the fresh smell of wood issues from their open doors, and heaps of shavings lie in the streets. I know not what those working within thought of us impertinent strangers gazing at them while they worked, but the truth of it is, it was because we were so gratified to see the trade at which our Lord worked with Joseph as a boy still in vogue. Some of the party bought souvenirs of wood made in Nazareth: others took a handful of shavings from the heap standing without the door, for here, as nowhere else, one sees carpenter shops. The workshop of Joseph is situated in a small enclosed court. The chapel was built in 1858-9. Over the altar is a large picture of the Virgin, and the picture of Christ as the carpenter's son is seen in many places. Some of the foundations and pillars of a former church are shown underneath the foundation of this one. A very pretty flower garden covers part of this plateau, and extends to the very edge of it. A good view of the greater part of Nazareth may be obtained here.

Crossing the market we came to the church called the "Table of Christ." It is built over a highly polished rock, eleven and a half feet long, by nine and a half feet broad, arranged as a communion table, on which it is said

Christ ate with his disciples before and after his resurrection. In the church, this presents a very strange appearance. On the hill side, back of Nazareth, the English Female Education Society has erected a handsome institution for the education of orphan girls. This orphanage, under the patronage of the Church of England, is doing a great work at Nazareth. The women and girls who sell the beautiful hand-made lace around the hotel learn the art of its manufacture while attending this school. Among them, and they all speak excellent English, was a woman about thirty who told me she had been educated at the orphanage and had learned there to make the lace she was then selling. "But," she said, "I afterwards married a man who breaks stones on the road. As this can only be done in the dry season, and the pay is very small, in the winter I must sit up at nights, usually until twelve o'clock, to make the lace I sell here in the summer. After I bought lace from her she pleaded so hard for me to buy more, "I need the money," she said, "our lot was not so bad until your civilization brought us drunkenness." Had a physical blow fallen upon me, I could not have felt worse. Her words stung me to the quick, as I looked into the depths of her great dark eyes and realized the weight of her sorrow. "Your civilization," and we all stand before her accused! To their already pitiful life, we have added drunkenness! O Christian women of the world, what are you going to do about it? We have our suffrage clubs, and our literary societies, and we annually send money for the conversion of the heathen, to—what? The poor, shabbily dressed, sorely tried woman was standing before me. More than ever was she tried by the coming of "Your civilization." So, in Nazareth we were not far away from the evils that follow in the wake "of our civilization." The dark eyes that looked into mine haunted me.

The orphanage is a lovely place with attractive grounds; everything is in perfect order and spotlessly clean. The matron showed us through the institution and invited us to stay to tea. The dark-eyed, lean, hungry-looking lace-maker is in my mind associated with the place. When I beheld the pretty, fresh-looking girls then beneath its roof, who were being educated above their station, the thought came, "after all, is it good?" Few men here equal these girls in gentleness and refinement; and if the girls marry at all, it must necessarily be some one beneath them. The happy girlhood passed here ends in an unhappy wifehood, and in struggles with poverty, perhaps amid scenes of squallor and degradation.

"I have three children," my new friend said, "come and see me in my home."

"Are you from England?" she enquired.

"From America," my answer.

A little girl standing near immediately grasped my hand and exclaimed, "O let me go with you to America, my father is there. I will give you this ring," and she tried to put it on my finger, while clinging to my hand. I declined the gift of the ring, and some friends drew the sobbing child away, though she seemed determined to go with me to America. Strange as it may seem, the ordinary women around Nazareth appear to be more degraded than elsewhere. Parties who pass us on the road salute us graciously which I had not noticed with others before this time. But it is generally the man who salutes. He touches his forehead with his finger then places his right hand solemnly over his heart, which means, "With respect, I salute you from my heart."

The morning we left Nazareth, the lace-sellers gathered around the hotel to bid us goodbye, all the while importuning us to buy more lace. Their English is so good

that, gazing on the motley assembly, the question arose in my mind, "What language will become universal?" The little Arabian girl again clung to my hand, "Take me to America," she pleaded, and would not let me go until a friend took her forcibly away. And the answer to my question came, "The English language will yet be universal." Even now, where you would least expect to hear it, it is spoken freely, in Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Palestine. Ere we said goodbye the Arabian woman gave me a beautiful, crimson rose as a token of love; "Let it be a bond between us," she said; and I answered, "Yea," and never will the gift or the giver be forgotten. "Goodbye," many voices cry at once; we were leaving friends in Nazareth.

A telegram from London, under date of February 6, 1912, says:

"Excavations at Nazareth have uncovered the site upon which, it is declared by competent archæologists, stood the carpenter's workshop of Joseph, husband of Mary, mother of Jesus. The Franciscan monks, on whose property the discovery was made, have bought up all the adjoining buildings and intend to erect a magnificent temple to mark the spot.

"Many wonderful mosaics and coins of the early Roman period, together with admirable Ionian and Corinthian capitals and jewels and objects of ornament, also were found near Joseph's workshop."

CHAPTER III.

STORIES OF ESDRÆLON.

From Nazareth to Carmel the scene is gloriously grand in nature, and tragically great in history. The sun's crimson rays are reflected on leaf and flower. A sudden blaze of gold before it sinks to rest intensifies the scene. The story of Esdrælon is written as in liquid gold. Over Esdrælon armies are marching, sounds the tumult of war, victories and defeats we see. The song of Deborah has not yet died away. Like a panorama, history passes before us.

Esdrælon is the battle field of Palestine, and derives its name from the Hebrew Jezreel. As Palestine has taken its name from the Philistines (foreigners) who inhabited only part of it, so the Plain of Esdrælon has taken its name from the little valley of Jezreel, lying to the north of Gilboa, and running to the Jordan valley. It is surrounded by mountains: the hills of Samaria, the mountains of Gilboa, the hill of Moreh, sometimes called Little Hermon, and the hills of Nazareth. The westward plain is drained by the brook or the torrent Kishon, which flows by the foot of Carmel into the bay of Acre where the Plain of Esdrælon opens into the Maritime Plain, called the plain of Acre. On the east are two wadies, besides the valley of Jezreel through which the water flows into the Jordan.

On the day that Deborah arose, a mother in Israel, and Barak smote the hosts of Sisera with a mighty slaughter, the Kishon ran red with Canaanitish blood. From Harosheth, his stronghold, Jabin, the Canaanitish king,

controlled the Plain of Esdraelon, which was occupied by the tribes of Issachar; and by the opening of the Kishon, he had easy access to his capital at Hazor, where he could oppress the tribes of Asher, Zebulon and Naphtali, which lay beyond the plain. The hand of Jabin lay heavy on Israel. The fields of Esdraelon were abandoned, and the highways were unused; only by solitary paths could the traveler make his way from place to place (Judges 5:6). These were the conditions of the country when Deborah sent her message to Barak calling him to the deliverance of his people. He called on the men of Zebulon and Naphtali, to follow him, but stipulated that Deborah accompany him. With ten thousand men, he ascended the summit of Mount Tabor. But this was a little army to Sisera, the general of Jabin's host, who took up a position between Megiddo and Taanach, the Kishon lying in front of him. He had with him about nine hundred chariots of iron—the terror of the Israelites. On Mount Tabor Barak was safe, since the chariots could not follow him there; but the battle must be fought in the plain below, and Deborah gave the sign for the fight. Barak marched down and crossed the plain from Tabor, and attacked Sisera's left flank; when, Josephus says, a tremendous storm of rain and hail came on, and beat full in the faces of the enemy. The ground, all water sodden, embarrassed the Canaanitish horses; in the mud their chariots stuck fast, and confusion fell on the heathen host. By the flood the torrent of Kishon was swollen, and the road to Harosheth was impassable. The Gentiles were hemmed in by raging Kishon, with Barak's gallant ten thousand pressing their rear. Their defeat was overwhelming. From the scene of carnage, Sisera escaped on foot, fleeing across the plain northward to the oak of Zaaniam in the low land, near Kadesh Naphtali. There he sought the tent of Heber, a

Kenite Bedouin. Though they were friendly to each other, the bond did not save him. For Jael, Heber's wife, drove a nail into his brain as, weary after the bloody day, he lay asleep.

In Harosheth, the mother of Sisera anxiously awaited his coming. "Why is his chariot so long in coming?" she asked. "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the spoil?" No; they had not sped; Deborah and Barak, even then were thinking of the song which has made their names immortal; the song of triumph over Sisera. "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!" After that great victory the land had rest for forty years. (Judges 5:31.) More than three thousand years later, a similar battle was fought on this plain with almost as unequal numbers and equipment.

"On the direct road to Nazareth," says a noted writer, "a little to the north-west, is a small mound in the plain covered with ruins. On the other side of it is a small swamp, sometimes lake, where the wild fowl resort in great numbers. The mound is known as El Fuleh, the Bean, and marks the site of the Crusading Castle of Faba, an important fortress of the Knights Templar, the foundations of which are still plainly visible. In April, 1799, the Turks had gathered a vast army—Mamelukes from Egypt, Janizaries from Damascus, regulars from Aleppo, with the whole Mohammedan population of Syria, and countless hordes of Arab cavalry, outnumbering them, from the whole east of Jordan and northern Arabia—for the purpose of forcing Napoleon to raise the siege of Acre, then held by the aid of Sir Henry Smith. The Turkish general, in the same position as Sisera, was compelled to camp in the plain, or at least for the sake of water, must hold his cavalry there. Like Barak, the little handful of French held the hill country of the north,

Junot and Mount Tabor and Nazareth; others held Cana of Galilee and Safed; while Murat, with one thousand men, held the bridge across the Jordan, to intercept all communications of the enemy. Kleber held the supreme command; and with all his troops marched from Nazareth to Fuleh for the attack. Here he was met by fifteen thousand cavalry, and an equal number of infantry. Forming in squares the French were soon entrenched behind ramparts of dead men and horses. After holding the ground for six hours, they were re-inforced by Napoleon, who with an army had worked his way from Acre by the southern hills. The Turkish cavalry was driven into the swamp at the head-waters of the Kishon, in which Sisera's chariots had stuck fast. Then they fled by Mt. Tabor and the Jordan, by the same route that Sisera's fugitives followed to Harosheth; but, as Murat was holding the bridge, they endeavored to ford the swollen Jordan. In numbers countless as the sands of the seashore, they perished, and were utterly dispersed."

After the defeat of Sisera, the next great victory of the Israelites on the Plain of Esdrælon was that of Gideon against the Midianites. Israel was shown that the Lord can save by many or few, as pleaseth him. The tribes of Midian, of the eastern side of Jordan, had long made incursions into the Plain of Esdrælon, and so firmly entrenched themselves that when the Israelites had raised their harvests, they came and robbed them of their crops. This was not to be wondered at, because Israel was unfaithful; for they bowed down to Baal, and the altars of idols had been erected in the high places of the land. One of these altars of the false god stood even on Gideon's inheritance. This altar God commanded him to tear down; and to him God entrusted the rescue of the Israelites from the Midianites. Gideon asked God for a

sign, well knowing the peril of this undertaking; asked that he might know if it was God who called him. Even as he asked, the sign was given. "With thirty-two thousand men, Gideon encamped on the northern slope of Mt. Gilboa; the Midianites and Amalakites, with their chiefs Oreb, the Raven, and Zeeb, the wolf, were encamped under their greatest chiefs Zeba and Zalmunna, in the valley by the hill of Moreh. Accompanying these warriors were the children of the East, and they lay along the valley like grasshoppers for multitude."

In the face of these formidable numbers, Gideon gave the word for every man who was afraid, to turn and leave the hosts of Israel, and twenty-two thousand took him at his word. The remainder were commanded of God to march down to the spring of Jezreel where, being thirsty, they threw themselves down in unsoldierly disorder, and drank like dogs. Only three hundred men drank at their leisure, as became resolute, disciplined warriors, and these were chosen to conquer. Gideon made a personal reconnoitre of the enemies' camp, at the dead of night. On returning to the chosen three hundred, he armed them with trumpets, and lamps concealed in earthen pitchers. At different points, in three divisions, they fell upon the camp of Midian, blowing their trumpets and breaking there pitchers; waving their flaming lamps they shouted out their battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Surprised, and supposing themselves surrounded by the army of Israel, the Midianites, in the confusion and darkness, turned their swords against each other, and began a disorderly flight. All Israel joined in their pursuit so that they were completely routed and driven out of every place they had occupied. So again the land had rest.

A sadder sight Mt. Gilboa was yet to see. In great strength the Philistines had gathered, leaving their own

plain by the sea, and forced Saul, the forsaken of God, back through the Plain of Esdraelon. Saul's camp was at Mt. Gilboa; the Philistines were camped at Shunem. Saul, knowing God had left him, lost hope and energy. Samuel was dead, and there was no prophet for him to consult. Then Saul sought out a witch with a familiar spirit. She dwelt at Endor, at a village on the other side of Little Hermon, about eight miles from Saul's camp, and on the reputed spot where Sisera was slain. (Psalms 83:9-10.) By night, Saul went thither in disguise, and at his desire the woman called the shade of Samuel to meet the king who had so often disobeyed his counsels. "Why," the prophet asked, "why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" Saul, with his face bowed to the ground, mournfully answered, "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams. Therefore, I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I should do." Then was his doom sternly pronounced. "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines." Saul, overcome by his sentence, fainted. He was worn out from fatigue and anxiety, and had eaten nothing from early morning. His followers strove to comfort him, and persuaded him to eat, perhaps his last meal. On the following day, the dread prophecy was fulfilled. Saul's sons died before him, in the battle, slain by Philistine archers; he himself was wounded. Disgrace he could not brook, so he preferred to die by his own hand, rather than by the enemy. He besought his armor-bearer to kill him. But the armor-bearer would not slay the Lord's anointed. Then Saul fell upon his own sword; the faithful armor-bearer did likewise and died with him. On the following

day, the bodies of Saul and his sons, among them David's beloved friend, Jonathan, were found by the Philistines, and Saul's armor was sent as a trophy to the temple of Ashtoreth. His body, with the bodies of his sons, was gibbeted outside the walls of Bethshan (afterward Scythopolis, now Beisan) in the Plain of Jezreel. But this insult the brave men of Mt. Gilboa could not bear. To Bethshan they went, took the mutilated bodies down and gave them honorable sepulchre. David's muse then inspired the tender strain of his lament for Jonathan.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon high places. O ye mountains of Gilboa! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet; who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Esdrælon, the scene of so many terrible battles, witnessed still another defeat for Israel. It was where the great victory of Barak over Sisera took place. Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, came along the coast, through the plains of Philistia and Sharon, in his march against Assyria. King Josiah ill-advisedly attacked him near the cape of Carmel. Pharaoh did not wish war with Josiah, though unbidden he had crossed his lands. It was Josiah who forced a battle at Megiddo; and, desiring to meet King Pharaoh, in a hand to hand fight, he entered the ranks in disguise. But Josiah, at a place called Hadad Rimmon, was mortally wounded by an

arrow, only living until he reached Jerusalem. There he died, the most lamented of the kings of Judah.

From this blow the kingdom never rallied, and fell a helpless prey into the hands of the Assyrians (2 Kings 23:29, 30; 2 Chron. 25:20-24). This field of Megiddo, already the scene of so much slaughter, is thought to be the Armageddon of Rev. 16:16. Certain it is that the Apostle John saw some such place, and described the scene of bloodshed, though he may have likened the battle-field to the one he had heard of and seen on the Plain of Esdraelon.

A little way from the northeastern end of Mount Gilboa, not far from the spring of Jezreel, where Gideon's thirsty soldiers fell down on their faces to drink, many years afterwards, the magnificent capital of Ahab was established, which outshone the original capital at Samaria. It was splendidly situated, the fertile plains of the Jordan on the east, the Mediterranean on the west, from Engannim on the south to Nazareth on the north. It proved a strong barrier to the conquest of the land by Joshua (Josh. 17:16). Ahab was a man of magnificence, not altogether bad, but led by the ambition of his heathen wife, Jezebel. Under a perjured accusation, she had put Naboth to death (1 Kings 21:1-16). For Jezebel's sake Ahab desired to complete or enlarge his palace. A staff of priests served in a grove sacred to Baal (1 Kings 16:33; 2 Kings 10:11), and from the watch tower, high above, the whole plain could be seen (2 Kings 9:17). Jezreel, in the time of Ahab, was a place of luxury and magnificence. It had a winter palace, a summer palace, and one that was called the "palace of ivory," and mansions so magnificent as to be called "houses of ivory" (Amos 3:15). The rebuke pronounced against Ahab, by Elijah, caused the terror-

stricken king to rend his clothes, put sack-cloth on his loins, and lay in sack-cloth, going softly (I Kings 21:27). Thus the doom pronounced on him was delayed. But he fell in battle at Ramath Gilead, beyond the Jordan, and his son Ahaziah followed him in evil ways, and did not repent. He it was who sent to consult Beelzebub at the Philistine temple in Ekron, and whose death Elijah foretold. He was followed by Zoram, one equally unworthy, like his father; then came Jehu, the Avenger. Wounded in battle with Hazael, King of Syria, Zoram had gone to his palace at Jezreel to recover. Elijah, to punish the evil house of Ahab, sent a messenger to anoint Jehu, thus founding a new dynasty in the kingdom of Israel. Jehu raised the standard of revolt at Samaria, and was proclaimed king so suddenly that he arrived himself at Jezreel before the news reached there. Messengers followed each other who inquired whether they came on an errand of peace. But they were held by Jehu who continued his swift march. Zoram at length perceived by the furious driving of the chariots that it was Jehu who approached. He went out at once to meet the enemy, accompanied by his guest Ahaziah, king of Judah.

He asked, "Is it peace, Jehu," and was told there could be no peace as long as his mother lived. At this answer Zoram fled, but was killed by an arrow from Jehu's bow. Ahaziah also fled, but was mortally wounded and died at Megiddo. Meanwhile Jezebel prepared to meet Jehu whom, with undaunted courage, she greeted with scorn. While Jehu had been engaged in killing the kings, she had caused that her head be adorned and her face painted. When Jehu entered Jezreel, she, looking out at a window, taunted him with the fate of Zimri, another traitor, who had murdered his sovereign. "Had

Zimri peace," she asked, "who slew his master?" To some of the servants who stood near the queen, Jehu called, "Cast her down!" They cast her down and she was trodden under the feet of horses, and so was left dead in the street. When they returned to bury her, they found her flesh had been eaten by the dogs of Jezreel. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Elijah. That dogs should eat the flesh of that cruel Jezebel in the portion of Jezreel (2 Kings 9).

All that now remains of Ahab's splendid city is a rude village called Zorin, and a tower which is used by travelers as a kahn, while heaps of ruins bear witness of its former greatness. The Hill of Moreh, commonly called Little Hermon, is a little to the North of Jezreel. Two passages in the psalms have caused this misunderstanding.

At the foot of Little Hermon was Shunem, now Salem; on the northeast is Endor, and on the northwest slope was the little city of Nain, "The Fair," which is revered by all Christians. On this lovely situation now, there is only a squalid village. In the days of Christ's ministry, journeying to Capernaum, he came to Nain with his chosen followers. As he approached the city gate, he met a large, sorrowful procession. A young man was being carried to a grave beyond the city wall, and he was the only son of his mother who was a widow. The saddest fate that could befall a woman of Israel was to be childless. It was even thought to be a special punishment for sin. More sad was her fate than mothers bereaved in our day. The hearts of the neighbors were moved by her grief, so that "much people followed the bier." When the Savior saw her he, too, was moved by compassion and touched the bier. By this act, according to Jewish law, he was defiled. To him there was

no defilement, for he made this act a deathless triumph. At his touch the bearers of the dead stood still. Then Jesus said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" Then he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and Jesus delivered him to his mother. On this spot we read the scripture and were filled with the solemnity befitting the scene of our Savior's marvelous power, which bears out his words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mount Tabor, now called Jabel-el-Tur, or Mountain of Purity, is about ten miles from here, but on account of the clearness of the atmosphere it seems much closer. Hebrew poets loved to compare this mount with the noble Carmel, at the other end of the plain. Thus Jeremiah exclaims (46:18): "As I live, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall He come!"

Another beautiful plain of northern Palestine called Butrauf runs from east to west. Its waters drain off westward through a narrow valley to the Kishon, at the foot of Carmel. On the southern border of this plain, the eye rests on a large village, and an isolated hill with a ruined castle on the top: this was Saffiyeh, the ancient Sapphoris. Beyond the plains of Butrauf, long ridges running from east to west rise one higher than another, until the mountains overtop them all. This is Safed, the city set on a hill. There are the hills of Galilee, and Hermon, the majestic, with its icy crown. How often did the Savior's eyes rest on this glorious panorama! How fair it must have been in his day, when the earth was clothed with verdure and flowers produced by the early and later rains. Perhaps he forgot the blood-stains on Esdrælon, when the flowers bloomed and he beheld their gorgeous hues. Though some of

the party were commenting on the scene, others were lost in dreamy meditation. How have the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth changed all the world! On the shining sea, ships sped with gospel tidings that have spread over the world, and even thus will spread until the knowledge of God fills the earth as the waters cover the great deep.

'Tis eve o'er Esdrælon. The sun's last rays
Emblazon all the scene whereon I gaze;
Spread o'er the earth a crimson tint I see,
Of bloody past, or what is yet to be.

A gorgeous cloud o'er Carmel spills its gold
And dazzles with its splendor who behold;
Yon mountain rears its head, as it would seem,
To don its golden crown with gems agleam.

There Armageddon, terrible to be
Where blood shall flow like surges of the sea;
A world in combat, 'tis the closing hour.
The nations all in battle strive for power.

But see! dark shadows seem to overlie
The crimson clouds now massing in the sky;
A single blaze ere yet the sun goes down,
Bestows on all the scene a luminous crown.

Night spreads her sable robe, a single star
Shines on its folds through gath'ring mists afar;
Another, another, a myriad gleam,
And spangle o'er the robe of Night, the Queen.

O stars of Esdrælon, ye seem to be
More tremulous than others that I see;
Ye thrill my heart with poesy and song—
Songs of the past, O stars of Esdrælon.

CHAPTER IV.

SAILING ON GALILEE.

The morning was cool, and while our ride from Nazareth was pleasant, the former good road was not in our present way. We saw numbers of men working on a road which proved to be the bed of the new railroad which now connects Beirut and Damascus with the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth and Haifa.

On our left, we pass Gath-hepher, the birthplace of Jonah, and where it is said he sleeps with his fathers. The Horns of Hattin, the summit of a high mountain, resemble the horns of an animal. Mt. Tabor towers in majesty above the valley. It was here, on July 3rd and 4th, 1187, that Saladin defeated the Franks, dealing a death blow to their power in Palestine. As we survey the scene on all sides, the reality of that dreadful battle is evident, as it vividly rises to mind. King Guy, of Lusignan, was taken prisoner, with many others. The knights were sold as slaves. The Templars, and the Hospitallers were executed, Saladin himself slaying the Grand Master of the Templars, and the Bishop of Lydda.

Karn Hattin is also said to be the mountain of the Beatitudes, or the scene where Jesus fed the five thousand. A little distance below the Horns there is quite a large plateau, where such an event could easily have taken place. The grave of Jethro is shown here, by the Jews, and the little village, high on the mountain side, is said to be the one Christ referred to when he said, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid."

From Hattin, the Sea of Galilee can plainly be seen,

its blue waves rolling far away. The shade of blue is peculiar in that it is lighter than any we have seen before. Blooming all around us are the wild flowers of Galilee, and a number of voices are singing,

“O Galilee, blue Galilee.”

Magdala, by the Sea, is plainly visible, long before we begin our descent to Tiberias, which looks like a little cluster of houses down by the water. As we reach the edge of the plateau, there is the beautiful Sea of Galilee stretching out harp-shaped, the bulge end being on the south side. Our hearts are full of the memories of other days, as we look on the transparent, changing blue of the water. No wonder we burst into song:

“O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,”

nor that the picture is indelibly impressed upon our minds. How far away Galilee always seemed to me; now it is here! On its blue, rolling waves Jesus walked, and in the stillly water Peter caught the net full of fish.

As we go down to Tiberias and its torrid heat, we notice that the houses and hotels are all painted in that wonderful shade of blue so characteristic of this district. We were housed in the best hotel in Tiberias, and my room overlooked the sea. After luncheon, the weather being delightful, and the wind fair, we went for a sail on Galilee. But we were advised to lose no time, for this region is subject to sudden squalls. Our three boats were stationed far enough from shore to insure a proper depth of water. The boatmen, attired in flaming jerseys, and legs bare, met us at the water's edge, and, making a chair with their hands, as we used to in childhood days—carried us safely to the boat. After watching them

carry the Rector of St. Paul's, London, (about 250 avoirdupois) I flattered myself that I looked at least a little more graceful, on account of my feminine drapery. So, I bravely submitted myself to be carried on the improvised chair.

The Sea of Galilee is thirteen miles long and six miles wide; its greatest depth being 130 to 150 feet. It is about 618 feet below the Mediterranean. In spring its banks are beautifully green, a tropical vegetation being produced for a short time, while the scenery is of a mild, peaceful character. This basin, however, is frequently visited by sudden, violent storms. From the Gospels we learn that many vessels once navigated this sea, upon which in our day only a few fishing boats may be seen.

All the dwellers on the shores of Galilee drink of the sea water, which is cooled by being placed in porous jars and let stand over night. The bottom of the sea is mostly covered with fragments of basalt of various sizes; and near the banks, by ancient building material. Voyagers are warned to keep near the shore, on account of the sudden storms that arise. Many good kinds of fish are found in the sea, several of which are indigenous only to the tropics. Among them the Chromis, Simondis (the male of which carries the eggs and young around in his mouth) and the Barbur of the Arabs, which emits a sound. Fish were abundantly served at the hotel, and were certainly appetizing. They are greatly appreciated in this climate where meat cannot be kept.

It is estimated that upward of two million people lived on the shores of Galilee in the days of Christ. Now, after one leaves Tiberias, scarcely a soul is to be seen. Where are the multitudes of that long vanished day? We are told that as Jesus came and went, he was followed by

multitudes who stood on the shore, while he sat in the boat and taught them; and that when wearied he sailed away to rest. At one time he miraculously fed five thousand who had followed him. Where are they today?—today when white bears are seen on Mt. Hermon, which, snow-capped, towers high over the undulating hills of romance and story.

As we sailed on Galilee, some read the stories of its past, while others gazed wistfully over sea and shore. We trailed our hands in the water like children. The sea now seems to be green, instead of that wonderful blue we saw when we caught the first glimpse of it. We drank of the water, but it was so warm that it did not serve to quench our thirst. The afternoon heat was intense, and we rejoiced when the breeze veered so that we could be in the shade of the sail for a little while. The Arabian rowers, at first so trimly dressed, soon removed their red jerseys, no doubt feeling better than they appeared. When we landed at Khan Minyeh, which is near a spring, we saw the ruins of a building where excavations are progressing, and learned that these are the ruins of Capernaum. The excavations show the ruins to be only a few feet beneath the sandy surface, and lying between the khan and the sea.

“And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.” (Matt. 11:23). These words of Christ, spoken when he pronounced judgment on the unbelieving cities, have been literally fulfilled; even their sites have not been held in remembrance. It remained for the year 1905 to reveal the actual place of their existence. It was a great surprise to see a large force of Arabians, men, girls, and boys, ex-

cavating among these ruins. This place, known as Khan Minyeh, corresponds with the description given of Capernaum, in that it is on the sea shore, formerly a place of commerce and ships; while Tell Hum, and other places mentioned as Capernaum, are not thus situated. These ruins, wrapped in the sleep of the forgotten, buried under only a few feet of soil, have, during the passing ages, been soothed to forgetfulness by the slumber song of Galilee which gently breaks on the shore not far away. Now we see the heavy stones, broken columns, beautiful cornice and frescoes, together with inside decorations of delicate design, of some massive, extensive building, thought to be the synagogue where Christ performed the mighty works of which he spoke. On April 9, 1905, the excavation was commenced. An earthquake destroyed the city; the position of the stones show that the earth swayed, a chasm opened, the lower part of the building sank, when the upper part toppled over; for the broken columns are lying diagonally and horizontally, heaped upon each other. The engineers in charge are very reticent about their work, which is carried on under the direction of the German Oriental Society, and the supervision of the Sultan of Turkey. Two civil engineers have entire charge; under them are those at the head of the different departments. The men do the digging among the ruins, while boys and girls, ranging in age from 14 to 16 years, carry away the soil in soft, native baskets, containing about half a bushel, which are held on the shoulders by means of handles. The scene rivets one's attention. The slender, youthful workers, in native dress, handle the soil, while older men carry the rocks to a point clear of the ruins. No visitors are allowed in the excavations. But who ever heard of an American being so near, yet so far? The writer—the only American of the party—wound her way

down and among the stones, to the depth then reached, which was above her head. While the rest of the party went on to the khan for refreshments, I explored a little on my own account. All watched me closely as, notebook in hand, I approached a new find that the engineers were measuring and examining before it was placed among others of importance. It was a sultry afternoon, even the breeze from Galilee did not cool the air. Perhaps the wonder and enjoyment of my environment were responsible for the quick heart beats that made the heat almost unbearable. Unmolested and in silence, I went where the foot of man had not trod for centuries. Perhaps here, at what seems to have been the entrance, I was stepping in the very footsteps of Christ.

Great care is taken that no portion is broken off, in digging around the blocks. The description of each stone block, or column, is entered in a book of records. Skilled labor is paid two francs per day, while the old and young laborers receive half a franc for a day's work. As no one is allowed to take a snap shot of the ruins—the company reserving the right—a close watch is kept for kodaks. What does it mean, this bringing into the world's sunshine, that which so long ago was lost? Not only have been discovered Luxor and Thebes, in Egypt, Pompeii and Herculaneum in Europe, and many wonderful ruins in North and South America, but now are the long-buried cities around the sea of Galilee about to reveal the story of their grandeur and destruction.

As we sail by the banks of Gennesaret, we read the story of Christ casting out the evil spirits which entered the swine, when they ran down the steep banks and were drowned in the sea. A brief stop at Magdala revealed only a few houses of little importance among a number of trees. Had the prophecies concerning this land been

uttered but yesterday, they could not be more literally fulfilled. The judgments of God have fallen; the cities are lost (no trace yet of Chorazin and others); the multitudes are gone; and on the still air no sound is heard, from Magdala until we reach Tiberias. Sometimes at night the howl of the wolf can be heard in the jungle not far away; wild beasts roam at will, uttering their cries in the darkness.

To Christ, Galilee reflected the changing moods of life, storm and calm. Inspiration broods over it, moving the heart to reverie and song. A wistfulness born of its beauty thrills us like harp melodies at eve. Trailing vines once kissed the shores of Galilee; on it, pleasure boats sailed; bursts of song were wafted from shore to shore, and fishermen hauled in their bounteous harvest. Christ's ministry was to be brief, so here, under the open sky, he called on the people—never given to great industry—to come and learn of him. "Follow me," he said, "and I will make you fishers of men." That they might understand, he illustrated his teachings with their near surroundings. When weary, he sought solitude in the desert, or among the hills. There are times when the soul, to gain strength, must commune with itself and with God. Jesus felt this great need, and sailed away for solitude, rest and prayer.

By many explorers, Tel Hum has been accepted as the ancient Capernaum. The ruins here are quite extensive and important; they include a custom house such as a garrison town would likely have had. The only building that to some extent is preserved is on the banks of the sea, probably a Christian church. The material used is more ancient than the basalt, but there is no trace of quay or harbor. In the midst of the ruins are the remains of a beautiful ancient building of white limestone, about

twenty-five yards in length, and eighteen yards in width, partly composed of very large blocks of stone resembling marble. Among the debris are fragments of Corinthian columns.

“O Galilee, sweet Galilee.”

The melody floats over the sea from our most distant boat; but the words sound like a wail. Evening shades are falling as we turn toward Tiberias. We could see that the boatmen of our three boats began a rivalry, each one trying to get there first. In the beginning this was done in a friendly way, but soon it became dangerous. Our boat (the best) was for some time second, the one that had been second being in the lead. This position they seemed determined to keep, to get in first. When our crew applied themselves to the oars, they made rapid strokes over the water. When the other boat perceived that we would win, they ran foul, right across our bows. As they reached us, one of the crew grabbed an oar of one of our rowers. The danger was great, and excitement was running high, when our conductor seized a strong cudgel that lay in the bottom of the boat, and raised it to strike the fellow's hand that was on our oar. His presence of mind and quick action prevented our being cap-sized. It was a moment of peril, and doubtless a fatality was thus averted. Our boat got in first. The crews of the two boats tantalized each other until hatred and revenge filled their hearts; but we were filled with gratified that all came out well. Even this nervous excitement did not prevent the hearty laughter caused by the comical appearance of the Rector of St. Paul's as the boatment carried him ashore. The distance was not great, but oh, for a snap shot of us as we were carried to land! Dinner was enjoyed at the Hotel Tiberias, but we were

still dreaming of the sail on Galilee. Again we were at the mill, and miller's house, which we saw on the site of Bethsaida; again we gathered wild flowers and shells by the sea.

How high Mount Tabor towers o'er Galilee! Mount Tabor, where Jesus was transfigured before Peter, James and John, and where He spoke with Moses and Elias. As we gazed upon Mount Tabor, clinging mists were about his feet, silvery clouds upon his brow. As we saw him rearing his lofty head above the valley, we sensed the awe, and felt the spirit of that wonderful visitation. We were reminded of Peter's impetuosity in desiring to make three tabernacles, one for Jesus, one for Moses, and one for Elias, albeit he was sore afraid. Would not we, too, have been afraid had we seen Jesus arrayed in that white and glistening raiment? O Tabor, didst thou hear the voice of God declare, "This is my beloved Son, hear him?" Then thou art indeed a Temple and a witness, in all the world, of the Christ. As we look, God's smile seems wreathed upon the mountain, and his Spirit broods upon it. Our hearts burst into song:

Mount Tabor, tell us of the past,
There tow'ring o'er the scenes of old:
Thy silvery crown is grand to see,
All flecked with mists of gold.
Transfigured stood the Christ on thee,
Arrayed in raiment glist'ning white?
A witness, then, thou e'er must be,
That we the scriptures read aright.

Still tow'ring there, thou seest far—
O tell us, guardian of the land,
When we again shall see His star;
When on Mount Olives will He stand?

A silence thrills the stilly night.

Nor moon nor stars their secrets tell;—

He loveth thee, fair Galilee,

Be comforted, for all is well.

The glory of the full moon over Galilee floods our room with splendor. How peaceful the evening, how holy the night! Not a sound comes from land or sea, save the soft ripple of the waves. The hour is divine, bewitching the scene.

Throbbing with their ancient story, float the waves in changing glory. Over Galilee, whose storm-tossed waves were stilled by Jesus' "Peace be still," there broods the spirit of peace, which shuts out the turmoil and fret of life. While wooing breezes croon a lullaby, we slumber by Galilee!

MOONLIGHT ON GALILEE.

Pale moonbeams glim'ring softly fall
Across the darkened, slumb'ring sea;
The glistening radiance wakes the night,
And thrills thy bosom, Galilee.
As spreads the brilliance far around—
A story sweet it tells to me,
Of other days when Christ was here,
Beside this shining Galilee.

O Galilee, thy shim'ring waves
Are floating on where none may see,
Like tiny silver ships they rise,
Then sail away o'er Galilee;
The mountains gently rise above
Where purple mists hang o'er the sea,
A glorious scene I gaze upon,
'Tis moonlight on blue Galilee.

Bewild'ring fair and calm the night;
How bright the moon, how clear the sea;
And oh, 'twas here Christ wandered oft,
Or crossed before to Galilee.
This sea, 'tis said, God loved the best,
And chose this one himself to be
Where Christ should walk to reach the boat,
Out on the waves of Galilee.

Unut'able the thoughts that rise,
And oh, my heart throbs like the sea,
While scintillates this glory o'er
The peaceful, moonlit Galilee.
In rev'rent mood I bow this eve,
That here in life I once might be,
Where moonlight, soft as love divine,
O'erflows with splendor, Galilee.

(Written in Tiberias.)

CAPERNAUM.

“Capernaum, thou shalt be cast down to hell!”
’Twas spoken in a time long passed away;
Unheeded the prophecy on them fell—
O’ertaken all, they perished in a day.

An earthquake buried thee beneath the ground;
Thy tott’ring buildings fell in heaps of stone;
Then op’ed the earth—the people none were found—
Their names and habitations still unknown.

Ah! was it here Christ did those wondrous things?
Oh, was it here that he pronounced thy doom?
O city lost, how bitter are the stings
And punishment that end not in the tomb!

But in this age, this resurrection day,
Thy time is come, light falls again on thee;
Destruction shows that hid thee long away,
Yet not completed is thy destiny.

Then come ye forth, thy story speak aloud;
No longer sleep, all hidden ’neath the sod!
Cast off the clods that bind, and leave thy shroud,
Gaze once again upon the works of God.

Ah! his displeasure thou hast suffered long,
In silence borne it, hidden there from sight;
Come forth, and sing a resurrection song,
And bask again in heaven’s glorious light!

CHAPTER V.

TIBERIAS.

According to Josephus the building of the city began in 16-19 A. D. and was completed before the 22nd year, A. D. It occupies the site of a place called Rakkath. Herod, its founder, named it Tiberias after the Roman Emperor Tiberias, and the sea is sometimes called lake Tiberias. While digging for the foundation of the city, they discovered a burial place. According to Jewish law, contact with the dead renders them unclean for seven days. On account of finding the cemetery, Herod could not persuade many Jews to live there; therefore he peopled it with foreigners, and adventurers. The buildings were erected in the Greco-Roman style; its municipal constitution was Roman. It had a race course, and a palace adorned with figures of animals, which was abhorred by Jews.

Probably Christ never visited the city, though John mentions it (John 6:1-23; 21:1). During the Jewish wars, after Josephus became commander-in-chief, he fortified the city. After it was surrendered to Vespasian, the Jews were allowed to live there, and, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias became the chief seat of the Jewish nation. The Sanhedrin was transferred here, from Sapphoris; and though the school of the Talmud arrayed itself against Christianity, the latter made great gains. In the first half of the fourth century, the Palestinian Gemara, the so-called Jerusalem Talmud, came into existence here. It was from a rabbi of Tiberias that St. Jerome learned Hebrew. The Christians long held the town, and it was

an attack on Tiberias by Saladin which brought about the disastrous battle of Hattin, the day following which the countess of Tripoli was obliged to surrender the castle of Tiberias. At one time the city had fifteen towers only two of which remain. As one drives into the city the ruins of walls and towers are striking. The water of the wonderful springs of Tiberias is so hot that a large can of cold water, it is said, will boil in it within ten minutes. The springs were enclosed by Herod Antipas.

On the second morning of our visit in Tiberias we drove through the city and out to the hot springs. The utter lack of sanitary measures, and the degradation of the people, are appalling. It is said that the Jews in Tiberias number about twelve hundred; and that here a few years ago one thousand people died of the bubonic plague. After seeing the prevailing conditions, one can only wonder that any are left alive. They were preparing for the Passover; we saw the unleavened cakes displayed for sale, and the people dressed up in their fine clothes, but they were just as dirty as those in rags; seemingly, they have no conception of cleanliness. As we drove out to the springs, high on a plateau, we could see the ruins of the castle, and Great Hermon, towering above with its crowning cap of snow. We had no desire to enter the houses erected for those who visit the springs which are so famed for their curative properties. They look as if one might bring away more disease than he left behind.

Tiberias was again fortified about the middle of last century, by Zahir-el-Amar. The modern Tiberias lies on a narrow strip of plain between the lake, with the hill at the back; originally the town extended more southward. On the land side, the town is defended by a thick wall and by towers. It was seriously damaged by the

earthquake of January 1, 1837. It has a population of about 5,000; two-thirds Jews. There are about twelve hundred Moslems in the city, also Greeks, Latins and Protestants. It has ten synagogues, and other places of worship, while from its minarets the faithful are called to prayer. In spring, the vicinity of the lake is a veritable paradise; the heat is excessive in summer, both day and night. After the first rains of autumn, fever is prevalent. A few palms are to be seen. The Talmud is still studied in Tiberias. Visitors here can not fail to be struck by the predominance of the Jewish element.

The fresh fish of Galilee are indeed a treat; they remind one of the trout of the Rockies, and are served in abundance. But we were glad to leave Tiberias; anxious to get to a higher altitude; and now we can understand why Jesus sometimes went to Tyre and Sidon, in Phœnecia, for a rest.

The climate around Galilee is enervating. Much exertion can not be made either physically or mentally. The great heat, coupled with the humidity, make it plain why people are so idle and unclean. As we wended our way up the mountain side, the heat seemed intolerable. We reached the plateau in one hour and a half, and took a last look at Galilee. Tiberias is hidden as soon as the upper level is reached; but on Capernaum, Magdala, and the sea wherein are reflected the glorious tints of earth and sky,—we gaze lingeringly, until they fade from view, one by one.

CHAPTER VI.

CANA.

And so we came to Cana where our Lord turned the water into wine. Just before entering the town, on the hill side we saw a shepherd and his sheep. His flock was ahead of him, scrambling up the rocky hill. In his arms he carried a wee, weak lamb. No doubt he had just picked it up, while the sheep had continued on. By means of his shepherd's staff, with its iron hook, he climbs the steep side-hill; meanwhile crooning to the lamb. Here was the shepherd and the sheep, just as Jesus portrayed in the parable; the shepherd heard the bleating of the lamb and was carrying it in his bosom. And this was in Galilee where he had often seen a like picture, save that the shepherd called and the sheep knew his voice. Thus tenderness is ever associated with our Lord and his ministry in Galilee. Thoughts of him and how he taught them who would hear his voice, while he was yet with them, came to our minds as the rushing of a flood.

According to the traditions, Kafr Kenna is the Cana of the Bible. The moment the children of the village spied us they ran out to us, calling out "hazzi, hazzi" (pilgrims), and offered us water to drink. There are about six hundred inhabitants in Cana, about half of them are Moslems; the remainder Greek Christians, and a few Latins. The Latin church stands on the site of an ancient church that is said to have been built on the spot where the wedding supper was held, and the water turned into wine. Some mosaic, preserved here, is claimed to be from the fourth century. The building is not imposing, neither of ancient appearance, but it is light and airy.

The Greek church is on the opposite side of the road and not far away. Here, two large stone pots are shown,—all that remain of those used, it is said, at the feast. They are of solid, dark-gray stone, about four feet high, and very heavy, not at all likely to have been carried full of water. Above the pots is a painted picture of six other pots. These are earthen, with handles, and are more likely to have been the kind that were used. How real seems the story of the six water pots filled with water to the brim that was turned into wine, now, as we stand in Cana in full sight of them. The injunction of his mother, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," read here, seems to have a depth of meaning not before understood. Did she know of the power he possessed: that all laws, known and unknown, are subject to him? The spring that furnishes the village with water is about half a mile from here, down a dusty lane, with willows and undergrowths on either side. In passing, we saw among the brush on the road side, some of the huts where the people live.

Women were baking unleavened cakes in ovens at the mouth of a cave or dugout. Lifting up a flat stone they showed us the method of baking them. Inside the cave where they were, the heat must have been intense, as great heat waves were issuing constantly from the ovens. Thus were they perparing for the coming Easter or Passover. All the population turned out and accompanied us to the spring. As we drove away from Cana, we could see by the dust in the lane that stragglers were still following us, in different groups. Isolated as they are, it is a holiday when strangers come to their town. This is all they see of the great wide world whence we came.

CHAPTER VII.

HAIFA AND MOUNT CARMEL.

At the top of the hill, after leaving Nazareth, we stop to take a farewell view of Mount Tabor. At the back of the mountain, between Tabor and Nazareth, dwelt the witch of Endor. Associated in my mind with this place was the idea that it must have an uncanny look. But it appears like the other places, until the story of Saul was read, giving an account of his disturbing the rest of Samuel, then we actually looked for Samuel's shade to arise, it all seemed so real.

We witnessed again the degradation of women around Nazareth. A family passes us. The man, fat and well, sits on a donkey; the saddle-flaps are all embroidered something after the Indian fashion; he has good clothes on and sandals on his feet. Behind him, walking in single file, are three women, and a half-grown girl, presumably according to their ages, since the first woman is quite gray, perhaps his mother. Her only covering is a tattered rag, her feet are bare and nearly black from exposure to heat and dust (never having worn sandals.) The others were like unto her. Those walking are carrying loads, while he rides at ease. After several more parties of this kind had passed us, the Rector of St. Paul's, London, distressed, ashamed, and indignant, said to me, "Mrs. Alder, what are you going to do about it? You have woman's suffrage in your country, and the great women thinkers of the world, you met in the Congress at Berlin, held for the uplifting and betterment of women. What are you going to do about it?"

It will take a greater mind than mine to solve that

problem; it lies with God. Nevertheless it brought a flush to my cheek and caused me to shudder to see the conditions on every hand. Just then a party passed by similar to the others, and the Rector, pointing to the man, cried out in English, "Get down and let her ride." As there were three hers, it was not clear which "her" he meant. These pitiful sights cause one to enquire, "When will this land be any better than it is now?" A fountain cannot rise higher than its source. When woman is debased, the nation is degraded. Then why the polite salute this same man gives? It is the man who salutes; the women seem not to lift their eyes. How and when will God change this condition?

The morning which promised so fair, ended in a sirocco,—a fierce wind charged with fine sand. Our clothing almost blistered us. Through our veils the heat seemed almost unbearable; yet they did not keep out the sand.

Where is the dew of the morning that glistened when we passed this way before, and where are the beds of bloom? The scorching wind has dried the dew. The flowers are hidden in layers of sand. Almost fainting with heat and dust we hurry to Haifa, which is also enveloped in clouds of dust, from which every one is seeking to get away.

By evening the wind somewhat abated, so we rode up Mount Carmel. The road is a fine one, hard and safe, and winds around the mountain, yet the effort is difficult for the horses, and a halt had to be often called. At the summit the view is grand. The Mediterranean glistens in the evening sun, and casts changing lights on Galilee and the mountains of Lebanon, on the hills of Jordan, and the fruitful fields that surround Haifa and Mount Carmel. Carmel possesses a beautiful flora; the sea and

the heavy dew make the soil rich. Its highest point is 1810 feet. The Carmelite monastery is 480 feet above the sea; the waters, which are a bright green even in summer, make it a conspicuous and refreshing exception to the general dry appearance of Palestine during the hot weather. At a very early period Carmel was called the "Mount of God." The beauty of the mountain is extolled in the Bible.

It seems never to have been thickly populated; it has many natural grottoes, which have in times past afforded asylums for the persecuted. It is said Pythagoras came from Egypt and spent some time here. In the days of Tacitus, an altar to the "God of Carmel" is said to have stood on the summit, but it had no temple nor image. Vespasian caused the oracle of this god to be consulted. At different times its monks have been persecuted and many of them killed. In 1635 A. D. the church was converted into a mosque; afterward the monks regained control. When Napoleon besieged Acre, in 1799, the monastery was used by the Franks as a hospital.

After Napoleon's retreat, the wounded were murdered by the Turks, and buried under the small pyramid outside the gate of the monastery. In 1821, during the Greek revolt, the buildings were entirely destroyed. The present buildings are modern; the monastery has about twenty monks. The church with its conspicuous dome is built in the Italian style. The wall at the back is covered with fine slabs of porcelain. On a side altar is an old wood carving representing Elijah. Below the high altar is a grotto in which it is said Elijah once dwelt. This spot is also revered by Moslems. The view is delightful on three sides. The Mediterranean forms the horizon, and on the south coast lie Athlit and Cæsarea.

The building now used for the accommodation of na-

tive pilgrims is surmounted by a lighthouse, which can be seen for a long distance. It is kept by the monks. By their invitation we entered this building, which stands on a precipice rising abruptly from the sea, and were delighted with the view from this point. The Mount of Sacrifice is fifteen miles from here, and it cannot be known if Elijah ever lived in the cave called by his name.

The church is a fine structure; we were surprised at its imposing altar-piece. In a deep oval are the figures of the Virgin and Child, at an artistic elevation; both are crowned. Her dress is of blue silk, with rich, white front drapery. Everything bespeaks opulence and elegance.

We were told these Carmelite monks never eat meat, yet they are strong and healthy. The government pays them to look after the light house which towers so high over the dangerous shore rocks. Their house, where pilgrims are entertained, is called the "Pilgrims' Rest." No charge is made, but they receive contributions. On the grounds there is an iron monument on a stone base of the Virgin and Child. On our return to the monks' home we were invited to rest—and served with lemonade.

The fields of Haifa look green and lovely from Carmel. The Germans, who are the principal agriculturists here, cultivate even Carmel itself, which they are terracing for vines. A Sunday spent in Haifa, with its grand mountain, is a pleasant memory. Our walk through the quiet streets, and around Mount Carmel where so many stirring events have transpired, brings a spirit of peace; all is flourishing now, and a restful quiet prevails. In Haifa's pretty cemetery, missionaries are sleeping from lands far over the sea. Among them are some from Utah, who died with their armor on, and now await Christ's call.

The commodious German hotel, "Carmel," is crowded, but we have pleasant rooms and so are content. During our absence a large German party arrived. They boarded our steamer at Beirut but left us at one of the Mediterranean ports, and we are glad to see them again. Their noisy, vehement talk reminds us of days spent in Germany. We rejoice in that experience now, for the German viands are appetizing to us, and we are glad to have butter and milk again. We never before realized how much one can miss real milk and butter, though some people enjoy goat's milk.

Another day of wind and blinding dust at Haifa, then we leave for the sea once more. The waves splash over us as we reach the steamer; the little boat is very unsteady, as we climb up the steamer's side. The *Elkahira* draws only eleven feet of water—is a very small, light boat, when one thinks of the ocean steamers, but it has an excellent first cabin. As the vessel did not sail for four hours after dinner, most of the passengers retired. Well for them they did, for though the sea looked smooth, there was a strong undercurrent which caused the steamer to rock considerably during the night. About six o'clock in the morning we reached Jaffa, and were once more bewitched by seeing the waves dash over the Jaffa rocks. A storm is brewing; the waves are much higher than when we were here before. We decide we will not go ashore, although some of the men of the party, and one lady, ventured. Much to our terror we saw a small boat capsize near the rocks, but all the passengers were rescued. At last the storm broke and the scene became magnificently grand. The waves dashed high over the Jaffa rocks, wildly throwing foam and spray hundreds of feet in the air, and one wave swept over the vessel's lower deck, the water, coming up the companion way with tremendous

force, deluged the passengers standing near-by on the upper-deck. Foam-capped billows tumbled shore-ward; the wind shrieked and wailed, and the vessel darted through the water like a living thing. Every movable object flew in all directions; the timbers creaked ominously, telling of the mighty strain on the ship, as we sailed away from the storm to the open sea. This seemed a fitting farewell to the land where God's voice in the thunders of Sinai had declared, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

CHAPTER VIII.

“THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.”

Generations have been born, have lived and passed away, since Moses, the great lawgiver, announced to Israel God's first commandment, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” No penalty is attached to it, if broken; no reward, if observed. Still, both are in evidence to the understanding of the human mind; for reward or penalty surely follows its observance or disregard. Amidst the thunderings of Sinai it was given to a people freed but yesterday from bondage, by the power of the Omnipotent who for that deliverance declares that they shall serve him alone.

But the mind of man is prone to evil. Soon God and the mighty miracles wrought by him were forgotten. And the jewels and gold of the Egyptians were used to make a god that they could see. They strove not to be more worthy, that they might stand on the holy mount and not die; or even see God in the midst of its burnings. They strove not to rise to meet Jehovah, but went down and made a god of the dross of the earth, with their hands of flesh and blood. Behold! the golden calf which they could look upon and not be afraid. While their leader pleads for them with the majesty of heaven, they are breaking the commandments. What a dreadful price was required at their hands for the broken law! Oh, that they had been obedient! Oh, that they had hearkened and remembered, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.”

As it was then, so it is now. That law never has been revoked, but stands out in pre-eminence, written by

the finger of the Almighty, with the unwritten penalty against its violation. It is true the sufferings of persons or peoples remain unfelt by those who taste not of them. Perhaps this is one reason why this first great commandment is so much disregarded. Many of God's children ignore him altogether, declare with an oath that they know him not! They esteem it an honor to be called infidel, atheist, or something akin; anything, so that the first commandment is broken. And what is the result of this sin? They drift farther and farther away from a loving parent, at every step increasing the distance between him and themselves; at last, in the thick darkness, they become lost among the fogs and mists, finally sinking out of sight, and are hidden away. Yet in the dim consciousness of the last thought, this terrible truth is spoken as loud as when thundered from Sinai, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

What other gods? Gold? The yellow idol claims worship from many of earth's children. Every day one can see its devotees bow down and worship before its shrine. The greed of gold can see the hungry starve; the weak faint and die, nor part with one ill-gotten ingot. It steels the heart to the call of mercy, deadens the ear to the orphan's cry, and crushes the widow, who imploringly raises her hand for charity. It never hears the glee of childhood, nor the music of sweet murmuring rills; even the roar of the cataract is unheard. All that is grand or great weighs as nothing against this passion. It stands not aghast when the life blood is freezing in the heart of its victim; but, with a vulture's fierceness, snatches the coin out of the dead hand, and laughs in demoniacal glee at the sight of the glittering siren.

Yet the unwritten law asserts itself. Unloved in life, unrenowned in death, is the penalty. This love

cannot close the filmy eye, cannot assuage the parched lips with refreshing draughts, cannot hold the chilling hand or smoothe the clammy brow. When the unalterable fiat goes forth, "This night thy soul is required of thee," and the debt has to be met, gold has no power to repudiate it. In insignificance, it sinks before the given commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Ambition? At ambition's shrine many worship. Ambition clothes its object in splendid apparel, thus luring the blinded ones on. Oftentimes the path is rugged, then steep and slippery, but always dangerous. Ambition floats away and away, high and above the strained vision; yet it is so alluring that, though the path behind is marked with blood, it is unheeded. Fingers bruised in fruitless endeavors to clutch the sharp, jutting rocks, are unfelt; the rapid beating heart and pulsating brain are forgotten in its will-o'-the-wisp pursuit. Even if caught at length, it is held by nerveless fingers, from which the lines of life are already slipping away; just a moment, then falls utter darkness. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Power? Many peoples of many lands make their obeisance to power. To rule the world, then cry for other worlds wherein to hold dominion, illustrates the passion for power. Its love steepes the soul in crime, its abuse fills the regions of the damned. Clasped hands with ambition, it soars to the throne of God, and would hurl him from his high estate. Mountains, seas, life nor death, are of any moment, if they impede its progress; madly it rushes on in pursuit of pre-eminence, until it destroys man both body and soul. To feed it is to inflate it with a greed that naught can satisfy. Impotent, it demands all things earthly, crushing right like a puny child, and insulting Deity itself. It is a sop that dulls the brain and drags

the victim to the very edge of an eternal abyss, where, at its depth, are darkness and night; and oblivion casts her mantle over all her subjects. It, too, must fall, under the foot of the stealthy foe that crushes all things to powder. But the echo from chasm or dust only reiterates, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Glory? The love of glory sets the world on fire. Bands are playing, flags flying, and the steady tramp of soldiers is intoxicating to its votaries. The fear of death is forgotten, or if remembered at all, is associated with the planting of colors on some dangerous peak, the exultation of seeing them there just for a moment, ere the eye glazes over in death—this is esteemed glory.

Or, perchance, to be wrapped in the nation's banner, or hear the heavy roar of cannon, as the sod falls on the stiffened form. Is this glory?

To vaunt that thousands have been slain, sent uncalled into eternity, leaving moans and cries in as many households; or that the widow's son will never cheer her breaking heart again, or tell of mothers left childless, or children orphans, or the wife left to battle where no flags float or drums beat, though the ground is bedewed with blood and tears. Is this glory?

It is true, some win the epaulets, some gain the cross of distinction, but can even that be called glory? Oh, how dreadful the cost of earthly glory which is but the counterfeit of that glory which abides in the world beyond forever, and can always be won for the striving—glory that fades not away; glory that causes no falling tear; glory with that God who has said, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Pleasure? Of all earth's delusions this is chief and foremost. To sail on the river, to play in the dell, is enchanting. To ramble in the woods where rabbits play

hide-and-seek, and the squirrels deftly climb the trees; where many voices murmur, and song birds trill their melodious lays; where a sense of rest breathes from tree and flower; this is true pleasure. But the false is most loved by the children of men. Pleasure is a shy goddess that ever evades those who pursue her. The shadows are long that fall behind her, and these are grasped by her votaries, who live in a whirl of excitement; the dance, the play, the music, keeps an unnatural fire burning in the veins of youth, until it is passed away; the halcyon days gone forever. As time slips by, these pleasures pass, and with them the capability to enjoy. They do not satisfy even when we hold them; in the midst of them, a sigh rises from the very heart, and a feeling of oppression fills our being. We yearn for something more; some undefinable sense rests upon us, which none of these things can satisfy, for "ye shall have no other gods before me."

Friendship? "No greater love hath any man than this, that he will give his life for his friend."

Soothing and sweet is friendship! Heart sympathizing with heart, thought associating with thought, sure of a perfect understanding, unselfish, seeking only the good of its object. What joy thus to understand and be understood! But coldness and estrangement may come between friends; paper walls may grow up thick and high, over which they may never in life clasp hands again. The sweetness of the past is forgotten, when coldly they meet on life's highway and silently pass as strangers. Does not the heart, thus cruelly crushed, remember the words written on the tablets of stone? "Thou shalt have no other gods before me?"

Love? Hearts are laid on this altar, and affection is the incense that rises therefrom. Its worshipers lowly bend at its feet, in every land and clime. It is as old as

Eden, yet it is ever new and young. The sun shines with glories divine; the birds sing in enchanting chorus; flowers are blushing beneath rosy skies, fountains sing a lullaby, and ambrosial odors are scattered by the winds of heaven. When love fills the heart, life speeds on fairy feet, and soars on clouds of amber and gold, until infatuation blinds its subject; then, drunken with its wine, myriads bow down and worship.

Is it a child that steals away the heart? See the rosy tint forsake its cheek; the lip lose its bloom. Behold the sunny curls heavy with death's dampness. Cling closely to the frail form, so as to shield it from cold winds that blow, and learn that in spite of you, it is gone; gone where you are powerless to follow, leaving the clay in your trembling embrace. Amid the awful silence, hear God's decree, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Does love sit enthroned on your hearthstone? Day and night, does it beautify your home? Do warmth and light gild its walls with a radiance divine? Boast not thyself! The heavens are aflame with crimson and gold, and the sun sinks in a blazing bed ere it goes out into darkness and night. So fades the sun of life, eclipsed by darkening clouds, thick and heavy. Have you leaned on a strong arm? How strangely cold it has grown; unable longer to shield you from the chilling blasts of life, or guide you through its hidden snares and pitfalls. Then in the darkened chamber, far away from toil and fret, bow down before the King and learn the lesson he has set for you: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Is it a beloved, whose tender love pulses through your heart, closely entwining itself through every fibre, that its every beat throws out other clinging tendrils? Does love shine in the downcast eye and tremble unspoken on the lip? Does it envelope the earthly object in rays

divine? Lo, it passes away, and in bitterness and tears you must learn, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Or love may change. A steely coldness creeps into the eye, where was wont to burn and glow the elixir of life. As a mockery now sound the words:

"I have no past where thou art not,
Or future that's unshared by thee."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

What is more cruel than changed love? Love is the sun of life; then what is life without its sun? Darkness, chilling, cold, unendurable, made even more dark and gloomy by the contrast of what went before. Hearts are made of brittle material, and sometimes under such heavy pressure, the slender threads giving way break for lack of that living cord that binds heart to heart. As a benison fall the words on death's cold ear, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." For this sweet assurance comes, that though the heart is crushed in the crucible, yet with God all is light, joy and gladness.

Houses and possessions? Do you prize worldly possessions? Lo! they, too, are of earth, and perish with the handling, nothing remaining but ashes which are scattered by the winds of heaven, leaving naught but emptiness in your outstretched hand.

Love the Lord thy God. In the meridian of time came the world's great Mediator, and again the law is given to man (Luke 10:27) "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." To love God and be unselfish, this is the requirement. This is the love that passeth not away, but endureth forever. To be one with God is to

find in him all that seemingly we have lost in life; with him are all our treasures that we laid away, or placed upon the altar. Nothing is lost; not a heart-beat; not a prayer nor a sob but is known and felt by the universe. Not a hand raised in supplication, but vibrates to its uttermost bounds. Then do not all things exist in God? To love and serve him brings us all things, for all things are his.

Let none set store by earthly jewels. Note their hideous glare, on the cold, dead hand, whose beauties are intensified and made exquisite by the great sculptor Death; one even turns from their contemplation with a shudder.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added," is only another way of expressing the great truths that were enunciated from Sinai.

"Lay up thy treasures in heaven, where moth nor rust can enter, nor thieves break through and steal."

These are eternal riches, that bring no corresponding weight of care, and are the gifts of him who said,

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

PART SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

AFTERTHOUGHTS OF PALESTINE.

Having journeyed intelligently through Palestine, one may ever afterward read the history of the land and its people with a new interest. Not again will it seem far away nor more or less of a myth. The best guide book, the Holy Bible, ever in hand during our travels there, will bring vividly to mind the things we have seen.

There is Magdala by the Sea of Galilee, with its surrounding green trees, and the Jordan a full grown river springing from its source near by. Speak of Khan Minyeh, and the excavation of Capernaum is brought to mind, its ruins come to view, and we see the streets that are yet to be laid bare. Palestine is a reality, and Christ's home there a certainty.

There is a nearness, a never-to-be-forgotten existence of all things of which the scriptures testify. The fig tree in the vineyard, and the tower guarding the wine press are there. Women are grinding in couples at the mill, sitting one on either side, turning the stones back and forth, or coming from the city to draw water at the springs. People we met talked in the Bible language; and at Jezreel there are the painted eyes and faces. The carcass lying in the street, as anciently, is picked to a skeleton by the dogs of today. The tragic fate of Jezebel has become a reality, never more to seem a story or fable.

There is no hurry among the people of the Orient.

There is an endless amount of flattery to which little or no attention is paid. Abraham, bargaining for the Cave of Machpelah from the children of Heth, is an occurrence typical of the East, many such bargains having transpired there in the last three thousand years. The revelation of Jehovah was the first and last mission of Palestine. The land is suited for this destiny, as for no other. In this light the land is full of a greater interest. Palestine was chosen for Israel by the living God; from it the light of revelation was to go forth to the ends of the earth. God was her defender, her strength, and her king.

From early times Israel was great in commerce on land, but greater far on the sea. The Arameans centering at Damascus carried on the land trade; by them the caravan routes were strung with camels bearing all manner of wealth in merchandise. Tyre and Sidon were harbors, and Lebanon furnished timber for the ships. Their desire was not war, but a world-wide commerce. All this filled their minds with dreams of glory which were enhanced by the splendor of Solomon, who filled Jerusalem with artificers and costly foreign fabrics. Omri's policy was that of commercial greatness. His great desire was an alliance with Phœnecia. To this end he married his son Ahab to Zezebel, daughter of the king of Tyre, changed the capital from Tirzah to Samaria, only three days' journey from Tyre, their capital city. Omri's idea was not religion, but commerce. While he worshiped commerce, his daughter-in-law fanatically worshiped Baal. Then arose the great Elijah against Ahab whose downfall is a world spectacle. None other was to be great save the Lord alone. He is the Ruler of the universe. How vivid is the fate of Jezebel with her taunting tongue, her painted face and bedecked head, thrown from the window into the street to be trodden under foot, her dainty

flesh torn by the dogs. What an example to those who heed not, "Thus saith the Lord."

The Plain of Esdrælon, where this occurred, seemed in the evening sun to be tinged with a deep red from the hills of Nazareth, as though the blood so profusely spilled there, even now is flowing from hill to plain. The scene alight with the sun's dying rays is grand. From the abode of the witch of Endor, where Samuel, called from his rest, uttered the dreadful prophecy to Saul, even unto Carmel, the tints of sun and sky seemed one of blood. The heart seems to stand still as the shadows darken and meet, as if the mighty conflicts for supremacy were still going on; the glittering rays of light, now here now there, one may imagine to be those who fled, leaving their chariots in the mud, and their riders piled in heaps of the dead.

"Askelon, the city of the Crusaders, is an object lesson, silent, deserted, save as the waves of the sea beat on its beach, or break over its crumbling ruins. It ever tells of those who fought under the king for Christ. Like a pathetic dream seems the story of the past. The glories of Arthur's court could not satisfy the longings for an undefined, spiritual something; hence, roused by the spirit of chivalry, they sought the Holy Grail. A romance of the Twelfth century, it was formulated by Walter Map and Robert de Barron. It grew out of pagan legends blended with Bible stories, and became a high idealism and a spiritual desire, this quest of the Grail. When Cæsarea was besieged and taken by Baldwin I, among other prizes was found a green, crystal vase, supposed to have been used at the administration of the Last Sacrament—now preserved in Paris. In medieval poetry this vase is known as the Holy Grail. The victories of the Crusaders in the Holy Land, followed by scenes of blood

and debauchery, can scarcely be reconciled with the avowed object of those who came from afar to rescue the Holy City from the infidel." The ruins of a Crusade Church are still to be seen on Mount Tabor. Here lie broken walls on the space then made sacred by divine worship. The ruins of the Crusaders' castles crown grandly the summits of many lofty hills.

The Crusaders were warriors and builders of strong fortresses: some on the edge of the Jordan valley, others near Tyre, Sidon and Jaffa, also at Athlit and Acre. Yet their invasion of the Holy Land ended in failure. The horrors they endured at Hattin, July 3rd and 4th, 1187, the traditional site where was delivered the Sermon on the Mount, even now appall. Saladin's cavalry was stationed on the open plain. The Crusaders were rushed to the conflict without any preparation, or even water to quench their thirst. A sirocco prevailed. They were perishing with thirst, the dust filling mouth and eyes. Around the banner of the Cross they fell in untold numbers. hTroughout that long, hot day they fought, when to the horror of the scene was added the firing of the scrub brush that abounds there, and the armored knights were roasted alive in their armor. The Cross was trampled upon, and Saladin, with the Crescent waving on high, marched on Jerusalem.

At the end of the thirteenth century they made their last retreat, after the fall of Acre, from their own Athlit. The departure from the castle of Acre meant the abandonment of the last Crusade. The heavy stone mangers with iron rings, fixed in the walls of those massive vaults on the Temple area, attest their workmanship, in what is known as Solomon's stables; these were used by the Crusaders. Armed worshipers they always were. Stebbing says of them: "They were a religious soldiery, after-

wards a military priesthood." These characteristics are shown in the Knights Templars, and Hospitalers. The former were warrior priests, while the latter cared for the sick of the Holy City. When thus engaged they wore a black robe, with a white cross on the breast of it; but in time of war this was covered with a surcoat of scarlet, embroidered with a silver cross.

The spirit of the Easterners seems impenetrable. Silently they wend their way, going up to or from Jerusalem, walking one behind the other. But it is claimed that there is a light side to their nature, and that wit is appreciated; but during our visit we saw nothing of it. The signs of death are everywhere in evidence. Tombs surround Jerusalem like a girdle. They are on the hill-sides, in the valley; they are on the mountains and in the plain. They are of many kinds, ancient Jewish, Moslem and missionaries. People rest there who came from far away Christian lands.

Over the Holy City the Paschal moon still sheds its glory, lights up the dark shades of Gethsemane, and rests like a luminous crown on the Mount of Olives, where Jesus will show himself, and be owned by his people when he comes again. Before that time, many and wondrous things will transpire in the Holy Land. Even now it is awakening from the sleep of ages. The screech of the iron horse will be heard farther and farther in the fastnesses of the past; the mighty agencies of wealth, skill and enterprise will be brought to bear upon it, creating a new Holy Land to which the Lord will come. How long it has been said, "There is no change in the Holy Land. Everything is as it was when Jesus was there." But this cannot truthfully be said any longer. Even during the time the writer has been engaged in penning the pages of this book, there has been progress by leaps

and bounds, in the Holy Land. A few years ago it had not entered into the thoughts of man of what a very few years, in the near future, will reveal there. And as the great physical features are changed, so will the people change, until the ancients, could they arise from their sleep, would think it some strange country. And the half has not been told. When I beheld the sands at Jericho and Jordan, where that clear, sweet water is wasting itself every day, I wondered if it would not take some enterprising American to invent a scheme to spread it upon this dying land. The prophecy must be fulfilled, "The land shall again flow with milk and honey, and each man sit under his own vine and fig tree."

The night we sailed over to Egypt was a wild one; the ship tossed about like a cork on the water. At dinner only ten passengers appeared at the table; even this number grew smaller before the meal was over. Only a few were on deck during the evening, and at night the sea was so rough that it washed into the open port holes.

We were in the path-way of a sirocco, and it was blowing over from Egypt. The mingling of the currents of the Mediterranean and the Ægean seas made the waves choppy. But there was no storm. In the evening light I wistfully watched the Holy Land fade from view, grow dim and more dim, till night enwrapped it in an inky cloud. Many loving thoughts filled my heart with sadness and longing, as the last glimpse of it disappeared, and a sigh bore witness of the sadness I feel for the condition of her people. Once again in memory I walk by her lakes and seas, on her holy mountains, and over her sacred deserts. Now that the land has faded from sight, I more than ever prize the opportunity which was granted to me, to tread in the footsteps of those who, in the ages gone, have been pilgrims to Bible lands, and wanderers in Galilee.

CHAPTER II.

THE FARMS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS OF PALESTINE.

Palestine of old was a land of farms, of flocks and herds, and products of the soil. The people's wealth consisted in these possessions; not in gold and silver. The best farms in Palestine today are found around Haifa. Here, as nowhere else, are real, fertile farms, extending for miles. As we travel to Nazareth, they lie on our left almost up to Nazareth's hills; while on our right, growing in wild profusion, are the glorious flowers of Galilee.

Sheep are found everywhere in Palestine. On the Judean mountains, the rich Plain of the Philistines, the plains of Esdrælon, Samaria, and Galilee, wherever there is a little bit of soil, grass grows luxuriantly, so there are sheep in abundance, feeding on the steeps of the rocky hills. The average sheep here are finer and fatter than those of America; their wide, long tails hanging almost like an apron, give them an odd appearance; and, by the way, these tails are dainty bits for the epicure.

King David's father was a farmer. King David, the little, unsophisticated shepherd of small note, tended his father's sheep, which, no doubt, his older and handsomer brothers disdained to do. The hills of Bethlehem whispered their wondrous tales to David; the flowers welcomed him, as, light-hearted and happy, he rested or wandered over the hills with his sheep. The dewy breeze of morn was exhilarating; the evening brought subtle, soothing voices of song, and night, the stars that twinkle tremulously on high.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he

leadeth me beside the still water" was the sum total of those days and nights; and dear to the heart of the shepherd David was the weakling lamb and the bleating sheep.

No wonder pastoral scenes entered so much into the songs he sang when he became the great King David. In boyhood he became an adept in the use of the sling carried by every shepherd, hence, easily slew the mighty Goliath. Christ used pastoral scenes in his parables; the shepherd and the sheep being favorite illustrations. The shepherds water their flocks at wells, or in streams of water; but the sheep like best to drink of the still water.

As in days of old, women draw water for the sheep at the wells, using goat-skin bags such as we saw at Hebron. When carrying the water for household purposes, the bags are attached to the back by convenient ropes, supported by a strap over the forehead. It is estimated that the ordinary water bag weighs fifty pounds, and we saw women on the roads bowed under such loads, which all their lives they carry.

In the Bible, sheepfolds are often mentioned, and in Palestine one sees them today much the same as in times of old. The folds are closed at night in the villages; but on the mountains the sheep go in and out at will. Some shepherds separate the black sheep from the white and the goats, keeping them in different folds. From this fact comes the comparison of those blessed ones on the right hand of Jesus, and those on the left who are condemned.

Not many farms in the Holy Land are of any considerable size; perhaps they average about five acres. The soil is first cleared of stones which are utilized in making the fences between them. Efforts are now being made to induce the holders of these small farms to combine their

interests and cultivate their tracts jointly, according to modern methods.

Poverty is almost universal. The crops of the farmers are pledged every year before they are harvested; hence the destitution of the people.

Although the soil is fertile, not one-tenth of what should be is produced, because of improper methods adopted. The plows turn over the sod only to the depth of three or four inches, and no care is used in making the furrows or smoothing the land for the seed.

"In reaping time the grain is cut with sickles and carried away in armfuls to be threshed later, between crude logs studded with bits of iron. The chaff is separated from the grain by crude fans. But with the introduction of American machinery, these fields will soon be plowed, planted, reaped and threshed by up-to-date machinery. Thus the work that heretofore has taken a month to accomplish will be done in one day. Germany and England have been working hard for years in supplying machinery, but America has beaten them to it. The colonies established by the Jews and Germans in Syria are employing successfully up-to-date machinery, to which is largely due the success of the Americans."

On the plains and in the valley the unfenced fields are larger than those mentioned, and these grow luxuriant and large crops of wheat, barley and beans. But these fields must be cleared of the tares, for if the seeds of any be left to mingle with the grain, the flour or meal will be bitter. Perhaps as Jesus said, "An enemy may sow tares in the fields while they sleep."

Centuries have made little difference hereabouts in the cultivation of the soil. The crude plow of one handle, the iron shovel bolted to a crooked stick, drawn by a camel, and the cruel goad (a rod with a spike in one end)

used on the dromedary to make him work faster, are common everywhere. Still in vogue are the harvesting, gleaning and threshing customs described in the Book of Ruth. Well may the Americans say, "the time is propitious for the adoption of American machinery."

Bordering on the sea, the land is rich and well adapted to great fields, where implements of agriculture and modern machinery may be used. The greatest drawback to the introduction of better methods is the communal system. Under this method the ground is apportioned every three years to the tillers, each one being at liberty to do as he pleases with his portion.

In some communities each person in the village or family owns farm lands. The original farm is subdivided among the people of each succeeding generation, until, eventually, it is owned in small patches as described. The peasantry, though intelligent, are prejudiced against innovations. But for all this the value of new labor-saving machinery is understood; it is safe to predict that they will welcome its introduction.

The recent revolution in Turkey means much to the people of Palestine which country for so many hundreds of years has lain in a state of semi-desolation; and but for the pilgrimages that are yearly made there, it would practically be without means of support for its inhabitants.

Railroads have been and are constructed, which necessarily do away with old conditions; but the Turkish revolution of 1908, will be the means of causing the greatest change.

Whereas it was formerly required of every Jew entering the country to put up a certain sum of money to insure his departure within a given number of days (the Turks often holding the money regardless of his depar-

ture), now, under the policy of the present government, the wealthy of that despised people are buying up large and valuable tracts.

All the Jordan Valley once belonged to Abdul Hamid. When he was deposed, it was forfeited. This land is now being bought up by a syndicate formed for that purpose, known as the Hauran. Esdrælon, the beautiful Plain of Palestine, it is said, is now owned for the most part by the Jews.

The Jews control practically every avenue of commerce and industry, and the next few years will see the Holy Land, instead of a desert, transformed into a garden. This will come about not only because of the wonderful changes to take place, but because of its wonderful resources.

The Turk does not consider the land of great consequence, but understands that by a liberal policy it will serve to provide large sums of money for his government. The Jews everywhere are buying up the land, even from the Turkish lords. What will become of the poor slaves who have tilled the soil for ages? What of their future? What will be their occupation when machinery does all of their field work?

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW PALESTINE.

Recent travelers in the far East write of the great projected enterprises in railroad building in which Turkey is engaged. Over four thousand miles of road are already built, and plans are laid to connect Constantinople with Mecca and Medina. This means that Asia Minor, with its fertile lands and wealth, will be opened to the world. And should a line include Bagdad, the valley of the Euphrates, in many ways, will rank with that of the Nile.

There are already many lines in operation. One reaches from Jaffa to Jerusalem; then, from a point on the Sea of Galilee, one may cross the plains of the Hauran to Damascus, and over the Lebanon mountains to Beirut, on the Mediterranean. The road built northward through Coele-Syria to Aleppo may eventually connect with the line to Bagdad. The Mecca line has already reached Medina, on the south, where Mohammed's tomb is situated, where he came after his flight from Mecca. This road to Mecca will accommodate practically all of the pilgrimage traffic, which it is estimated amounts annually to ten million dollars. As long as the Bedouins were employed, or were supplying food to the camps, they were peaceable, but now, at the close of the work, they begin to comprehend they are losing the business which came across the land with the great caravans of camels. In places it is said they have torn up some of the track in a vain attempt to check the onward march of civilization. In the past, about four hundred thousand pilgrims have

traveled annually to Mecca, carried by camels. With improved modes of travel, it is thought this number will be greatly increased. While the railroads will not carry any other people than Mohammedans to the holy cities, Arabia may be toured by all. The trains have special accommodations for Mohammedans, some of the carriages being fitted up like mosques, so that their devotions may be uninterrupted during the journey. There will also be praying carriages, fitted up with oriental rugs, and on the side of which verses from the Koran are painted in gold. They will also have a chart, so that all devotees may know when the face is turned toward Mecca. On top of this praying car will be a minaret about six and one-half feet high. Information is given out that these carriages are now being built at Constantinople. This Mecca road is a narrow guage. The rolling stock is French; the other material is furnished from different parts of Europe, but the ties are iron, a necessity, since the ants eat all that is wood. The scarcity of water has been a great drawback to the enterprise, there being long stretches of desert. Hence, trains must carry tanks of water to supply the engine.

Over a part of this Mecca road one goes from Galilee to Damascus. From Semakh, at the end of Galilee, a line leads to Haifa. This line skirts Galilee for some distance and passes the hills of Gennesaret, where, in the days of Jesus, the swine possessed with devils ran down into the sea and were drowned. This road extends up Yarmuk Valley, in which is a river about the size of Jordan, and which later flows into that stream, up the foothills of Lebanon, about three thousand feet above the sea, and reaches the fertile hills of the Hauran, where the bread-stuffs of the Bedouins are raised. All manner of grains grow here in abundance, and wild flowers, in rich pro-

fusion. Bedouin camps are numerous here. The tent doors are low, so low that one must stoop to enter them. Each village has its stock enclosure. The kine graze near by, while the goats feed on the steep sides of the Lebanon Mountains. Some of the cattle are black. The sheep—mostly white—all having wide, apron-like tails, present a queer appearance. These peculiar tails are considered a delicacy, as we discovered at Damascus.

Some backsheesh, wisely applied, will save you the annoyance of traveling with the natives on these railroad lines, and you certainly will enjoy their absence, whether they be Greeks, Bedouins, or Syrians. This road to Haifa skirts Mount Carmel, and passes over the plains of Esdrælon, within sight of Zezreel, and Mount Tabor, and leads by the hills of Nazareth. It mostly follows the hard road-bed which Thomas Cook & Sons constructed for Kaiser Wilhelm to ride over to Nazareth, but upon which he did not travel, as it was deemed too late in the season. It crosses the spot of Jael's abode, to whom Sisera came fatigued from the battle; then on the road used by the ancients up to Damascus about ninety-one miles. Fares are charged according to the class: first, second and third. The cars have seats on the sides, with windows and doors at each end. Fares are collected from the outside, the conductor not entering. A little step runs the length of the car on which he walks, holding on by an outside iron bar.

In some places the road over the Lebanon is so steep that the cars are taken up on cogs, as in Switzerland and elsewhere. The views among the Lebanons are picturesque and grand. The travelers here make a motley crowd, with their native dresses. Some wear fez caps, others turbans, still others handkerchiefs bound round their heads. Then there are Turkish officers in uniforms, with swords,

and boys in peculiar silk gowns and fez caps. The veiled Mohammedan woman is ever present; as well as are Christians of all sects, the rich and the poor.

A railroad to Bagdad is at present being agitated in Turkey. Its completion means a ride through the valley of Euphrates, a visit to Babylon, Nineveh, and the Garden of Eden, which some think was located near here. Now one goes by the Euphrates River or the Persian gulf, and reaches these places only by caravans. When the road is completed, goods will be shipped to Damascus, and the Mediterranean. Still another proposed railway is from Damascus to Hit, on the Euphrates River; another line would connect the railroads of Smyrna and Constantinople at Adana. What a stupendous work when it shall be accomplished! This last road would cross the country above Aleppo, at Mosul, strike the Tigris, then down the river to Bagdad, which would shorten the distance about two-thirds. The English have an irrigation scheme in contemplation by which they hope to fertilize the plains of Mesopotamia. Sir William Wilcocks is at the head, and is pushing the matter in London. He has gone over the ground, hence acts advisedly, being an engineer himself, and being the builder of the great dam at Assouan, on the Nile. By this great feat about seven million acres were reclaimed, and made fertile, adding greatly to the wealth of Egypt. Much is being written and said about this scheme, which includes irrigation work in the plains of Mesopotamia; also a navigable canal from Bagdad on the Tigris to a point on the Euphrates, just below Hit. This would make Hit the terminus, and save seventy-five miles of railroad, with the Tigris and Euphrates to draw from as water routes. It is claimed that aside from an increased pilgrimage business, this road will pay large dividends from a great

freight traffic, and get many passengers who now go by way of the Suez Canal to India. When the present system is completed, people will go from Paris to Constantinople by rail, then by the way of Hit, Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, across to India. The other road which is planned to go to Bagdad is backed by Germans. In 1902, the Sultan granted a concession for its construction and a part of the line has already been built. Its headquarters are in Switzerland, and bonds for a part of it have been issued. To begin the work at several different points is now the plan, the route to be divided into sections of one hundred and twenty-four miles each. One section to be started at Bagdad and move eastward; another, at Bulgaria, at the end of the present line in Asia Minor, thence to Adana, then on towards the East. On the Adana plains, winter will not interfere with construction work; this is also true in the Euphrates valley. This syndicate is managed by the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, the Imperial Ottoman Bank of Paris, the Weiner Bank, and the Societe de Credit Suisse, of Zurich. Loans of about forty-four million dollars will be issued.

The new Turkish government has planned the development of Asiatic Turkey, a country which, though not densely populated, has an area two times as large as New England. Besides the foregoing there is the Chester Railway concession which has been granted to Admiral Chester, a retired officer of the English Navy; this now only awaits the ratification of Parliament. This means that fifteen hundred miles of lines are to be built in the richest part of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Mosul; the upper portions of Mesopotamia are included in it. This road, beginning at the Mediterranean, will extend across Asia Minor to Persia, with several branches. It also includes the development of the country through which it passes.

and the opening of rich mineral regions. The material development assured by these new roads is so enormous that it can hardly be conceived. Mineral lands and coal fields of the Black Sea, now only prospected, will be opened to the use of the world. Asia Minor is also a rich agricultural country, and the fields of Mesopotamia are as fertile as the valleys of Egypt. These plains were flourishing when Nebuchadnezzar reigned in Babylon and Asia Minor had a population of six millions, while now it has only about one million and a half. In all this region it is said that cotton will grow abundantly and compare even with our cotton states in America in production.

The information contained in the above relating to railroads is gleaned from a variety of authentic sources, and from writings of recent travelers, as well as from facts obtained from my own observation.

The foregoing enterprises may not all be accomplished as soon as anticipated; some may even be only prognostications, but this much is certain, the Jews are going home in increasing numbers, year by year. Not only does the new mode of travel insure rapid transit, that they may go with "speed swiftly," but the Jew has become the banker of the world. His bonds and securities control the pulse of commerce. The scheme of re-peopling the Holy Land requires wealth. Cities and temples must be built, and water systems enlarged and changed, that the land may rejoice and again become fruitful. Muscle and money are the great requirements to bring all this to pass. Then will the Jews' long-time, pleading prayer to Jehovah be answered. No longer need he exclaim, "(O God, next year may I be in Jerusalem!"

Think how many ages have passed away since this prayer was first uttered, and though it is annually re-

peated at the close of the Jews' most solemn feast, they scarcely believe it will ever come to pass. They look upon Palestine as their land, not the land of the Cross; nor realize that the curse which seems to brood over everything is the result of their sin. Ruins of khans, villages and castles, do not remind them of the misfortune which having come has lingered there. Their toil has no recompense, being hard and without joy. There is no incentive to ambition; all things seem to be enveloped in a withering blight. It is said that a proverb often quoted is, "Wherever the hoof of a Turkish horse rests, it leaves barrenness behind it," and what is seen in the Holy Land but proves its truthfulness. Back of this, however, they seem never to go. They never inquire, "How cometh it that the Turkish hoof is there?" Looking upon the land, it seems to others to have been stoned to death. That was their long-time mode of punishment for sin. Has the same penalty been meted out to their land? Their eyes are weary, they see not neither do they understand. What meaneth the building of bridges and railroads, the coming of engineers? Cannot their scribes fathom what all this activity in the Orient means? Can they not read the handwriting on the wall? As strangers wandering in a strange land they are ever importuning Jehovah to bring to pass their home-coming, even setting the time themselves each year when they earnestly plead, "O God, next year may I be in Jerusalem?"

PART SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

EGYPT, THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

The morning on which we reached Egypt dawned clear and bright. The sea was calm and beautiful, and before us lay Port Said, the city that holds the door to the vast trade of the boundless East. Like a silver thread the Suez Canal lies glistening in the sun, and there also is the monument of Ferdinand De Lesseps which reveals to the world the conquest of mind over matter.

We were a happy company who landed on Egyptian soil on that sunny morning, and who, with some misgivings, entered the custom house where we thought the strange-looking officials were to inspect our baggage. But a liberal payment of "backsheesh" caused it to pass through unopened. All the trunks and the heavy baggage were shipped direct to Alexandria. Our suit-cases were piled on the train for Cairo. Port Said, built among low sand banks, was baking in the sun, while odors vile and various arose from its filthy streets. A flotilla of coal barges were being loaded amid the brawlings of the brown people of other nations, who were dancing over the coal, all under the charge of a squad of policemen with red fez caps and white jackets, who were in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt; clouds of coal dust filled our eyes and the ceaseless gabbling tongues wearied our senses.

Above all this tumult and confusion towers the colos-

sal image of Ferdinand De Lesseps, the personification of cold, calculating system, serene, relentless. That statue marks the gate-way between Europe and Asia where the great canal stretches out over yellow seas of sand to other lands and peoples. The masterful face and the pose of command and authority, inspire thoughts of racial pride. Below are the yelling hordes of Asia; above, the reserve and strength of the Caucasian. The contrast is the essence of intellect. Your race and mine do things; they are efficient and powerful against the inefficiency of untrained minds. This image tells the story of the Suez canal.

The street signs of Port Said, like the inhabitants, with their many and strange costumes, are an interesting study. The white-turbaned, tall, austere Arab Sheik, the gaudily-attired water seller, and the Parsee money-changer, all come under our gaze. Around us swarm men of noisy voice offering to be our guides. The coal gang are singing together as they pass up the coal baskets almost hidden in clouds of dust. Their song has only four or five notes, but in their own different tongues they sing it for hours as they pass up the coal. These gangs all work under bosses who with blows and oaths are ever driving the workers onward. There are Negroes, Arabs, Egyptians and Syrians. The slender, bare men, with only a strap about their loins, remind us, with their strange lips and eyes, of pictures from the old Egyptian Temple walls. Here they are shovelling coal on that barge; they have the same queer head-dress, the same thin, naked bodies. These are the descendants of men who built the pyramids, and who had just such drivers, such blows, and the same misery of hopeless toil. Now they are coaling vessels at the entrance to Suez.

The great, imposing, white-stone office-building of

the Canal Company glitters in the sun, a glorious result of the work of the man represented by the statue. The building was erected in the old canal days to house the vast throngs of workmen while alive, and to serve as a pit in which to throw them when dead. To the boundless trade of the East, it holds the door and takes its tribute. Could the sands upon which it is built but speak, the world would hear some awful tales.

On the canal are passing-stations five miles apart, each having a little house and cluster of palms, (where the families of workmen live) a telegraph signal, and perhaps a waiting steamer. All steam vessels must be passed at a passing-station, there being no room in the regular canal. But native boats, manned by brown and black native men, you may pass anywhere, provided the engines are stopped long enough to let them go by. Six miles an hour is the allowable speed of vessels in the canal. In the swell of a vessel, the dhows are threatened with disaster against the nearby banks; the native men only sit and stare.

There is a steady splendor in the air where the sand, ever unsatisfied, seems to take ceaseless drinks of water, known here as mirage. All around lies the flat desert. A grove of trees looks cool and fresh out in the sand, indeed, wonderfully fresh and green, and you wonder how the trees came there. In front of the trees seems to be an expanse of beautiful, clear water, fresh and sweet; yet the whole seems strange, in a way we do not understand. Presently trees and water vanish, and only sand is left, and a splendor in the air. It is a mirage. It re-appears, then vanishes, and so it is wherever you look, until you begin to wonder if anything you see is real!

At an enormous cost dredges keep the canal free of sand. The wind—the sirocco from Sahara—brings with it clouds of sand that drift into the canal. Only for this

ceaseless toil and vigilance the great ditch would soon fill up, even as it did years ago, for this is no modern project, or even European, but a thing two thousand years old or more. From the time of the Moors, ninth century, down to fifty years ago, there was no canal; all the traffic of the Orient went by way of the Cape of Good Hope. When we think that men of this age have more wisdom than men of former ages, let us remember that the ancients cut the Isthmus, and we went around by the Cape taking six months to reach India. It was Lieutenant Waghorn, of the British Army, who thought out this problem that, canal or no canal, the long journey around the Cape was not necessary. His idea was to reach Alexandria by steam, then unload, and go overland to Suez; then re-embark on the Red Sea. The route was plain and simple, yet it took many years for Lieutenant Waghorn to get a hearing from the British Government. At last he was permitted to try what he could do. He sent letters from London to Bombay in thirty days. After much discussion, the experiment of the Waghorn route was adopted, but only for the mails. Somewhere in England, the unappreciative British nation has at length built a monument to Lieutenant Waghorn. Later came De Lesseps, by some called the mad Frenchman, who was constantly and loudly talking of his canal scheme. The Indian revolution proved to England the necessity of quick transit, and De Lesseps, having raised his money, began the project which at length succeeded but at a cost of more human lives than has ever been estimated.

A more monotonous country than the canal belt is unknown to man; yet the passengers of every steamer study the prospect with unflagging interest. There are no towns or villages and, except at the passing-stations, no human habitation. The general appearance of the

stations and their surroundings are as though done in silver, and the shores seem strangely unreal. It takes about seventeen hours to cover the ninety-nine miles of the canal. Through the Bitter Lakes the speed is increased, but the canal proper, in order to save the banks, is traversed at quarter speed. The company are contemplating the widening of the canal, then the speed limit will be increased and the passing-stations become a thing of the past. The company can afford to do this out of its enormous profits. In 1904, the net receipts were \$23,163,695. For a passage through the canal seven francs, twenty-five centimes (\$1.45) a ton is charged for vessels, and two francs, twenty-five centimes (.45), for each passenger. The profits warrant a seven per cent dividend to the stockholders, after all expenses have been met.

The crowning triumph of Disraeli's career was the action by which the British Government, in 1877, became the principal owner of the canal. This interest Disraeli, then Premier of England, purchased, asking no permission of Parliament, for \$20,000,000, which represented the entire holdings of the Khedive of Egypt. The nation became indignant, but Disraeli had bought the stock, and it must be paid for. Ever since, the British Government has held its ownership as against the world's commerce. All the nations of Europe have solemnly agreed that the canal is to be open to all ships, at all times, yet England could seize the whole thing if she were so disposed.

America has gone into the canal business on a colossal scale. The difficulties encountered at Suez were but trifling in comparison with those at Panama. We have not the easy sand and dead levels of Suez, with its fairly healthful climate, but Panama presents terrific rock cuttings, malaria and deadly pestilence, all of which American ingenuity and enterprise will practically overcome.

What the Suez Canal cost in money and human lives and suffering will never be known. What Suez has done for the world's business may be outlined as follows :

YEAR	NUMBER OF SHIPS	TONS	FEES
1869	10	6,576	
1870	846	436,609	
1886	3,100	8,180,000	\$11,300,000
1891	4,207	12,200,000	16,700,000
1897	2,986	11,120,000	14,210,000
1904	4,237	18,661,092	23,163,000

In 1904 there were 210,849 passengers who went through the canal, and the following is the amount of tonnage for that year.

COUNTRY	VESSELS	GROSS TONNAGE
Great Britain	2,679	12,164,501
Germany	542	2,736,067
France	262	1,167,105
Holland	223	814,202
Austria	135	632,328

All the other nations decrease in figures, the United States having but seventeen vessels and 39,220 tons of freight. Chili had the least, 1 vessel and 1,545 tons of freight. The total number of vessels passing through the canal for that year was 4,237 and there were 18,661,092 tons of freight ; but great as these figures are, even they do not give an idea of the real value of this canal. What the stoppage of all this traffic meant was not estimated by the world until the ship *Chatham* was sunk about twenty miles from Port Said. Added to the bare fact of the loss, was the knowledge that she had on board 600 tons of dynamite. No diver would go down into her hold, no con-

tractor essay the task of raising her. While all this deliberation was going on, traffic was stopped. At each end of the canal ships were piling up, even out from the breakwater of Port Said into the Mediterranean, and from Suez down to the Red Sea. Commerce was paralyzed. Then the importance of the canal was realized. To relieve the situation was the slogan. Very carefully, dynamite and batteries were lowered into the sunken *Chatham*, and then it was all touched off. The terrific roar of the explosion could be heard even beyond Port Said; and what of the *Chatham*? The explosion destroyed about a half mile of the canal bank, and the splinters of the *Chatham* covered miles of area. The canal was cleared and navigation went on as before.

It has been estimated that every spade full of sand dug out of the canal was soaked with blood. In this region, blood has been always cheaper than water, and it has been more recklessly spilled, even from the days of the pyramids until the time of this great canal. The history of many such enterprises has been written in blood, and no reckoning has been kept, the memories of the dead being sedulously effaced. Herodotus infers this, and it held true in the work undertaken by Darien. By the Romans, the canal was repaired, and Cleopatra with her galleys sailed through it. In the ninth century the Moors maintained here a canal eighty miles long, and by it passed from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean. During the rise and fall of nations the ever active desert winds invariably filled all these works with sand. Napoleon discerned at a glance the importance of the canal, and ordered it dug, but forgot the project in pursuit of war. Then, in 1854, came De Lesseps who mostly revived the plans of the ancients. The modern nations, and chiefly England, thought De Lesseps insane and his scheme ut-

terly impossible, for it was thought that the level of the Red Sea was thirty feet higher than the level of the Mediterranean. Some one started this doctrine, and everybody believed and urged it against De Lesseps' plan. The French practically built the canal themselves, assisted only by Mohammed Said, Viceroy of Egypt. The Viceroy undertook to furnish most of the labor and that was where the horrors came in. The Viceroy's method to secure this labor was to send to an Egyptian village, seize all the serfs, or Fellahin, put ropes around their necks and march them off to the canal. They were then driven into it by armed guards, and labored under the lash until they dropped dead. Of the slain no record was kept, and modern governments tacitly agreed to suppress such harrowing details, along with the number who perished by famine in India, who fell at Kimberly, and with the French death-list of Panama.

The digging of the canal began April 25, 1859. By 1863, the echoes of the slaughter of the serfs had made such an impression on humane minds that protestations began to pour in to the British Government which, first having insisted that only slaves be employed in the work, now demanded an investigation. The place was visited by the Sultan in person. He found the situation appalling, and the men dying by thousands, not only under the lash, but by cholera, with which the Mecca pilgrims had infected them. The victims were dying faster than they could be buried. The horror of the situation impressed even the Sultan, never given to too much human feeling, and he ordered the whole labor system abolished and sent the laborers home. Up till this time the canal had been dug by hand, the sand being brought up in rude baskets. The abolishment of the system compelled the contractors to supply steam and machinery. In ten months four mil-

lion cubic meters of material had been removed by eighteen thousand cheap laborers. More than that amount was removed in one month by the steam machinery and paid labor. Europeans came who, by piece-work, earned from \$1 to \$1.20 a day, and soon the canal reached its completion. Yet the state of the native laborer was to the end deplorable, although the slave driver was forced to pay a small wage. That many deaths continued, even during this time, was verified by the piles of bones constantly accumulating in the sand pits. The Suez Canal was completed in 1867, at a cost of \$100,000,000, which was \$60,000,000 more than the first estimate of expert engineers. The time consumed was twice as long as that given in the estimate. The slaughter of lives was as great as the number slain in ten ordinary battles. This is what the statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps stands for and more. Side by side with this statue should be another just as large, representing the naked Fellahin digging under the lash. The first statue would then represent the brains and money, the other the blood, that the Suez Canal has cost the world.

The foregoing facts were compiled from a variety of authentic sources. It may be stated in addition that the author found statistics which set forth the startling fact that more than 120,000 human lives were lost centuries ago, during the work done on the canal at that time.

CHAPTER II.

CAIRO.

We talk about the wonderful canal as we ride in the fine railroad carriage to Cairo. The landscape is beautiful, especially that which we pass through having lake Bensa-leh on one side, and the Suez canal on the other. In marshy places bulrushes abound. The sirocco that visited us in Palestine had swept over from Egypt, as was evidenced by the sand on the tents along the canal-shore, and everywhere else that it could lodge. These winds bring so much sand from the desert that the canal has to be constantly dredged to keep it deep enough for the ships to sail. The canal banks are so low that at a little distance the huge vessels look as if they are riding on the sand. Efforts are being made to grow trees and shrubs along the banks, but these presented a sorry looking spectacle, their leaves and branches being weighted down with sand.

At Ismalia the train leaves the canal and runs for some miles through a dusty country. The land of Goshen is grandly irrigated, and its green fields are pleasing to behold. The land of Goshen! What an important part it has played in the history of the Israelites! Somewhere here the cup was found in the sack of poor, little Benjamin, after Joseph's brethren had gotten the corn, in the land of Egypt. How wonderful, too, is Egypt's irrigation system! Into the little ditches between each perfectly straight row of grain, flows the water that is pumped from the Nile or its branches.

Egypt is a veritable garden, as unlike Palestine as any land could be. Because of the pleasing contrast, we



VIEW OF CAIRO AND MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.



A MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN. CAIRO.

are glad that we came to Egypt last. We had planned our trip this way, because sometimes a plague breaks out in Palestine, and the traveler is quarantined in Egypt. Hence our arrangement to go to the Holy Land first and direct.

The railroad between Port Said and Cairo is much better than the one between Jaffa and Jerusalem. It has fourteen stations at which the train stops, namely:

Rois El Reich	Ismalia	Abou El Akdar
El Tineh	Mansanah	Zagizig
Kautarah	Kasoassin	Mineh Samh
Ballah	Tel El Keber	Beuna
El Ferdan	Abou Hammed	

At Tel El Keber, the British gained the victory which brought Egypt under the control of England. The engagement took place about three miles west of Tel El Keber. Those who were killed in the battle are buried near there. On every hand prosperity and smiling fields of grain abound, and we think of another land where the fields are irrigated like unto these, even the land among the Rocky Mountains where, according to the word of the prophets of old, the desert blossoms as the rose.

At the hotel Bristol we were well entertained. The season was quite advanced, the heated term at hand, and some of the largest hotels were closed. With two dragoons we walked through the busy streets of Cairo. The bazaars and street scenes of Cairo are an interesting sight. Cairo is a cosmopolitan city of over a million inhabitants. It is much cleaner than the cities of Palestine, even the Jewish quarters being more cleanly than in Palestine. There are many strange sights in the European bazaars. In the street where jewelry is made (it is only three feet wide), we saw the goldsmiths at their work, their forges

burning; and also the scales, where every article is weighed, before the price is set. The little shops have platforms in front of them where their owners sit, after first dropping off the red slippers which all wear. None have socks, but when the slippers are off the shoppers are ready for business. Mohammedan men are going back and forth with gold beads or a bracelet in their hands; all sorts of peddlers are hawking their goods; even men with baskets of fish on their heads, yet the street is so narrow that two can scarcely pass each other. High over head a partial roof somewhat protects the bazaar from inclement weather, at the same time lets in some light and air. One lady of our company, a bride, bought a beautiful bracelet, paying £12 or about \$60 for it.

The Mohammedan women here wear their veils somewhat differently than those in Palestine. They have a gilt ornament resembling a spool, on the nose; the veil crosses the face just under the eyes, and is attached in the center to the gilt bandeau. We asked the dragoman what the difference was between these women and those we had seen in other lands; he said that these were the true Mohammedan women. We each bought one of these veils. In a Jewish bazaar we bought souvenirs. Here we found that on the next day they were to celebrate the Passover. The Jews of Palestine kept the Passover two weeks before. Hence it must be kept at different times in different lands. In this bazaar we were treated to Turkish Delight. This is a sweet-meat prepared in these countries, and resembles what we used to call gum drops, though the pieces are larger, softer, and almost square. It certainly is a delicious confection. At the hotel dinner, one of the gentlemen treated the company to strawberries. After dinner the hotel guests were edified by the music of a band.

How delightful is Cairo! We would enjoy lingering in this famous Egyptian city beside the Nile. Around the hotel we are besieged with card and bead sellers whose wares we admire and hence purchase some.

We started early one morning for a drive through Cairo. The streets were clean and most of them well sprinkled. The most magnificent mosque in the city was built by Sultan Hassan seven hundred and fifty years ago. An earthquake destroyed one of its minarets. We were told that in one of the small rooms they used to teach the Koran to the children, who were kept standing. "But now," continued the guard, "since the English came, we have tables and chairs." The books of this mosque are kept as curios in other mosques.

The Arabs are said to wash seven times a day. This used to be done in the public baths, near the mosque, but after the plague broke out this was forbidden by law. Now the baths are all closed and dry. If, after washing, a Mohammedan should touch a lady's hand, he must wash again. In order to avoid this, when they touch hands, the man has his hand covered by part of his loose robe.

In explaining the mosque, the dragoman showed us the letters on the upper part of the fountain and said they believed these came direct from heaven, and they would remain forever. They were the letters of Mohammed's name. The four corners show the four different branches of Arabs; those of Upper Egypt, Lower Egypt, Constantinople, and the Holy Land.

We entered a large apartment room with beautiful carpets on the floor. Once a year this hall is lighted. There are many glistening lamps, and a Mecca shrine. There is the holy of holies where the priest preaches. What he says is repeated from balcony to balcony by two other priests who do not turn their heads. The priest

never moves a foot; should he do so, he must go back and begin again.

The Mohammedans pray to Allah, or God, seven times a day, facing Mecca. The three entrance doors to the large hall are made of brass; the center one the Sultan used to enter to his worshipping place. When Napoleon fired from the citadel the bullets struck the glass, and the Arabs say that the names of the gods engraved in the building saved it.

In the center of the building is the show tomb, or monument of Sultan Hassan. He and his wife, however, are buried outside of the railing. Of these two, the legend is told that they covenanted with each other that in case of death neither would marry again. They held each other's hands and made this vow. The Sultan died first. After the Sultan's death, the next ruler desired to marry the widow, and became very urgent in this desire. At last she said, "I will go first to my husband, when I come out I will give you my answer." She came to the tomb accompanied by a number of eunuchs, sent by the ruler who stood without while she entered. They saw her kiss the marble of his resting place. Then, still standing in front of the tomb, she drew a sharp knife and cut herself across the abdomen. For a little time she stood as if immovable. The eunuchs became alarmed and, rushing down, reached her as she fell. When they reported to the ruler he said, "She was an honorable woman." The Arabs usually bury the men in one tomb and the women in another.

In a corner of the mosque is the Sultan's chair. It required thirty years to build this mosque, at a cost, it is said, of 6,000 pounds sterling a day. The decorations of the wide gate presented to the Sultan are made of melted silver and gold placed in sycamore wood, and was

the finest in the world of that day. Some of the beautiful leaves were loose. One of the party asked to have one for a souvenir, but the dragoman said that once some of them were taken. After six years they were found in Paris, and the robber was imprisoned for life. The Mosque of the Citadel, or of Mohammed Ali, sometimes called the Alabaster Mosque, was begun by that ruler. It is made entirely of yellow alabaster. We had to put on slippers in order to enter this imposing structure. Its huge clock came from Paris as a present to Mohammed. There are no minarets in the world to equal those of this mosque. They represent the power of Egypt. The inscriptions are very fine, and nowhere have we seen a building made of such wonderful material, nor a mosque like unto this one. The priest always pronounces the name of God before he enters into worship. The tomb of Mohammed Ali is here. The Khedive comes once a year to visit the tomb of his ancestors. Around the altar and pulpit are beautiful pillars sixty-seven feet high, also numerous chandeliers and lights. In this front part the men assemble to pray, while the women are in the upper part. At the far end is a shrine of Mecca. The first Mosque Ali was built by the Emperor Saladin, after he conquered Syria, and is 880 years old. The view of Cairo, the Nile, the pyramids, and the great desert, from here, is surpassingly grand.

We rode to the University school, which is one of the strangest sights of Cairo. The building is very large, and has an immense outer court which entirely circumscribes it. It has also an inner court. Thousands of students were squatting on the ground, where some lay asleep; others were memorizing the Koran, uttering the words aloud and repeating them. As we passed, the little groups (they sat together in threes and fours) cried

“sceech,” “sceech.” We thought they disliked our going through the school, but were informed that this was their mode of salutation. About 3,500 students attend this school. There are many posts in the courts, against which the teachers’ chairs are set, and raised quite high. These groups, their strange noises, books in hand, swaying their bodies back and forth, make a sight, and we might add sound, too, for it certainly is like a bedlam, ever to be remembered. The teachers in some instances are quite young. The lessons are from the Koran which is memorized.

In the Mecca niche, or sign, in the library is mother-of-pearl work, said to be the first made in Cairo, and about one thousand years old. The books are given by the rich people for the benefit of the poor. Illumined copies of the Koran are exhibited in glass cases. In a room at the end of the University building is the tomb of the founder of the school, also a monument erected to his memory. It is said he made his money in England; and on his return to Cairo brought engineers and workmen to build this great University. The University is open to all nations. All through the building we wore slippers. We hurried through, as it was almost noon (four minutes to 12) and they were preparing for prayer. Outside we waited until the muezzin from the minaret made the peculiar call for the faithful to pray.

On our return to the hotel, we rode through the native quarter. The street scenes and people, curious as they are to us, seem just suited to them and their land. In the afternoon, we visited Old Cairo. The Mosque of Amroun is the largest in Old Cairo. The land (a very large square) once belonged to a Jewish lady of whom Amroun begged a piece of land as large as a camel’s skin. It was for a worthy purpose, so she agreed to give it to

LE CAIRE La Citadelle



THE CITADEL AT CAIRO.



UNIVERSITY. CAIRO.



MARRIAGE PROCESSION.. CAIRO.



CAMEL AND DONKEY, CAIRO, EGYPT.

him. But in the morning she found that the skin had been thinned and thinned, until it spread over this large piece of ground. On being called to account by the old lady, he declared it was only the size of his camel's skin. The case being presented to the prophet, it was decided against him, and she gave the land to the Dervishes. The mosque is one thousand years old. The pillars each have a different capping. The holy pillar is pointed out, which they say flew from Mecca and stopped here. On Good Friday all come here to pray, though there are five hundred thirty mosques in Cairo. There is a tradition that two of these mosque pillars at the extreme end of the building are for the healing of the sick, and are called "medicine pillars." People who are ill bring lemons and squeeze on the pillars, then lick them to be healed. In this way the pillars of solid stone are worn down more than an inch. We thought the remedy would be worse than the disease, and could not repress a shiver at the thought of it.

We saw two Greek funerals, the coffins were something like those of America, and the flowers were arranged similarly as in our land; still, there is a difference. Yet, one cannot but realize that we are all of one family and of the same lineage. People laugh and cry all over the world, though their speech is different. Love and hate are as common to the inhabitants of all lands as life and death. All are born, live their span of days, die and pass away, while others throng the ways they trod. All lands have their mountains, valleys, deserts and plains, the wide-flowing rivers, oceans and seas. All peoples receive of God's beneficence. He is good to all his children.

In the Coptic village, we passed through an old Roman, arched doorway, and walked down the street (dust several inches deep) until we reached an old Orthodox Greek church, some of whose wooden decora-

tions, partially in ruins, are 950 years old. In the crypt of this church is shown the spot (like a cavern) where Mary, Joseph, and the Child rested in their flight into Egypt. Some people were practicing singing for the Greek Easter, but paid no attention to us as we went rambling through the old church, even back of the altars.

On our way through the village, we looked into the wretched homes through the open doors. They are certainly comfortless, and the women who stood gazing at us were disconsolate pictures. The children, open-eyed and healthful, clung to their mother's skirts, as if afraid of strangers. Knowing nothing else, perhaps these people are happy, and would not feel at home elsewhere, and under other conditions.

Reaching a branch of the Nile, we were rowed across to the island of Rhoda, a beautiful little island upon which Pharaoh's palace once stood. The governor's garden is full of flowers and roses of every hue, nodding in the breeze. Its walks are made of clear little stones like yellow alabaster. These are set in the ground endwise, making both odd and pretty walks. We very much admired the roses that the native guide gave us. We waited to see the now unused milometer which formerly indicated when the Nile would rise. But since John Aird of England built the dams, it is no longer needed. It is claimed that Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the bull-rushes here, off the island of Rhoda, though some claim it was at Memphis. Certainly on the opposite side of the island flows the wide, green Nile, and we looked over to the spot pointed out as that where Moses was found. All this is so romantic it makes the island bewitching. Its garden looks like the gardens of England, yet this is Egypt, and by us glides the wonderful Nile.

The drive back to the hotel in Cairo, in the cool of

the evening, was delightful. The streets were well sprinkled, and the houses that line the wide thoroughfare are fine.

Cairo, the largest city in Egypt, and the capital, has a population of about one million. It has beautiful parks, palaces, hotels—perhaps none finer in the world. It has mosques, an opera house, and bazaars. It also abounds in dogs, donkeys and camels, besides the motley crowds of men, women and children, that go to make up an Oriental city.

The Citadel, built by Sultan Saladin, in 1166, of stone taken from the pyramids of Gizeh, is situated on a high, barren ridge, to the east, and overlooks the city. This eminence commands a fine view of Cairo and its surroundings. Immediately in front are the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the city with its domes and minarets, the river, teeming with its little boats, and, far towards the horizon, the great African desert; the wonderful pyramids on one hand, and the Nile's green Delta on the other. The fort was built by Napoleon; a stray bullet fired from here struck the Sphinx seven and a half miles away, and broke off the huge nose which was found at some distance buried in the sand.

Standing within a stone-coping on the grounds, we have a most excellent view of Cairo and the pyramids; also the ruins of an aqueduct built by the Romans, in which water was pumped to Joseph's well, nearby, when the Nile failed to rise. Old Cairo is on the other side of the aqueduct.

The government forced the people to move from Old Cairo, and sent men to burn it up, but now they are rebuilding it. The British prison is near the Mosque. In the courts of this citadel, the Mamelukes were betrayed and slaughtered by Mohammed Ali, in 1811. The men

who composed this celebrated cavalry were originally Circassian slaves, belonging to the Sultan, but in time they almost gained control of the army and country. Mohammed Ali became suspicious of them. Finding they were connected with certain plots and intrigues, he determined to exterminate them. He allured them into this fortress and murdered them in cold blood. He pretended to give each of his nobles a government from Kartoum to Gizeh; but in reality he determined to be sole ruler. Emir Bey, the only one who escaped, made a fearful leap for life over the precipice. The spot is still pointed out. The old palace of Saladin stood formerly within the citadel but was removed to make room for the splendid mosque and tomb of Mohammed Ali, which now stands on the same site.

But the most wonderful sight here is the "Well of Joseph" which supplies the citadel with water. Supposed to be the work of ancient Egyptians, if not of Joseph, the Hebrew, whose name it bears, it was discovered by Saladin filled with sand when he cleared the site for his fortress. It is fifteen feet in diameter, and two hundred and ninety feet deep, excavated in the solid rock, with a spiral stair-case or inclined plane, like the thread of a screw, winding around the well from top to bottom, wide enough to drive two mules abreast down, all cut out of the natural rock, making the entire opening at least twenty-five feet in diameter. The water is raised by means of earthen jars fastened to an endless rope passing over a wheel, and kept continually revolving by mules or oxen stationed above and below. The jars come up full, discharge at the top, and descend empty. It is one of the grandest pieces of engineering, and how such an excavation was ever made to such a depth, without fracturing the rock, is even a greater wonder than the well itself.

Looking at such a piece of mechanism, one thinks of how we moderns parade the results of the great enlightenment of our day, when all around us are results of knowledge and methods we cannot fathom, at sight of which our understanding fails.

The population of Egypt is upwards of 5,000,000, principally Arabs or the descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son by his wife Hagar the Egyptian. Ishmael married an Egyptian and was the father of twelve sons, (his genealogy is given in Genesis) or princes, who became the progenitors of twelve Arab tribes. These are the wandering Ishmaelites, or Arabs of the desert, and as was foretold have become a great nation of probably 100,000,000 souls. They are a fearless, independent race, claim never to have been conquered, pay tribute to no king, lead a nomadic life, run at will over the country with their vast flocks and herds, have no local habitation, but dwell in tents, made of black goat's hair, and live by plunder. They are a race of hereditary robbers. As a miracle they exist today. They are still wild, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Though for centuries they have been surrounded by their brethren, the Jews, Edomites, Moabites and Amorites, all highly civilized nations, yet they are as wild and uncivilized today as they were 3,000 years ago. They build no cities, have no schools, make no improvements and a class among them look upon all labor as degrading, and lead a lazy life. The Arabs are of two classes—the Bedouin and the Fellahin. The Bedouins are warriors, the wild sons of the desert, ever on the war-path, and when mounted on their fleet Arab steeds in their gay trap-pings armed with long lances, the blades highly polished gleaming as the sun shines on them, they look very formidable. The Fellahin are the tillers of the soil, very

superstitious and ignorant, have no desire for war, and never make soldiers. The Egyptians are principally of this class, they make good field hands, know nothing of politics, and form no national party.

The revenue exacted annually from Egypt is \$40,000,000 and this is raised principally from the products of the soil. This amount would be an average tax of \$8. per acre. Thus oppressed, the poor Fellahin have all ambition crushed out of them; they seem to know nothing but to work and exist. Think of the peasant women in such a land! They are allowed no education and but few privileges; are never consulted in marriage, they carry all the water, perform all manner of drudgery, and are treated more cruelly than slaves. They are bought and sold, divorced at will, and die unmourned.

Alexandria, is the sea-port of Egypt, and the largest commercial city. Before its fiery visitation it had a population of about 300,000. It was founded by the great general whose name it bears, 332 B. C. Dinocrates, the architect of the great temple of Diana at Ephesus, laid out the city. At one time this man proposed cutting Mount Athos into a colossal statue of Alexander, holding a city in one hand and pouring out a river from the other. On account of the situation of Alexandria, in the Delta of the Nile, near to Asia, and convenient to Europe, it was regarded second only in importance to Rome, and is still the largest commercial city in Africa. Ancient Alexandria had four thousand palaces, grand temples, beautiful gardens, numerous schools and rich collections of art. The mighty conqueror designed it as an emporium for the entire East, and from here, to extend his power over the whole world. Napoleon, far seeing, made it the base of his operations, when he attempted the conquest of Asia. This city has long been the seat of learning, wealth

and power. The Ptolemies ruled here, and Cleopatra and the Cæsars reigned here in all their glory. The Hebrew scriptures were translated into Greek here, B. C. 280. And here stood the famous Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, a lighthouse five hundred and fifty feet high. It was erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and threw its luminous rays for hundreds of miles over the surging sea. This was designed as a memorial of the kings, and he ordered his name to be inscribed in the pediment; the architect first cut his own name in the solid marble, and placed over it in stucco the name of Ptolemy. In a few years the stucco crumbled to dust, leaving the name Sos-tratus emblazoned in the front of this unrivalled monument.

According to some historians, the Apostle Peter introduced Christianity here. It is also believed that St. Mark was the first bishop and suffered martyrdom here. It is claimed that his bones were taken from here to Venice, where they now repose in St. Mark's Cathedral. Many eminent divines were educated here, among them Cyril, Origen, Athanasius and Clement. The famous Apollos was a native of this city.

Christianity spread rapidly, so that by the middle of the third century there were at least twenty bishoprics in Egypt, and a form of Christianity still exists among the Copts, or natives of the country. Thus the seat of pagan philosophy became the seat of Christian literature, and the Alexandrian School ranked among the highest institutions of learning in the primitive Church. Her ancient grandeur is lost, the old city lies in the sands of the desert or the deposits of the Nile. She had a library of 700,000 MSS. containing a copy of every then known work. This was publicly burned after the fall of the city, A. D. 641. By order of Theodosius, the Serapeum, the last pagan

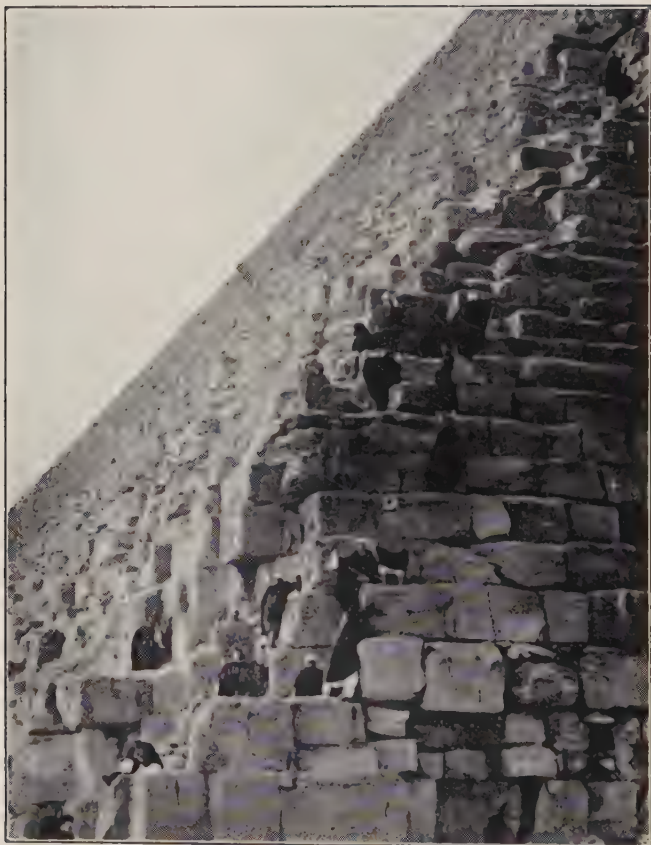
temple in Alexandria, was destroyed. Nothing remains of the celebrated Pharos, and the tomb of Alexander is nowhere to be found.

Pompey's Pillar and one Obelisk, or a so-called Cleopatra's Needle, remain. Pompey's Pillar is a beautiful granite Corinthian column, including base and capital, is one hundred feet high, and ten in diameter, the largest monolith in the world. These are all that are left of that once opulent city. Under the new form of government the country is prospering, and many Europeans are settling there. New railroads and canals are being constructed, and schools are being multiplied. Alexandria is advancing in the general progression, and out of the dust of the past, is regaining much of her former glory. Alexandria has a population estimated as upwards of 200,000 inhabitants.

The street scenes are similar to those of Cairo, and other cities of the East, a conglomeration of half naked natives, the turbaned Turk, the Mohammedan women, with their features hidden by the gilt ornament and veil below the eyes, Arabs, dogs and donkeys. These latter take the place of street cars, and are used for most traveling; then there are the dogs, snarling, if disturbed, as they lie curled up in the streets. They are of an ugly mongrel breed, belong to no one, and are cared for by none.



FORTUNE TELLER. CAIRO.



CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS. CAIRO.

CHAPTER III.

THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

It was a beautiful morning when we set out for the Pyramids, located about eight miles from Cairo. It was a delightful ride, through a most interesting stretch of country. We met the ships of the desert bearing their heavy burdens, and saw them working in the fields. In some places they were being loaded with hay, about one ton of which was packed on each animal. We saw one of them turn against its driver. The man had made the camel kneel, once, twice, and then again, which enraged the animal so that he made an ugly noise and jerked his head away. We gazed in astonishment, for we thought these creatures to be submission itself. They are fitly named, the ships of the desert, for they carry all the heavy burdens.

The Nile at the point where we cross it is wide, the bridge a fine one, and on each corner post crouches the huge figure of a British lion. The fields are well cultivated. Natives are drawing water from wells, which line the banks of the Nile, by means of a wooden bucket attached to a bent pole. This water they pour down the furrows. In some places they have a sort of long wooden barrel with a handle which they turn; this barrel fits into another one which touches the river, and thus they bring the water up. This is a land smiling with plenty. All around are fields of grain. Orchards of fruit, and beds of flowers abound. From the pyramids we can see before us the little stretch of country (only seventy-five miles) where the Israelites wandered for forty years. Looking

at the desert country into which they went, we no longer wondered that they lost sight of their great deliverance and sighed for the flesh pots of Egypt. It is human nature to forget things past, and mourn over present difficulties, which grow less and less as we leave them behind. We sigh over the hard lot of the Israelites and their sufferings. It is quite a climb up to the pyramids; all the gentlemen walked from the foot of the hill, but the ladies rode to the keeper's lodge. To climb up the pyramids one must buy a ticket costing two shillings, then pay a shilling each to three guides: two to pull and one to push you up. This is required by the government to prevent accidents such as have occurred in the past. The height is tremendous, and the steps between each stone very high. Only about half of the party made the ascent. We feel certain that originally these rough weather-beaten stones were beautifully cased, and perhaps covered with hieroglyphics. A famed historian says: "Egyptian characters were inscribed on the outside, and vast sums of money were expended in the work." Another historian says, "Gizeh was covered with a smooth inaccessible casing." Dean Stanley says, "It seems that these smooth outsides were covered with sculpture." Hindoo records affirm that "they were encased with colored marbles." This seems probable, as fragments of marble and granite were found among the debris. Still others state that it was encrusted all over, which is confirmed by Abd-El-Lateef, who states that "the polished exterior stones were covered with writing which if copied upon paper would fill more than ten thousand pages." Col. Howard Vyse, in 1837, discovered two of the casing stones, and on the pyramids of Chephren nearby, more than ten thousand square feet of the original casing may be seen. It is claimed that the facing stones of the Great Pyramid were

moved, A. D. 1166, by order of Sultan Saladin, to build his citadel at Cairo.

It is not far from the Great Pyramid to the Temple of Cheops, a ruin of black rock, (like flint) the holy place of Cheops. It is thought that the river used to be nearer the pyramids than it is now, else how did the ancients raise these vast blocks of stone, after they had been floated down the Nile? We measured one stone which showed its weight to be seventeen tons. Here stands a statue of Rameses II. The bird on the stone it is said saved his life, and became his god. There are numerous inscriptions on this stone. There is a ruin, a part of which is called "the Sofa," from its shape. Tradition says Pharaoh's daughter rested here when visiting this place.

Here is the Sphinx, standing high, grand and alone. What does the world know of it? It is said a man can stand up in its ear, or standing on its shoulder his head would not touch its ear. It is surrounded by sand hills and sand. This unspeaking, unknowable thing, faces the east, as though its sightless eye would see things transpiring afar. The temple of the Sphinx was built by Coco, king of the second dynasty, who came from Assuan. Huge blocks of granite entered into its construction; we measured one which was seventeen feet long by five feet wide. How did they get here, and from where? Each block is made to fit, keyed together, seemingly without cement.

Some distance away and far below the Sphinx, are other ruins into which one enters by an iron door, the key to which the guide carried. These have all been excavated. One large, high chamber was discovered by Dr. Lewis about one hundred years ago. About forty years ago seven statues were found here, which are now in the Museum in Cairo. In this structure it appears that

funeral rites were conducted. There is a rock resembling a large pillow, or sofa, whereon the body may have rested. In the corner of another chamber is a dark stone; on it I sat down to write, but was immediately informed by the guide in an alarmed tone that it was the head of a sacred bird, that of their god Osiris, who was the god of Ramesses II. There is still another excavation of a temple made to some other god. The sand here is so deep that it is almost impossible to walk, and it is intolerably hot.

On emerging from the ruins, a number of camels and donkeys were lined up for hire, on which we rode back to the Pyramids. We stood in awe before the great pyramid. Can it be that it was built only for a tomb? Was there no other design? How wonderful it all is!

On our return drive, we visited the museum in Cairo, which consists of an old and new part. The old is a fine building, but the new one is magnificent. Here are the original statues and mummies, also ornaments of every conceivable kind. The grand pillars of the building and its style show all within it to greater advantage; the wonders and curios here exhibited were found in Thebes and Luxor in recent years. A colossal statue of Ramesses II attracts attention, while around that ruler's mummy, as well as that of his son, crowds are constantly standing. "The Pharaohs of the oppression," you hear the visitors say in hushed voices, as they gaze upon them through the glass cases. The richest finds are not yet in the outer museum, but we saw them in a room where they were being restored. There are numberless rooms in the museum; halls and corridors, filled with the treasures so long buried in the prolific, historical tombs of the kings. One could spend weeks in studying the wonderful things found among Egypt's royal dead.

“Next to the Bible the monuments of Egypt contain the earliest chronological history of our race, but these records are not reliable, owing to the lack of proper dates, and the vagueness of the Egyptian year, therefore God’s word is authority.” The statements of eminent archæologists differ. Their calculations do not agree within from one to three thousand years. So the history of this people is enshrouded in mist; a mystery still hangs over Egypt. The source of the Nile is being explored, but what causes its annual rising is unknown. In its course for thousands of miles it gives life to the parched desert and all the region through which it flows. To the Egyptians this is a sacred river; along its banks are the ruins of many temples, half buried in the ever drifting sand, and the remains of a thousand cities, whose histories are hidden in oblivion, like the pyramids, on the great rock bed of the Libyan desert whose origin is involved in impenetrable mystery. Who conceived these stupendous works of man, or executed them, perhaps will ever remain unknown. Turn your eyes in any direction, your mind is appalled as it contemplates the wonders it beholds wrapped in mystery, mystery that the research of centuries has failed to clear. All this but lends a charm to the scene.

How many ages has the Sphinx complacently gazed on the swift flowing Nile? Who built the now ruined temples that surround it, their stones almost as black as night? Every sense is on the alert; what moment will the hidden key be found, to unlock the secret doors that hold the mysteries of ages?

The famous Rosetta stone, now in the British museum, was discovered at the mouth of the Nile by the French, and much light has been thrown on the obscurity of former times by its translation by Champollion.

It is a key to the mysterious hieroglyphics in these monuments, some of which can be read with ease. The excavations being carried on by Mariette Bey, give us facts regarding the occupancy of the land by the Jews, and the religion of the old Egyptians, which prove that they had no distinct idea as to the immortality of the soul or the resurrection of the body, before the Hebrews settled among them. They seem to have been imbued with a deep religious sentiment, ever contemplating the future; still they were very dissimilar to the Jews. According to the Egyptian ideal, God was not a person but an essence diffused through all nature, animate and inanimate. Osiris, their principal divinity, was represented in Apis, the sacred bull. Almost every animal, bird and insect that lives, and every vegetable that grows, were objects of divine worship with them.

The Hebrews believed in but one Supreme Being, the All Wise, the Eternal. They worshiped not by sight, seeing that He is invisible. No idol, painting or inscription of any kind has ever been found upon all of the monuments of the Holy Land. After Alexander conquered the sacred land, some Grecian sculptures and inscriptions were found, but of those of the old Hebrews there is nothing to declare their time, name or object, which is deeply to be regretted, as aside from the Bible, it leaves all of these wonders without a history. Perhaps the greatest mystery in the world is the pyramids, about seventy of which now stand in the valley of the Nile. They are among the earliest monuments of man with mortar in regular courses. A city the size of Washington, with all its public edifices, could be built of the material which composes the great pyramid. Herodotus informs us that four hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in its construction.

Every evidence points to their being erected as tombs or monuments for their kings. All stand west of the Nile, which is considered the region of death; and in all those explored sarcophagi and mummies have been found; and in one an embalmed bull. The entrance to the Great Pyramid, which was originally closed, is a passage three feet five inches wide and three feet eleven inches high, on the north side, fifty feet above the base, which appears to have been cut after the pyramid was built. Only those of perfect physical health should attempt to enter this dark prison tomb. The awful gloom and confined air have produced some dreadful results, especially with ladies, some having been carried out in a fainting condition. When the pyramid was opened by Caliph Mahmoud, A. D. 850, nothing was found but an empty, lidless sarcophagus of some mighty but unknown builder of this vast monument. Many theories have been advanced concerning the age and object of the pyramids. Josephus and other writers were of the opinion that some of them were built by the Hebrews, during their oppression; some color is given to this supposition, because at Memphis there are several composed of large sun-dried brick made without straw. Col. Vyse, the celebrated archæologist, has discovered on some of the stones of this pyramid certain hieroglyphics that answer to the name of Shoofoo, according to Herodotus, Cheops and Sulphis, by Manetho; but in reality it is believed to be the name of Joseph the Hebrew. Josephus speaks of the ancients erecting two pillars for the preservation of the early history of the world, and their knowledge of the heavenly bodies; one of stone in Egypt, the other of brick in the land of Siriad; one may be the pyramid, the other the Temple of Belus.

That the pyramid of Cheops was originally encased with marble and covered with hieroglyphics seems evi

dent; also, that it was not left by its builder in the rough manner now to be seen. One might indulge in a thousand speculations and yet never reach the true conclusion or know the history of this most wonderful pile of stone. But the most curious theory is that advanced by Piazzzi Smith, professor of astronomy, of the University of Edinburgh. From certain calculations based upon a granite projection on one of the stones in the vestibule of the king's chamber, which they regard as a standard for the inch and cubit, they claim that this pyramid was built by inspiration, the same as Solomon's Temple or Noah's Ark, under the direction of the Omnipotent, for astronomical purposes, to determine the procession of the equinoxes, the sun's mean distance from the earth, the cardinal points of the earth's astronomical axis, the interval between its erection and the second coming of Christ, and many other mysteries of the universe. The pyramid of Gizeh is so built that at certain times it casts no shadow.

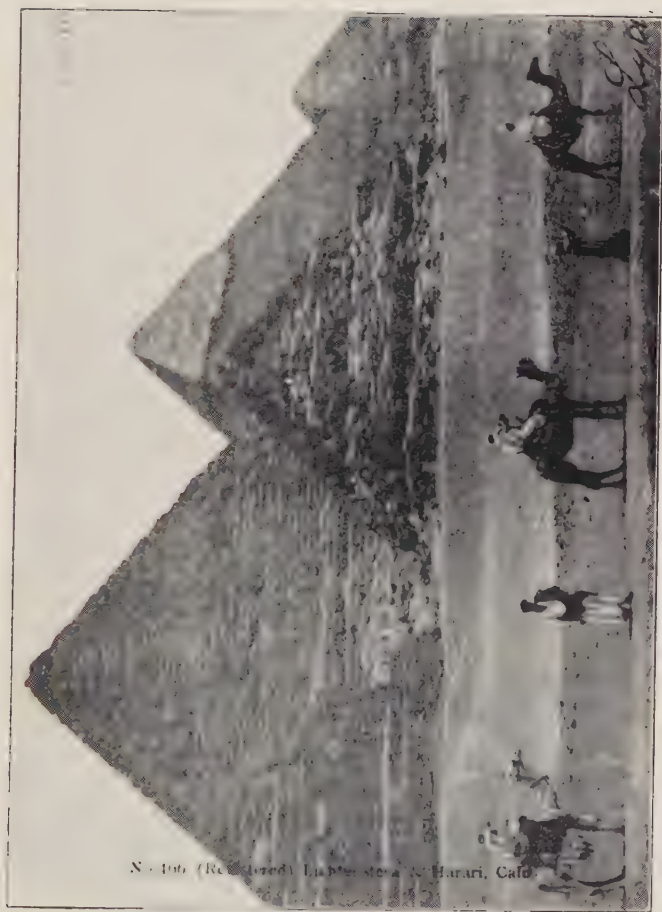
A symbolical meaning is also attached to every portion of this structure. The long narrow passage by which you enter is interpreted to refer to the Jewish dispensation; the grand gallery, to the Christian dispensation; the king's chamber, to the heavenly world. It is also claimed that the "well" leading down to the base of the pyramid represents the way to perdition; the cavern below, hades or the grave; the inclining wall, the impending judgments of God. It is also claimed that at the time of the building of this pyramid the star of Bethlehem was in such a position in the heavens that its light could penetrate into the dark abyss, at an angle of forty-five degrees; that this indicates that Christ descended thence even to the prison house of the condemned. There is no proof of these things, it is merely conjecture. Still, this pyramid is different from all the others; in fact all the rest look like clumsy

imitations of this one, and while in all the rest remains of some kind were found, in this, there was only an empty, lidless sarcophagus. The government has charge of the pyramids. From the top of the pyramids one can enjoy one of the grandest views on earth. The dead of forty centuries lie at your feet; to the north the Nile glistens through the ever green Delta; to the west the great African desert, a scene of utter desolation; to the south Memphis and her pyramids, where Joseph ruled under the wise Pharaoh, the palace home of the king, and where Moses was found among the bullrushes. Beyond is Cairo, its domes and minarets seeming like specks; and still beyond them the citadel; the place of the massacre of the Mamelukes, March 1st, 1811, by order of Mohammed Ali. Viewing all this, the mind is lost in ancient times, yet cannot comprehend the antiquity the eye rests upon. Here the Ptolemies, Strabo and Herodotus have stood and gazed in amazement. The Cleopatras also have wondered at these things, and could not understand; the Great Napoleon's army was inspired by this silence and mystery, when they battled beneath the burning suns of Egypt; and here we stood, in 1905, and had a snap shot taken of us, while we viewed the same wonderful surroundings. The Sphinx only a short distance away is another mystery, equally wonderful. Recent discoveries show this monument to be older than the pyramids. It has the head of a man and the body of a lion in a recumbent position, symbolizing wisdom combined with strength. According to the legend, this monster visited different cities, propounding riddles to the people, which if they failed to guess, they with their city were immediately destroyed. When he came to Egypt he propounded this conundrum to the people: "What animal is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and

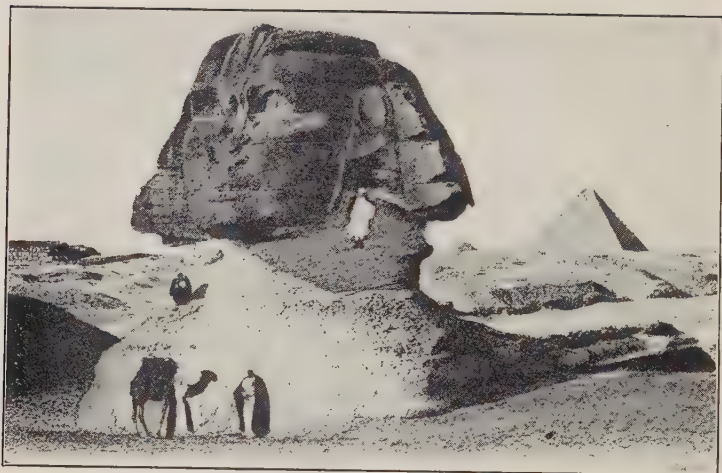
three at night?" They called together their occult ones and the answer was "man; in his infancy, the morning, he creeps upon his hands and knees; in his meridian, stands erect; in his old age or evening of life, he leans upon his staff for support." The question having been answered, the Sphinx turned itself into stone as we see it today.

The local deity of the old Egyptians is this gigantic idol—the largest image ever worshiped. The body measures one hundred and forty feet in length, not including the fore-paws which extend about fifty feet in front, and between which stood the altar; the smoke of incense rising, filled its nostrils. The head, including the helmet, is one hundred and two feet in circumference, and just back of the neck the body is forty feet in diameter. It is cut out of one block of stone, a native lime stone rock, which is found here in the desert.

Every picture we have seen of the Sphinx is taken front view, and is true to the original; but when we stand on one side of it, we note the huge back proportions of the head, showing the manner of dressing the hair. It is said this represents the mode used even now by the people of the White Nile, who wear their hair so it stands out a great mass at the back, where in war they can stick forty or fifty arrows or spears. The features are purely Egyptian, and red paint can still be seen upon the face and neck. Those sightless, wide-open eyes seem to look wistfully, as though they fain some secret would reveal; it seems almost as if they move, so deep and true are they. What have you gazed upon, of peoples, change, or destruction, in the four thousand years, you have crouched there? Generations have passed before you; in awe they have worshiped you; tempests have roared around you and lightnings flashed, yet unmoved you sit there keeping unsleeping watch over the myriad dead at



THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS, AND THREE OTHERS.



THE SPHINX, CAIRO.



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX,

your feet. A strange feeling inspires us as we gaze.
Where are the empires it has seen swept away? O lips
of stone, open, and tell us of their times; tell us aught,
if you can, of what is yet to be.

THE SPHINX.

What secret dread behind ye lies?
What happened when the Sphinx was young?
What gaze ye on, ye sightless eyes,
E'er turning to the rising sun?

I look in fear on that stern face;
Ye close-pressed, stony lips, O speak!
What of the time and who the race,
When thou wast placed this watch to keep?

Thou mystery there, as on a throne—
Thou terrible, who knows no sleep—
Unfathomed yet, thou all unknown,
What of the story thou dost keep?

How silent there, and all alone
This presence but deprived of breath;
Awaitest thou some promised one?
Art ancient Egypt's God of Death?

The wrecks of time surrounding thee,
Whose ashes blow both far and near,
Do they await some time or call,
For God or angel to appear?

It seems the voiceless air must tell
The secret thou wilt not reveal;
A thousand tongues ere long dispel
The mystery thou dost still conceal.

The land of the Nile extends from the Delta up to the first Cataract, about eight hundred miles from north to south. Modern Assuan has always bounded the "Land of Ham," on the south, although some of the Pharaohs conquered the territory higher up the river. According to the scriptures, this part of Africa was first settled from the north. The oldest monuments prove that Mizraim, son of Ham, was its founder. Mizraim, the Hebrew word for Egypt, is the Arabic name for the country at the present time. Egypt is in all probability the oldest portion of the civilized world. It is the most fertile, and possesses an even climate. All the great, ancient world powers have desired to possess this land, and millions of lives have been sacrificed in the effort to gain it. The valley of the Nile has been one of the world's battlefields, and today is one vast cemetery of buried cities and extinct peoples. Nothing could surpass the grandeur of her temples and pyramids. Explorations are still going on; every year more important discoveries are being made. Now it is the old mummy pits, near the temple of Dayr el Bahree, back of Thebes, the famed capital of Upper Egypt. These are the tombs of the kings first discovered by Belzoni, more than a half century ago. They are situated among the cliffs in a desert gorge, near Thebes. They are vast temples for the dead, richly colored, sculptured halls, with corridors and chambers cut out of the solid rock, which are hidden in the mountain for hundreds of feet. No human remains were found in these halls, yet they show marks of vandalism; they had been rifled by parties unknown. But this mystery has been solved. Herr Brugsch and Professor Maspero discovered in a gallery two hundred feet long and thirty feet deep, cut in the natural rock of the Libyan mountains on the western boundary of Thebes, thirty-six mummies of the Pharaohs and their

families. During some invasion they had been removed from their royal tombs and placed in this lowly sepulchre. In the Booklak museum there may be seen, side by side, kings and queens, princes and priests of royal birth, who lived three or four thousand years ago. Carefully embalmed, their bodies are wonderfully preserved, even the lotus wreaths and flowers, gifts of mourning friends, look almost as fresh as though but recently cut. These mummy cases are decorated with gold, the names and titles of the owners clearly written, while one is set with precious stones.

The mummies of the great king Leithi, whom it is supposed Joseph served as governor, and Thothmes III, who erected before the temple at Heliopolis the obelisk now in Central Park, New York, and Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, and the body of his daughter, supposed to be the princess who rescued Moses from the Nile,—are now in the museum at Cairo, with the latest and richest finds of Thebes and Luxor. There is a colossal statue of Rameses II, also a golden chariot and two gold decorated cots. There is also the front part of another chariot covered with characters in leather which would reveal much history if we could but read them. Then we see rows of mummies from Rameses II and his son Metetap, the Pharaohs who reigned when the Jews were so sorely oppressed. Thus they have lain all these thousands of years since their day of power. Solemnly we gaze upon them, and think of life—a brief span—and then the ages in which to reap its results.

The tombs of the Egyptian kings reveal some of the most wonderful things,—things that have been buried for ages. Gold is the key that unlocks their abiding place. Every year brings its rich finds by explorers who are at work unearthing the secrets that the earth has kept so long.

Around Rameses II and his son, groups are constantly standing, their story is known far and wide. One thinks of their strange custom of embalming the heart, for with each coffin was found an urn or alabaster vase containing the embalmed heart of its occupant. So here is the heart of Pharaoh that was so hardened that he would not let the children of Israel go, and also the heart that was touched by the cries of the infant Moses.

The embalming of the Egyptians is a lost art, though practiced by them for more than two thousand years. In those days they required all to be embalmed, whether strangers, natives, or slaves, so that Egypt today is one vast sepulchre. They also embalmed their sacred birds, cats, and bulls. They regarded the bulls as being the incarnation of Osiris, the bird who saved the life of Rameses II. With the mummies found at Dayr el Bahree there were found nearly six thousand different articles; a royal canopy three thousand years old, richly embroidered on leather; four large rolls of papyri, one of them one hundred and forty feet long and sixteen inches wide. What a wonderful history will be revealed when these are translated.

“The unwrapping of the body of Rameses the Great proved an exciting event. Rameses II, the Sesostris of history, was the third Pharaoh of the nineteenth dynasty, and began to reign about 1430 B. C. He was the foster-father of Moses; and was the greatest builder of the age. The magnificent temples in Nubia, Thebes, and the famous temples of Karnack, Luxor and Abydos, he is credited with building. The mummy of Rameses II, was clearly identified by the officials’ entrees, bearing date, 6th year of the reign of the High Priest Her-hor-Se-Amen, written in black ink upon the lid of the wooden mummy case, and the further entry of the 16th year of the High

Priest Pinotem I, written upon the outer winding sheet of the mummy over the region of the breast. After the first wrapping was removed, there were successively discovered a band of stuff eight inches in width, rolled around the body; then a second winding sheet sewn up and kept in place by narrow bands placed at some distance apart; then two thicknesses of small bandages; and then a piece of fine linen reaching from the head to the feet. A figure representing the goddess Nut, one yard in length, is drawn upon the piece of linen in red and white, as proscribed by the ritual. Under this amulet there was found another bandage; then a layer of pieces of linen folded in squares and spotted with the bituminous matter used by the embalmers. The last covering removed, *Ramesses II* appeared. The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare, but at the poll the hair is rather thick, forming smooth, straight locks about two inches in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalming. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow ridge prominent, the eye brows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long and thin; the temples are sunken, the cheek bones very prominent, the ears round and standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of ear-rings. The jaw bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent, the mouth small but thick-lipped; the teeth are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly. The skin is of earthy brown spotted with black. Finally it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king.

The expression is unintellectual, but there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty about it. The rest of the body is well preserved, but in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less lifelike. The chest is broad, the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side through which the embalmers extracted the heart is large and open. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man." We know that Rameses II reigned for 67 years, and that he must have been nearly 100 years old when he died. Equally interesting discoveries have been made recently in the pyramids at Sakara, the oldest in Egypt, by Mariette Bey and Professor Maspero. These eminent archæologists succeeded in finding the long concealed entrance to these tombs of royalty; and found within them the mortuary chapels of the old Pharaohs covered with sacred inscriptions, giving all details of their religious belief, with the regal sarcophagi of black basalt, and the mummied remains of the old Memphite kings belonging to the fifth and sixth dynasties, proving beyond controversy that these monuments were designed as tombs for their kings.

Of the obelisks of Egypt little is known. All, as it appears, stood east of the Nile, toward sunrise, indicating thus the dawn of life, as the pyramids did the shades of death on the west side. Egypt was the land of obelisks. The monuments were first called obelisks by the Greeks from "obeliskos," a spit, awl, or large needle, a name suggested by their peculiar shape. The two taken from Alexandria are world known as "Cleopatra's Needles." Perhaps Cleopatra had nothing whatever to do with their erection, and perhaps never saw them. The one in Central Park, New York, is one of the oldest known. Orig-

inally it stood before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, but by Augustus Cæsar it was removed to Alexandria, in the seventh year of his reign, in the year 23 B. C. This was eight years after the death of Cleopatra. With the one now in London, it stood in front of a temple dedicated to Augustus.

In all Egypt not more than a half dozen can be found today; they have been carried away to Rome, Constantinople, Paris, London and New York. The finest of these stands before the basilica of St. John Lateran, Rome. The shaft is four hundred and six feet high, and weighs four hundred and forty-five tons. It belongs to the dynasty of Thothmes III.

Herodotus tells us the temple of Sais was a monolith, weighing five thousand tons, and two thousand men were three years transporting it from Syene. How these enormous blocks of granite were brought from the first cataract of the Nile, eight hundred miles from the sea, down to the delta, before modern appliances were known, is a mystery.

No one can see these wrecks of former greatness or stand among them in the land of the Pharaohs and not think of the prophecies concerning the land's decline and fall, Thus saith the Lord God, "I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; and he shall take her multitude and take her spoil, and it shall be the wages for his army." Ezekiel 29:18. "It shall be the basest of kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations." Ezekiel 29:15. "And the Egyptians will I give over into the hands of cruel lords; and a fierce king shall rule over them." Isaiah 19:4. "I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." Ezekiel 30:13-26.

And how have these predictions with many others

been fulfilled? Nebuchadnezzar, the great king of Babylon, conquered Egypt 572 B. C. It was ruled by Babylonians until the time of the Persian conquest by Cambyses, B. C. 525, until its conquest by Alexander the Great, B. C. 332. In the year 30 B. C. it became a Roman province, and so remained until it was conquered by the Arabs, under Amer, A. D. 638. It was governed by the Caliphs or Saracens, until conquered by Sultan Selim, in 1517, when it became a part of the Ottoman empire. Thus for twenty-four centuries there has not been a native prince, for any length of time, on the throne of Egypt. But the country has prospered greatly, since it became subject to England, after the victory at Tel el Keber.

This protectorate of Great Britain in Egypt has brought about wonderful changes in the old-time conditions of that land, and the evolution of progress and liberty is working as well by various means in other nations of the earth. Thrones topple and republics are established in an incredibly short space of time, as in the case of Portugal, and now China.* Monarchy is crumbling and empires are passing away. The spirit of war and unrest among the people is only equalled by the strife and turmoil among the nations. Do not these things presage the coming of Him whose right it is to rule as King of kings? He shall establish a universal government, inaugurate a reign of peace, justice and righteousness, and shall set up a kingdom which shall never be overthrown, but stand forever.

*"Inauguration is Marked By Pathos.—Peking, March 10, 1912, —Yuan Shi Kai was formally inaugurated Provisional President of the Republic of China in presence of a great gathering of delegates, envoys, military and naval officers and other prominent personages, in the foreign office today. * * * * Yuan Shi Kai promised faithfully to develop the Republic, observe the national laws, and retire when a permanent president was appointed. The ceremony was solemn—almost pathetic, and typical of China's transition."



Herod's gate
St Stephens "
Golden gate p 92

Damascus gate 98
David gathered psalms
Sir Walter Scott gathered folk lore
& his tower

"Peace be still - song
Gaillee
Dear to the heart of the shepherd

p 338
1-1 elch 13-8 - the same yes today & forever

